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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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April 16, 1958

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THE ROYAL SISTERS– are they at odds?

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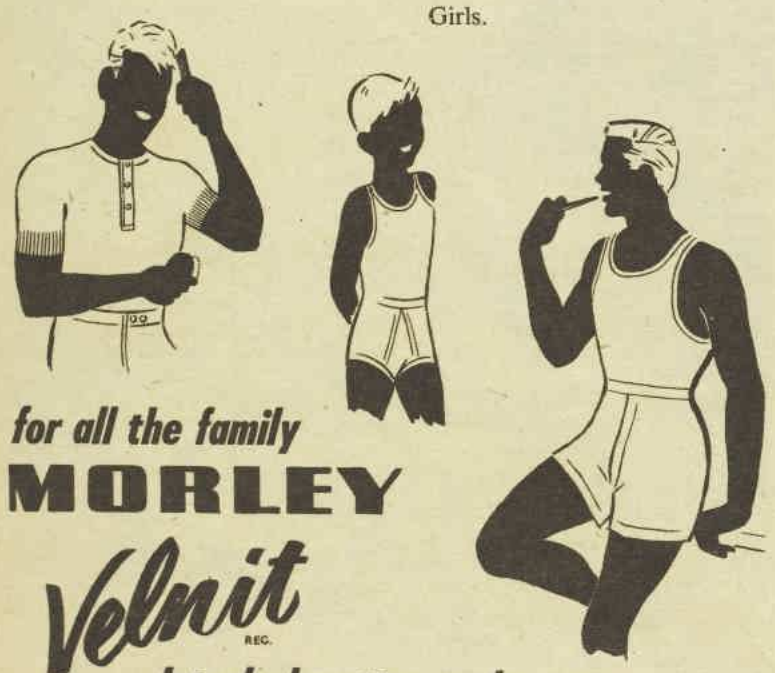

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APRIL 16, 1958 — Vol. 25, No. 45

Our cover

● The eyes of the world were on the Royal sisters last week. Was the Queen angry with Princess Margaret over the much-publicised meeting with Group-Captain Townsend? On pages 4 and 5 a special writer discusses the relationship between the Royal sisters and their temperamental differences. Our picture of the Queen was taken in a car during her visit to Holland; that of Princess Margaret, also in a car, on her way to a Royal engagement.

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The Weekly Round

● ***Modelling as a career has acquired a glitter that once belonged to the stage and Hollywood. The story of the ten models of America in this issue shows how great are the rewards of the few.***

THOUSANDS of girls today, admiring their slim figures and interesting faces in their bedroom mirrors, picture themselves clad in mink before a camera.

They are encouraged by success stories. A fair number of Australian girls have won fame and fortune here and abroad.

Many more make only a moderate living, and, in any case, the girl who aims to be a model should face two facts.

First, she should seek some other training as well. Many more girls see the world as secretaries and nurses than as models.

Second, even if a girl reaches the top bracket of modelling her career will very likely be finished at 30.

Certainly, the model may be married long before she is 30. The next few years may be happily occupied in raising a family. But for many married women there comes a time when, the children grown, they seek a job. It can be from sheer necessity. They may be widowed. Or they may want to combat the boredom of middle years.

An ex-model has hardly any chance of making a middle-life comeback. The woman with training as a shorthand-typist, nurse, or teacher has every chance.

TALKING of careers for girls, we believe that every girl should learn typing and shorthand nowadays. It doesn't matter whether she is going to use them in her chosen job or not. A girl needs to be able to type just as her great-grandmother needed to be able to write. (She should still be able to write legibly, a rare accomplishment, unfortunately.)

And shorthand is worthwhile, even in marriage. It helps when you're taking down recipes from a television session, if for nothing else.

★ ★ ★

OUR pictures of the New York City Ballet, on pages 8 and 9, were taken in Tokio, not without incident.

Our representative in Japan first arranged to have the photographs taken at rehearsal.

"But the ballet company and I reckoned without the Japanese passion for amateur photography," he wrote.

"At every rehearsal they flood the theatre, and no power on earth can keep them out. When we arrived to take our pictures there were about 500 determined camera fiends already installed, and the management insisted that all pictures be taken from the body of the theatre.

"That was no good to us, but I managed to arrange that we go on stage during an evening performance."

NEXT WEEK:

- **DRESSES TO MAKE. Four chemise dresses and two easy-line jacket suits. Illustrated in color. Patterns available.**
- ***MODELS' BEAUTY SECRETS. Second instalment of story about America's ten top models. You can copy their make-up and diet hints.***
- **YOUR PARIS HAT. Make yourself a copy of this Simone Vernet model. Illustrated in color. Pattern available.**
- ***OLD BOYS' BRIGADE. Pin-ups of those perennial charmers who still get the fattest star roles in films.***

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Marlene set for 'even time'

BARRY WILLARD, Marlene's husband, polishes her famous kangaroo-hide racing shoes in which she set her world records.

PET BUDGERIGAR "Cheeky" perches on the shoulder of Marlene Mathews, world's fastest woman sprinter. Her hobby of keeping budgerigars is shared by fellow Empire Games athletes Betty Cuthbert (runner), Gloria Cooke (hurdler), and Michele Mason (high jumper).

Her men believe she can do it

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

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Marlene's spirit is a driving one, too. Though she's had great disappointments in her career—the most bitter being omission from the Australian Olympic Games Relay — she has never quit.

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Husband, sisters, and mother all agree that it should.

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"Yes," grins Barry, "though I don't think you could say I'm a record bed-maker. You could say I'm a record puller-upper."

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Tour clothes

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After tea-party, a world riddle

• On one side a Queen, happy with a handsome husband and two children; on the other a Princess, reduced to third in line of succession to a throne, unmarried, and relighting the fires of an unhappy love affair.

By JOANNE KIRKWOOD

AFTER the Clarence House tea-party at which the Princess met her former suitor while the Queen was on a State visit abroad, speculation has been inevitable: Are the Royal sisters at odds?

With Group-Captain Peter Townsend back in Brussels, the reason for his meeting with Princess Margaret has taken secondary position.

The world has been wondering what the Royal sisters spoke about on their two-hour meetings when one returned from Holland, the other from Germany.

They met at the Royal Lodge. They went riding together. No public announcement was made after their meetings; perhaps none ever will be.

But that cannot stop the questions: Was the Queen angry? Was Princess Margaret defiantly challenging a world of protocol that made her renounce her hopes of happiness with a divorced man, in such contrast to the rejoicing that greeted her sister's wedding 10 years before?

Whatever the answers, reports from London indicate growing sympathy for the Queen and criticism of Peter Townsend.

Some London newspapers headlined "Margaret on Carpet." Even though this was preceded by a statement from the Queen's Press secretary, "It is no mystery; the Queen knows all about it," the tea-party contradicted usual Royal procedure.

Plan duties

The Royal Family is careful to plan State duties so that one member does not detract from another. Princess Margaret's meeting with Peter Townsend wiped from the front pages the Queen's State visit to Holland, on which the Dutch spent time and money—a discourtesy to a friendly nation.

On all their public engagements the sisters present a picture of two beautifully dressed women, happy in each other's company.

But would it be human if Margaret, the younger, the petted baby of the Royal Family, did not resent her minor role, her sister's luck?

The Queen, although burdened with the responsibility of her Royal duties, is happily married, and in her home life has a stability and foundation Margaret lacks.

The Queen met and fell in love with a prince who, though penniless, was acceptable to every section of the British community. Her sister was not as fortunate.

Peter Townsend, a war hero and liked by everyone he meets, is a commoner and divorced. The Princess must feel this.

When King George VI died in 1952, the Queen was married with two children. Princess Margaret, four years younger, turned for comfort

***PRINCESS AND PETER:** Downcast-looking Princess Margaret (left) as she drove from Clarence House to London Airport for her flight to Germany after her publicised meeting with Group-Captain Peter Townsend. Below: Peter Townsend answering questions at the Press conference he gave in Brussels, Belgium, after his 60,000-mile round-the-world journey.*

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Town's war on home accidents

ABOVE: Jim Carr, executive officer of the Health Education Council of W.A., made weekly trips from Perth to Corrigin to discuss the home-accident project.

COMMITTEE MEMBERS working on the project at the home of chairman Mrs. Neil Jose, the only woman on the committee, for their last meeting. They were congratulated by the Health Education Council of Western Australia for their pioneering efforts in home-accident prevention.

W.A. survey reveals the danger spots

By WINFRED BISSET, staff reporter

• There will be 20,000,000 home accidents in Australia this year, according to statistics obtained from the wheat-belt town of Corrigin, Western Australia.

ON the basis of the Corrigin figures (and they are comparable with a similar academic survey conducted in America in 1953), this total could be reduced to 4,000,000.

In Western Australia the Health Education Council is hoping to have an accident survey, similar to Corrigin's, over the whole State.

If this is possible, they hope to bring about an 80 per cent. reduction in home accidents.

Brookton, Claremont-Cottesloe, York, and Perenjori have begun theirs. Inquiries have come from N.S.W., South Australia, Tasmania, and Victoria.

Worthing, Sussex, England, has been promised nationwide support if the survey they undertake along the lines of Corrigin is successful.

Queensland health education expert J. E. Holliday describes the Corrigin Project as "a little classic in health education."

Twenty group leaders of the Corrigin Project Committee — private individuals and members of organisations — were chosen to recruit families to keep accident tallies in home-safety notebooks for 16 weeks.

In all, 219 notebooks were distributed in Corrigin. Named "Our Home Safety Notebook," and issued by the Community Home Safety Programme of the Health Education Council of Western Australia, there were sub-headings to be filled in, such as:

Month and day of month on which accident occurred in home; day of the week (it was found afterwards that the greatest number of home accidents in Corrigin occurred on a Tuesday); which part of the house; what sort of accident; how long away from work; what caused the accident; what was done to prevent another such accidental injury.

The Corrigin Committee, which has now finished the Project, has shown that, by recording accidents, the families' new awareness of the need for safety has reduced home accidents from 5 per person per year, as shown in the first week, to .9 per person per year in the 16th week.

'Little girls more likely to get burned than little boys'

Here are the actual Corrigin figures:

- 132 households, comprising 637 people, had a total of 411 home accidents in the 16 weeks.
- There were 47 severe accidents and 364 mild ones.
- Children under 15 suffered 3 out of 5 accidents, the under 4 group being involved the most.
- Females had 1½ times the accidents of males.
- Little girls are far more likely to be burned than little boys.
- The kitchen is the most dangerous room in the house.
- The highest number of accidents occur in the home on a Tuesday, the lowest on a Thursday.
- The peak of Tuesday accidents is in the morning, and occur indoors.
- For other days, the worst times are the hour before noon and the two hours after 4 o'clock.
- The right hand is the part of the body most affected, and head injuries are next.
- Serious accidents are more than twice as high in the 5 to 9 group as at any other age.

The committee was surprised by the Corrigin statistics, but even more surprised that the word of the Project had spread so far.

"It all started in such a small way with our Mothers' Discussion Group seeking more educational material for our discussions, and approaching the Health Council for a topic," said Mrs. Neil Jose, attractive mother of two baby girls and chairman of the Project.

"I wrote on behalf of the group, saying we should like a suggestion for a topic dealing with child-rearing. This is the one we got.

"We realised it was going to be too big for our small group, so decided to call a public meeting," Mrs. Jose said. The chairman of the public meeting was Doctor A. F. Janes, the Corrigin medical officer of health.

"Some of the group leaders were farmers, seeding night and day, so it was June, 1957, before the Project was under way. It is quite awe-inspiring to find how it has grown."

SAFETY IDEA. Nikki Jose, elder daughter of Mrs. Neil Jose, tugs a cloth which has been specially made by her mother, right, to reduce accidents. Elastic is threaded through the under-table hem, and the cloth grips the table firmly underneath.

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Illustrated: Salt and pepper shaker by Goldcraft, entree dish by Hecworth, and ice bucket by Kenson. They recommend Silvo to clean, polish and protect your silverware.

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NEW YORK BALLET LEAPS "DOWN UNDER"

DIANA ADAMS in the flamboyant costume she wears as a principal dancer in "Western Symphony," a modern American ballet. She is pictured coming downstairs from her dressing-room to the stage of the Koma Theatre, Tokio, where the New York City Ballet opened its five months' Pacific tour. The sign in Japanese characters in the background says "No Smoking." The Koma—a huge, modern CinemaScope theatre—was first used for ballet when the famous Moscow Bolshoi Ballet danced there last year.

ANDRE EGLEVSKY, who has been leading male dancer with the New York City Ballet since 1951, in his costume for "Pas de Dix," a classical ballet with music by Alexander Glazounov and choreography by George Balanchine. These pictures were taken at the Tokio opening night.

Australia will see some of world's best dancing

● The New York City Ballet, which opens its 16-week Australian season at Sydney's Empire Theatre on April 17, is one of the world's finest ballet companies, although it has precious little money, no outside subsidy, and has been built up piecemeal like a poor man's stew.

THE company is coming here as part of a five-month Pacific tour, and flying in from Japan on April 15 is its touring strength of 74 people—44 of them ballet dancers and the other 30 a mixture of directors, conductors, and back-stage experts.

This tour, which began in Japan last month and will end in Manila in August, is the first venture the ballet has made outside America or Europe.

Sydney and Melbourne will each have an eight-week season, in which the company will present both modern and classical ballet.

J. C. Williamson's is bringing the company to Australia, and the State Department in Washington is sponsoring the trip, which has been arranged by Paul Szilard, Hungarian-born impresario, who was formerly a dancer and choreographer.

Comparatively young in ballet history—it came into being in its present form in 1948—the New York City Ballet has already made its name in Europe as well as in America.

Its present Pacific tour, designed to show Australia and Asia that the U.S.A. can throw out an agile challenge to the Moscow Bolshoi Ballet, which last year captured the enthusiasm of Asian balletomanes, is part of President Eisenhower's international cultural programme.

But the fact that it's on a semi-official mission is not likely to weigh any more heavily with audiences, once they have seen the ballet, than it seems to weigh with the dancers themselves.

The New York City Ballet—like any good ballet company, whatever its nationality—is made up of individual personalities.

Personality-plus among the touring company in Australia will be artistic director and chief choreographer George Balanchine.

He missed the Japanese part of the trip because his wife, Tanaquil LeClerque, who was one of the principal dancers till she contracted polio while touring Europe last year, became very ill just when he was due to leave America.

Lean and fiery Balanchine, who was born in St. Petersburg and trained in the Imperial Ballet School, has been a famous name to ballet fans for 30 years.

At the age of 20 he became ballet master and choreographer for Diaghilev's Ballet Russe in Paris.

With the general director, Lincoln Kirstein, he is an original member of the New York City Ballet.

Kirstein, an American, is the real founder of the ballet.

The son of a wealthy family from Boston—a city as famous for its hard-headed conservatives as for its beans—he had a fervent youthful ambition to be a dancer. Family opposition frustrated his ambition but couldn't crush his love of ballet.

In 1933, on a European holiday, he met Balanchine in Paris, and, disregarding Boston's raised eyebrows, persuaded him to come to America to form the nucleus of a new-style ballet company.

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NICHOLAS MAGALLANES, Mexican-born soloist with the New York City Ballet, in his role in "Serenade." The brilliant but easy-going star is sure to be popular in Australia. His two main off-stage interests are swimming and racing, and he expects plenty of opportunity for both while here.

GRACEFUL MOVEMENT in "Serenade," one of the classical ballets Australian audiences will see. The two Canadian-born dancers are Melissa Hayden and Patricia Wilde. The music for "Serenade" is by Tchaikovsky.

JACQUES d'AMBOISE, one of the company's leading male dancers, in one of his spectacular leaps in "Western Symphony," a modern ballet with a cowboy setting, but retaining the beauty of classical ballet.

Between them they organised a company called the American Ballet. From it — after numerous changes and the formation of several other companies, which met with varying degrees of success and failure—the present New York City Ballet has developed.

That this company, which has its own theatre but meagre funds, has been built up bit by bit like a weekend builder's house is no surprise to George Balanchine.

"By profession," he said, "I am a choreographer. By hobby a cook and a carpenter."

And his metaphors, when he talks about his ballet, are all concerned with cooking and carpentry.

"When food is short, and I've often known food to be short," he said, "I can improvise a feast from bits of bacon, rice, raisins, oranges, potatoes and milk—no butter. With ballet we do much the same.

"When you have to rehearse 35 old works and create six new ones in four weeks, and when one new costume costs 400 dollars and you haven't got 400 dollars, you've no time for fancy flourishes.

"You have to improvise and you have to produce something sustaining. That's why our ballet programmes are less hors d'oeuvres, soup, entree, and dessert than they are breakfast, lunch, and dinner at once. They're a complete diet for the eye and the ear —and the mind, too."

A busy life

Balanchine's busy life hasn't been entirely confined to cooking, carpentry, and choreography. He's been married four times. His second wife, Danilova, like his present wife, was a famous ballerina.

His third wife, also a ballerina, is now Mrs. Henry Paschen, of Chicago. Professionally known as Marie Tallchief, she went to Japan with the company.

The company's leading male dancer, Andre Eglevsky, like Balanchine, is Russian-born.

He was born in Moscow, where his father was a colonel in the White Russian Army, and during the revolution his family fled to Turkey and then to France.

In 1934 he went to America, where he has since lived with his dancer wife, Leda Anchutina, and their three children.

Eglevsky has appeared in many musical comedies and films as well as in classical ballet, one of his favorite film roles being in Chaplin's "Limelight."

True ballerina

Diana Adams, a lithe and lovely American-born soloist, has also appeared in films. She danced in Danny Kaye's "Knock on Wood" and in Gene Kelly's "Invitation to the Dance."

In true ballerina fashion she's been dancing nearly all her life—she started at seven —and has considerably more practical ability than you would expect from anyone who looks so ethereal in a tu-tu.

She designs and makes her own clothes and her favorite sport is horse-riding — a pastime she hopes to enjoy in Australia.

One of her fellow soloists—Mexican-born Nicholas Magallanes—also has high hopes of Australian horses, though he's not interested in riding them.

His main concern is in picking the winners among racehorses, and his off-stage faith in his system is almost as remarkable as his on-stage leaps.

Among the other 60-odd people touring with the New York City Ballet there is as great a diversity of personalities and personal tastes as there is among the principals, but with the whole 74 there is one overriding interest — ballet.

And it is this common devotion to their art which has enabled the New York City Ballet to achieve in 10 years a world-wide reputation which entitles it to rank with such long - acknowledged ballet groups as the Bolshoi and Sadler's Wells.

THE SPIRIT OF BALLET—both classic and modern—is symbolised in "Interplay," another of the ballets the New York company will present to Sydney and Melbourne audiences. Here Allegra Kent and Roy Tobias are pictured in their role in "Interplay." Allegra Kent is, at 20, one of the loveliest and youngest of all leading ballerinas, while a great future is predicted for Tobias, who's been dancing since he was 14. "Interplay" music is from Gould's "American Concertette."

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LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO

clears dandruff, dry scalp and hair dullness

Many Australians suffer from unhealthy hair and scalp often without knowing it. They believe their hair is naturally dull or, realising something is wrong, start using lotions and dressings that only mask the problem temporarily.

WHAT SCIENCE SAYS: Specialists conclude very many hair troubles stem from the *incomplete cleanliness of hair and scalp.* Dust, grime and dandruff form a deposit which tends to block hair follicles and can prevent the flow of natural scalp oils. In extreme cases the deposit is visible (as dandruff), though it's often in the hair without being seen!

The answer? Loxene *medicated* shampoo as a scalp treatment. This preparation, called Loxene, *really cleans* away all dust, grime and flaky deposits (dandruff). With regular use Loxene removes and helps overcome the development of dandruff. *Only healthy hair can be attractive hair.* Hair that is really clean, really healthy, is lustrous and easy to manage and set. Use Loxene regularly—it is the natural way to beautiful hair.

8 Shampoos in every bottle

LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO AND SCALP TREATMENT

L1.16

ABOVE: Candidate from Inverell, N.S.W., Mrs. Eric Leggett leaving the church with her husband after their wedding last November. Photograph by Devines Studios, Inverell.

RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Nick Anousas of O'Connor, A.C.T., cutting the cake after their wedding.

Canberra girl in bride contest

● The Australian Capital Territory's first candidate in the Red Cross "Bride of the Year" Quest is pretty Mrs. Nick Anousas, of the Canberra suburb O'Connor.

MR. and Mrs. Anousas married last December.

Other "Bride of the Year" entrants this week include two brides from northern New South Wales.

They are Mrs. Eric Leggett, of Inverell, and Mrs. James Lattimer, of Casino.

The Northern Territory's first entrant is Patricia Muldoon, of Alice Springs.

Patricia and her fiance, Joe Davey, are being sponsored by an enthusiastic committee of their workmates from the Department of Works, Alice Springs.

Mrs. Neil Harney, petite wife of a cane farmer at Childers, 230 miles north of Brisbane, is Queensland's latest representative in the Quest.

Candidates from Victorian country districts are grazier's wife Mrs. John Sharp, of Branxholme, and Mrs. A. James MacDonald, of Meredith, who represents the Meredith branch of the Graziers' Association of Victoria.

All these girls are working hard to raise funds for the Red Cross and at the same time give themselves a chance of winning the big prizes offered to the "Bride of the Year."

Funds raised by the Quest will help the Red Cross carry on its invaluable services to the community.

Any girl who is a natural-born or naturalised Australian or a British subject resident in Australia, married between June 1, 1957, and June 1, 1958, is eligible to enter the "Bride of the Year" Quest.

The "Bride of the Year" and her husband will fly around the world by Qantas Super G Constellation, and have £1000 spending money donated by Ampol Petroleum Ltd.

The prizes will be won by the girl who raises the most money for the Red Cross.

There are eight other prizes —luxury holidays for two as guests of the Surfers' Paradise Chamber of Commerce on the Queensland Gold Coast — for the girls (other than the first-prize winner) who raise the greatest sum of money in each State and the Australian Capital Territory.

For entry forms and all inquiries write to Red Cross in your State.

Here are the addresses:

N.S.W. Division: Red Cross House, 27 Jamison St., Sydney.

Vic. Division: 122 Flinders St., Melbourne.

Qld. Division: 409 Adelaide St., Brisbane.

S.A. Division: 8-12 Stephen Place, Adelaide.

Tas. Division: 53 Collins St., Hobart.

A.C.T. Division: P.O. Box 82, G.P.O., Canberra.

N.T. Division: P.O. Box 81, Darwin.

W.A.: Address all correspondence to Red Cross National Headquarters, 122 Flinders St., Melbourne.

CANDIDATE from Casino, N.S.W., Mrs. James Lattimer, photographed with her husband after their wedding in November last year. Photograph by R. J. Frogley, Casino.

COLOR MEANS MONEY

● This week the judges have awarded two £10 progress prizes in our Color Scheme Contest.

THE progress prizes go to Mrs. M. Watt, of St. Lucia, Queensland, and Miss Jeanette Fraser of Tamworth, N.S.W.

Mrs. Watt's entry shows charming rooms full of character.

Miss Fraser suggests bright clear colors, ideal for Australian "sun" homes.

Everyone can enter this simple contest to help the Red Cross "Bride of the Year" Quest.

The first prize is a fabulous £1000; other prizes to be won are £200, 2nd prize; £50, 3rd prize; £100 in consolation prizes (three of £20, four of £10); £150 in progress prizes of £10.

All you have to do is choose color schemes for a lounge room (14ft. by 20ft.), a kitchen, and a bathroom.

Colors must be illustrated with samples cut from advertising or editorial pages of The Australian Women's Weekly, using any one or more of the issues dated February 19 and subsequent issues up to that dated June 11.

Colors required are for:

LOUNGE: Ceiling, walls, floor coverings, curtains, furnishings.

KITCHEN: Ceiling, walls, cupboards, floor, main equipment (stove, refrigerator, etc.).

BATHROOM: Ceiling, walls, floor, main fittings (bath, basin, etc.).

You may give as much detail as you wish, but the only essentials are those above.

The page number and date of the issue from which the sample is cut must be shown.

Every entry must be accompanied by an entry coupon and 1/- in stamps or postal notes for the Red Cross "Bride" Quest.

The winning color schemes will be chosen for their attractiveness, practicality, originality, and presentation.

The contest closes on June 9, 1958.

This contest and the "Bride of the Year" Quest are governed by the rules as published in our issue of February 19.

ENTRY COUPON

COLOR SCHEME CONTEST,
Box 7052, R.C., G.P.O.,
SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Name .....
(BLOCK LETTERS)

Address .....

.....

I enclose 1/- entry fee to support ★.....
a candidate in the Red Cross "Bride" Quest.

★ If you do not name a candidate the entry fee will go to a common fund to be divided equally among all candidates.

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DISCOVERY! *New world of warmth with glamour! Fabulous*

KAYSER "STARGAZERS"

bring you undreamed of loveliness in snug winter slumberwear!

Drift into slumberland in Kayser "Stargazers" — heavenly 'jamas and nightgowns that are soft as a cloud yet wear and wash like a dream. Twinkling new styles in exciting colours and designs — at very practical prices.

1 *9796 — Neptune nightgown in brushed nylon — collar, bodice trimmed with Lurex and nylon tulle. Blush, Alpine Blue. SW, W, OS,* **£6/19/6.**

2 *5728 — Nightgown in cosy cotton Kaysuede. Ribbed cuffs, tulle-and-lurex trim on yoke, bodice of permanently pleated cotton. Blush, Blue, SW, W, OS,* **49/11.**

3 *5879 — Kayressa cotton pyjama, reindeer motif on bodice, shoulder, pockets, ribbed cuffs and trousers. Red on White, Blue on White, Red on Lemon, SW, W, OS,* **57/6.**

4 *9795 — Jupiter nightgown, brushed nylon, trimmed, with the new nylon fur on collar, bodice cuffs. Blush, Alpine Blue. SW, W, OS,* **£6/17/6.**

5 *9891 — Dolly Vardon Pyjamas, brushed nylon, nylon Alencon lace edging collar, sleeve, cuffs and trousers. Blush, Alpine Blue. SW, W,* **£8/8/0.**

KAYSER "STARGAZERS" *at such down-to-earth prices!*

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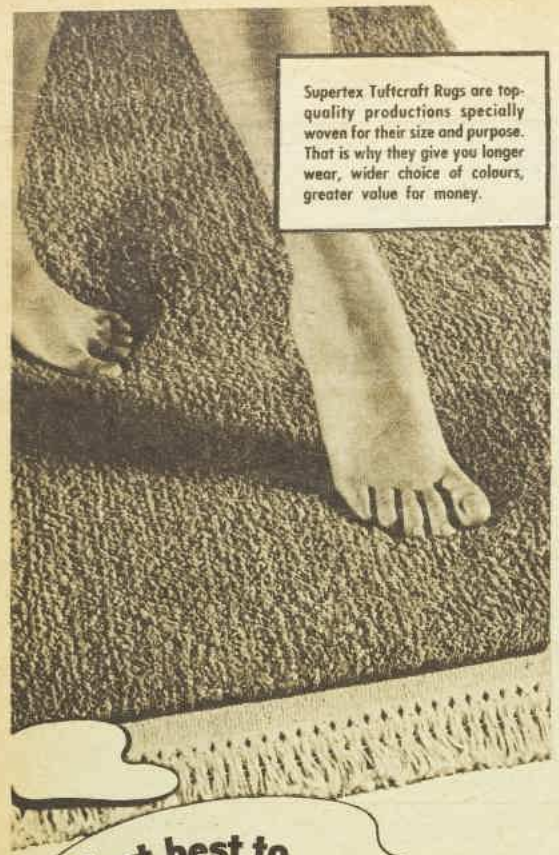

Supertex Tuftcraft Rugs are top-quality productions specially woven for their size and purpose. That is why they give you longer wear, wider choice of colours, greater value for money.

Next best to walking on a cloud...

Superlex

Tuft-Craft Floor Rugs

Cushion-soft . . . easy to care for . . .

IN A GLORIOUS COLOUR RANGE

Doubles Carpet Life

Highlight your soft-toned wall-to-wall carpeting with sparkling SuperTex rugs. One for the fireside . . . others in busy "traffic areas." Then watch the whole room take on a new warm glow of colour! Supertex Tuftcraft Rugs from £3/19/6.

Works wonders with polished floors

A SuperTex rug enhances the richness of light or dark polished timber. Dense, ¾" thick pile gives new luxury underfoot. Easily washed at home — or dry cleaned! Rubber-coated backing prevents skidding.

SEE THE SUPERTEX RANGE TODAY

Ruggle-Twist: Ideal choice for hallways, foot of stairs. Dense, hard twist gives them a delightfully springy feeling to the touch. Non-skid backing. In a sparkling array of harmonising colours. From £4/14/3.

Reversibles: They're double sided for double wear and double value. Distinctive round and oval shapes give a smart, modern touch to any room setting. Deep, thick, luxurious pile. Priced from only £3/5/9.

THE EASTER SOCIAL ROUND

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DANCE. Robin Bucknell, of "Wongivie," Mungindi (left), Peter Larke, of "Sunnybank," Quirindi, Clare Moore, of "Nowley," Burren Junction, Michael Saddington, of "Bonny Rig," Quirindi, Jan Hunter, of "Wantima," Willow Tree, and Ian Saddington at the dance the Saddington boys gave for 150 young friends from city and country at the Australia Hotel.

NEWLYWEDS. Mr. and Mrs. John Arthurson sign the register after their wedding at St. John's Church, Wahroonga. The bride was formerly Judy Milner, only daughter of the Murray Milners, of Mosman. They will live at Mosman.

COUNTRY GUESTS. Michael Austin, of "Warrambone," Gulargambone, Sonya Saywell, of "Borambil Park," Quirindi, David Cudmore, of "Yongalah," Quirindi, and Frances O'Hanlon, of Quirindi, at Michael and Ian Saddington's Easter week dance.

DANCING at the Town and Country Ball at Princes were Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Rowe (left) and Mr. and Mrs. John Coghlan. The dance was in aid of the Smith Family. Mrs. Rowe wore pink tulle and Mrs. Coghlan chose heavy white lace.

SHIPBOARD PARTY. Mr. and Mrs. Klaus Zimmer, of Cooma, with Lieut. Harry Rusk, R.C.N., at the party given on board the visiting Canadian cruiser Ontario. Mrs. Zimmer is a Canadian who came out here for the Olympic Games and married here a few months ago—her brother, Lieut.-Instructor Ian Bayly, is on board Ontario.

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VICE-REGAL GUESTS. Lady Woodward, wife of the Governor, Sir Eric Woodward, arrives at the St. Leger Day races with Mrs. Alan Potter, wife of the Chairman of the A.J.C., followed by Judy Woodward and Sheila Collett. Lady Woodward wore a pale blue silk dress and Mrs. Potter chose a straight-cut dress and jacket patterned in brown and black.

BEFORE THE DONCASTER HANDICAP, Marea (left) and Brigid Tancred waited on the lawn to see the horses parade on to the track. Brigid wore the only summery sack and looked delightfully cool in pink-and-white-spotted silk with a wide neckline. She added a side-tipped white pique beret.

Races at Randwick

BESIDES the eight races listed on the programme for the first day of the A.J.C. autumn race meeting at Randwick, there was another unofficial race among women racegoers—the sack race.

And although the hot Indian summer weather forced most women regretfully to leave their sacks behind in their wardrobes and step out in cool silk dresses, there were still quite a few starters — either among the very young or very elegant.

Country girls Rosemary Arnott, of "Glenalvon," Murrurundi, and Adrienne Hill, of "Colly Plains," Quirindi, both wore sacks—Rosemary's wide-collared in fine beige wool, with a buttoned tab ending just below the waist, and Adrienne's an olive-green suit with a narrow tie looped across the front.

Mrs. Rowland Smith, sen., of Killara, chose lightweight wool in an oatmeal shade for her elegant, gently fitted sack with an inset band across the hips—she wore it with a tiny, veiled hat, swathed with flamingo-pink jersey.

And swivelling all heads was Mrs. Ronald Nott, of Melbourne, who wore the only "trapeze" dress on the course —in fine black wool—which flared out as she moved.

• • •

BRIEFLY . . . the most flattering hat of the day was definitely the Breton sailor—only about half-a-dozen women wore them, and they all looked marvellous . . . everybody, but everybody, in the queue for the Jackpot Tote . . . lots of visitors from interstate, and two of the prettiest were from Victoria —Carmen Clarke, of Dunkeld, and Quentin Madden.

Anne

FROM VICTORIA. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Baillieu came over for Easter and stayed with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Hordern, at Point Piper. For the races Mrs. Baillieu chose a heavy white lace coat and a gently fitted tan silk sheath.

TASMANIAN VISITORS. Rod O'Connor, of Cressy, Tas., with his lovely wife, Rosalind, who wore a silk sheath patterned in red and black with a floating, swagged tie at the back, and added a black straw hat and black accessories.

FINE-WOOL paisley patterned in autumn tones swathed the cone-shaped turban worn by pretty Judy Whitelaw, of "Wendouree," Merriwa, with her beige suit.

CRISP WHITE PIQUE made the jaunty Breton sailor worn by Mrs. Ted Body, of "Boonoon," Trangie, the crown circled by navy ribbon to match her dress.

VELVET AND TWEED in Mrs. John Carr's straight-set Breton matched her elegant suit of beige-and-white tweed, cut straight, loose, and single-breasted.

SATIN AND WOOL were chosen by Mrs. Rupert Moses, of "Wandewoi," Singleton, for her beret of Prince of Wales check wool with a green delustred satin bow.

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EASING OF RENT CONTROL:

Does it mean you can get a home?

● Lawyers and real-estate men say the Landlord and Tenant Act, which is still to become law, is among the most chaotic ever to go on the Statute Book.

THEY claim that large chunks of its 40,000 words—the size of a short novel—and its 6000 words of amendments are almost unintelligible.

They also fear that many of its curiously worded clauses are open to challenge.

Most agree, however, that through this tangle it is possible to see a little daylight, and to reach some reasonably accurate conclusions.

Broadly, they believe:

● That, although the Act helps some landlords, it does not help the majority, and is generally weighted on the side of the tenant.

● That it will end the key-money racket—but it could start another racket, this time between landlords.

● That it may freeze the movement of people who in the past have exchanged tenancies.

● That it will not encourage building for letting because cost of building is so high.

● That one main effect of the legislation will be fewer houses and flats for sale, and more for rental, and that this should reduce the present pressure on credit for home buying and home building.

● That "some thousands" of empty houses, which owners would not let because of pegged rentals, and because of the impossibility of getting tenants out once they got in, will now be rented.

"Some thousands" is inevitably vague because nobody knows how many houses are empty.

The 1954 Census, for example, found there were 42,831 unoccupied buildings in New South Wales—14,222 in Sydney.

But these figures are unreal because the official interpretation of "unoccupied" included weekend and holiday homes and flats, dwellings temporarily unoccupied at the time of the census, and even new homes awaiting occupation.

So that if you were at the pictures or visiting friends, or on holidays on the day of the census, your home was officially "unoccupied."

The figure, 42,000 homes, therefore gives only a vague idea of how many genuinely empty homes there were in N.S.W. in 1954 — and 1954, anyway, is four years ago.

The main point of the new Act is that it decontrols houses and flats as they become vacant, and dwellings not let between December 1, 1957, and the enactment of the Bill.

But it also provides safeguards which give wide protection to tenants.

Take the position of the landlord first:

● The new legislation will greatly help landlords with decontrolled property. They will be able to get considerably higher rents, and will be encouraged to rent rather than sell.

They will be able to charge any rental they can get, particularly if the demand among home-desperate people continues to be greater than the supply.

● But the legislation will not help the majority of landlords—those whose properties will still be controlled—because they will not be able to charge higher rents, and will

By
RONALD McKIE

be checked by law if they attempt to push tenants out by dubious means.

● Landlords also will get no help against the "real exploiters" in the housing field, those "temporary landlords" who rent a house for £5 or £10, and then let a dozen rooms at between £5 and £10 each.

● The owner of a rented house or flat who wants that accommodation himself will be at a greater disadvantage than before.

This is because, to get possession of his own property, he has to provide alternative accommodation which comes under rent control.

According to Mr. V. Collins, Real Estate Institute Secretary, this could produce a new kind of key-money racket between landlords.

"Landlord A, to get possession of his own house, has to provide alternative accommodation for his tenant. He knows that Landlord B has a decontrolled house, and asks him to take his tenant.

"Landlord B says: 'If I let my house to my own tenant the house remains uncontrolled. If I let it to your tenant the house comes under control. It's worth £1000 to me to take your tenant.

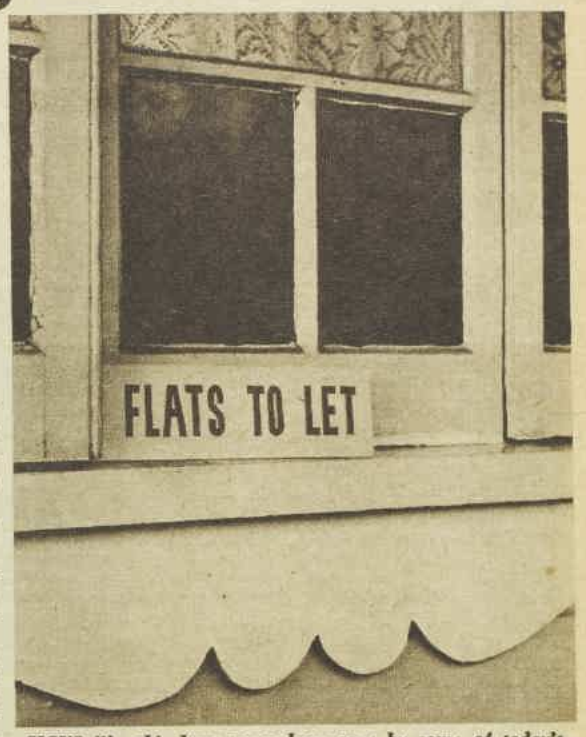
"If Landlord A desperately needs his house he may pay up to get possession, and a new racket is established."

Now, what about the tenant?

● The chief point of the legislation is that the tenant of a controlled house or flat will be fully protected—better protected, the experts say, than he was before.

His rent can't be increased except by normal Fair Rent Court application. He is protected at law against any unfair or improper action by the landlord to get him out, and if he dies his widow is completely protected in her tenancy.

● The tenant of a controlled house must be found alternative accommodation before the owner can get him out, and that accommodation automatically becomes controlled.



SIGNS like this have never been seen by some of today's younger generation, victims of the post-war housing shortage.

● The tenant of an uncontrolled house is bound by the terms of his lease, and can be put out on its termination.

● Rents of uncontrolled property will rise—perhaps 75 to 100 per cent.

● If many more houses and flats become available, people should be able to get a complete house or flat for the price they are now paying for one room.

And this in turn should reduce the present exorbitant rentals now being charged for single rooms, and charged much more by the "exploiter" tenant than by landlords.

That's a broad picture of the effects of the new legislation, but, as much of that legislation is muddled and ambiguous, real-estate and other experts warn:

"Now it's up to the lawyers."

TELEVISION PARADE

● "Television will turn us into a nation of televidiots," said the cynics when the Sydney and Melbourne channels got under way some 18 months ago. They couldn't have been more wrong.

PERHAPS some gadabouts have become stay-at-homes, and perhaps some socks are long overdue for darning, but that doesn't mean people have become dead from the neck up.

In fact, figures I've gathered from Sydney libraries indicate it's the reverse.

At the City of Sydney Public Library, for instance, there's been an increase of 25.2 per cent. in the number of books borrowed in the first full year of TV operation, and a large percentage of these books were non-fiction.

While increased mobile library units also help account for the great jump, TV deserves much of the praise, as several librarians readily agree.

Apart from that, TV is mighty, both when it's merely entertainment and when it's educational entertainment.

That's why I think it's wonderful that by 1960 it's now almost certain all Australian capitals will be transmitting.

★ ★ ★

ANYONE who thinks TV isn't worth all the superlatives obviously hasn't been viewing on the same wavelength as I have.

A few days ago the set went bung. One minute there was a picture to delight any square eyeball. The next minute a cold, blank screen.

By
CYNTHIA STRACHAN

I continued listening to "Meet the Press" (Channel 9, Sundays, 9.30 p.m.), and, although I couldn't see if anyone was scowling at anyone else, I still enjoyed it, because it sounded much better on this hi-fi medium than it ever could on old-style radio.

Now the set's been whisked away for repairs for a few days, and it feels like the loss of an old friend.

I guess life would go on much the same if TV were suddenly banned, but to quote Chester A. Riley ("Life of Riley," Channel 2, Thursdays, 7.30 p.m.), what a revolting development that would be, wouldn't it?

★ ★ ★

BEING a moderately new Sydneysider, I really don't mind who wins the G.P.S. Head-of-the-River Regatta on the Nepean on Saturday, April 12, but I intend carrying a banner that day for the three TV channels.

The channels are operating jointly to bring the Sydney viewing public the best possible afternoon's entertainment — and advocates of non-stop, cut-throat competition can go take a jump.

The nearest approach to such co-operation came during the Queen Mother's tour, when the channels decided it was physically impossible to make adequate live telecasts of all the important occasions, and one gigantic "Royal" channel was formed.

But the boatrace tie-up is going one step farther in the right direction.

While Channel 9 and 2 cameras are on the banks of the Nepean, Channel 7's mobile unit will be stationed at the Rugby Union game between Manly and St. George at Hurstville.

Both events will be available for screening by all three channels, which will arrange different programmes.

The intricacies of electronics aren't my long suit, but I understand it's very simple for the channels to take "splits" from one another's services.

This means that during the long gaps between boatraces viewers will be able to see snatches of football.

It also means a healthy future for Australian TV, and one I'm sure many overseas TV circles will envy.

★ ★ ★

NEVER, NEVER develop a soft spot for TV personalities; they're even more deceptive than film stars.

Take "My Hero," Robert Cummings, for instance.

Yes, go right ahead and take him.

Yesterday I'd have fought tooth and nail over him because he'd become my favorite among handsome young TV stars.

It didn't matter that a Hollywood biographer once said of him: "His chest is not a miniature Gibraltar when fully expanded. His legs wouldn't show too well in kilts; his nose definitely prefers one side of his face; his keen eye shines from a somewhat untanned face, and his voice is of light calibre."

He was still my TV hero—attractive, amusing, and not a day over 35. But in delving into the museum of dates I discovered he is not one year under 50.

What secrets those Hollywood TV make-up experts must have safely locked away with their jars of wrinkle-removing cream.

Seriously, though, "My Hero" (Tuesdays, Channel 2, 7.30 p.m.) provided a wealth of good clean laughs, and its wind-up last week is compensated for only by the time slot being filled by "The Bob Cummings Show."

This is a more sophisticated half-hour comedy, starring the same remarkable Mr. C.

If it's laughter you're after, don't miss focusing on this new series in which Cummings—who in real life is a happily settled father of five—plays the role of a Hollywood bachelor-photographer with a roving eye.

BOB CUMMINGS, star of a new sophisticated comedy series, "The Bob Cummings Show" (Channel 2, Tuesdays, 7.30 p.m.)

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. . . Look what came in Mummy's new BENDIX

RINSO CAME IN IT

As it comes in most new washing machines, because **Rinso is the only product recommended by the makers of all washing machines . . . and that's a real guarantee!**

Rinso and your new washer team up to put brand-new brightness in your wash

HERE's another housewife who's sure to get off to a bright new start with her new washing machine! The makers of Bendix have sent along a free packet of Rinso with her washer. Like all washing machine manufacturers, they recommend Rinso — because they know that Rinso's richer, softer suds in their machines will put brand-new brightness into every wash, as seven out of every ten Australian housewives agree.

Safe for it — Best in it. And Rinso will keep your precious washing machine in perfect running order, too. It actually *protects* the important rubber rollers and machine bearings, keeps all delicate working parts in perfect condition. For *every* reason, you'll prefer Rinso in your machine!

New superfast self-heating BENDIX

- *Halves washing time!*
- *Needs no hot water system!*
- *No costly installation!*

An exciting new exclusive BENDIX feature — added at no extra cost.

SUPERFAST BUILT-IN SELF-HEATER works automatically throughout the wash, boosting water temperature, ensuring germ-free clothes — just like boiling! For little more than the cost of an ordinary automatic washer you can have this wonderful superfast heating, fully automatic Bendix in your home.

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THE AUSTRALIAN YEAR

lthough Australia's own tree, the gum, is an evergreen, deciduous ees introduced from Europe, North America, China, and Japan ve the glowing beauty of autumn to Tasmania, Victoria, and the older parts of New South Wales. Wherever the early settlers made eir homes, they planted English trees to bring a breath of the old country" to the strange countryside around them. Now these

trees are part of the Australian scene. Eucalypts and acacias grow side by side with maples, scarlet ash, beech trees, elms, poplars, and liquidambars, making a brilliant autumn picture of green, red, bronze, orange, and yellow. This picture, by Mr. M. McNaughton, of Warner's Bay, N.S.W., was taken in Cook Park, Orange, N.S.W., which is famous for the vivid autumn foliage of its English trees.

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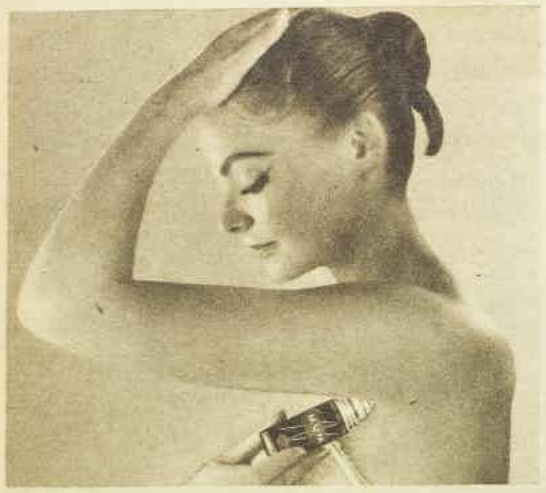
A new kind of deodorant that is easy to apply



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MR3

Scientists find safe, easy way to remove facial hair at home without electrolysis

Leaves skin velvety smooth

Hair on a woman's face is an unsightly blight to her appearance. But fortunately women can now be free from embarrassing hair on the face, as well as the arms and legs, because two scientists have developed a most simple, easy and *medically-proven* way to remove excess hair at home . . . Neelo, a cosmetic creme.

Thanks to Neelo, women no longer have to resort to electrolysis which is so expensive, often painful. No longer do women have to resort to the vicious habit of shaving, which keeps bringing the hair back so coarse.

This highly successful method of removing hair is used by more women today than any other. Do not confuse Neelo with old fashioned, evil smelling depilatories which irritate and take so long to use. Neelo is a pink, odorless cosmetic creme and so easy to use. Just smooth Neelo on like a face cream — then wash hair off in a minute. Neelo gently dissolves hair *below* the skin's surface. That's why the skin always feels so velvety smooth without coarse regrowth.

Don't let unwanted hair ruin your appearance. Buy new, odorless Neelo Cream Hair Remover today. KY223R

Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

WHEN one hears appeals to provide funds to extend rest-homes and hospitals, it makes one wonder whether there should not be a limit to the size of such places. There is an ever-increasing necessity for both, but wouldn't it be preferable to have more of them, and smaller? It is not very long before such places become institutional. Food has to be bought in bulk, quality and preparation deteriorates. The individual touch is lost. The community grows to such numbers that the majority are strangers to one another instead of members of a family. The staffing becomes a nightmare and the patients cannot reach an official ear to listen to their woes. In smaller establishments the officials would have direct contact with those under their care, and more consideration and kindness could be shown.

£1/1/- to Beatrice Brooke, Howrah, Tasmania.

THE general trend in house building these days is for large and sensible windows, but why must so many housewives straight away put up quite heavy drapes, thereby not only blocking the views but also the free passage of air. Granted the need for privacy, this can be easily achieved by light curtains fully gathered, or, if the view is not wanted, by having the windows planned higher to admit air and light. The contradiction of lovely window space filled in with heavy curtains seems absurd to me.

10/6 to Hilda Jackson, Pratt Road, Eaton, W.A.

HAVING just visited a hospital for the aged, I thought it would be an idea if each bed had its own visitors' book. In this way the family or next of kin could see at a glance who had visited the patient.

10/6 to Mrs. J. L. Butler, 65 Everett Street, West Brunswick, Vic.

BY the number of bags we have thrown over our fences by rag collectors, they must expect us to be always buying new clothes. I wonder how much goes to charity? I read last year that £5 a week given to charity entitles a company to have that charity's sign on their truck, but the rest of the money goes to the company which collects. As rags are worth £3/10/- a bag, it would pay to sell them yourself and give the money to your own pet charity.

10/6 to V.O.B. (name supplied), Ivanhoe, Vic.

I THINK there should be a reduction in suburban picture-show prices when an old picture is being shown. It would also be a good idea if it were mentioned in the papers whether a certain picture was a re-presentation. Nothing is more annoying than finding a film is one seen, and perhaps not enjoyed, many years before, because the title was not recognised.

10/6 to Mrs. E. Walker, 14 Belgrave Esplanade, Sylvania, N.S.W.

I WONDER how many housewives like myself long to fi a radio station which will give a mixed diet of mu throughout the day. While admitting that some of the mo up-to-date songs have rather catchy tunes, they begin pall after the first hour or so of listening. How I long hear a song from Richard Tauber or Gigli, or the works of great composer played by a famous violinist or pianist! By means play the "pops," but please play some soothing clas in between.

10/6 to Mrs. P. A. Smith, Lot 6, Yarraburra Street, Gym N.S.W.

Happier husbands

IN reply to Mrs. Mann (12/3/58), who comments on ir table, self-centred, moody husbands. Does she not rea that a husband who comes home to lunch every day a discusses his work and other interests with his wife is pay her a compliment? I suggest a cheerful greeting and sym thetic hearing would go a long way to making a happier o look for the husband she described. Surely it is the wi job to make a happy place for husband and children, no place where they are made to feel unwelcome.

10/6 to Mrs. R. Scowen, 58 Sawesby Street, Muswellbro N.S.W.

Family affairs

MOST marriage-guidance clinics maintain that it is the small, irritating habits which wreck the happy marriage. Recently we decided to list each other's most annoying habits. Lists were exchanged and promises made to try to overcome them. The results were encouraging. Now friends, with a teenage son and daughter, have done the same, all knowing that the other person's trivial habit is as difficult to overcome as Mount Everest is to scale. We all confess to the occasional lapse, but on the whole we are much happier families since we have tried to "see ourselves as others see us."

£1/1/- to "Robbie" (name supplied), Blackwood, S.A.

● ***Every family is faced with problems that must be given a working solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.***

Ross Campbell writes...

"OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN'S wife must be a decent sort," I said. I was reading an article about the eminent song-writer.

"Why, what has she done?" asked my wife.

"She's just given her husband a verandah for pacing up and down on while he is thinking."

"You make it sound as if I ought to give you one," she said. "But you don't need it. We've got a verandah here. You could pace up and down it if you want to."

"Oh, yes? Just have a look at it."

Our verandah is small. We call it a terrace, because it hasn't got a roof. (I pass on that money-saving tip to home-builders. Leave the roof off your verandah and call it a terrace.)

On the terrace there were a lot of toys and the big cardboard box that the television set came in.

"What hope have you got of pacing up and down there?" I said. "It's time some of this junk was cleared up."

WALKIE-THINKIE

I gave the cardboard box a shove with my foot.

A yell came from inside it and my son put his head out. "This is our cubby!" he said indignantly.

"You see?" I said to my wife. "Even if there was room to pace on

the terrace I couldn't think here. There's no privacy."

"Can't you pace up and down and think at the office?" she asked.

"Not in comfort," I said.

I explained some of the difficulties.

I share a small office with a friend of mine named Ron.

While he is there I don't like to walk up and down because it irritates him.

Sometimes I walk up and down while he is out. I follow a path from the corner where we hang our coats, across the room to the side of Ron's desk—about nine feet.

The other day he opened the door and saw me standing beside his desk as I turned to start another lap. It looked as if I had been reading his letters or something.

"I—er—I was just having a walk, Ron," I said. But I felt a goat.

Another time I was pacing up and down when my .1 share of a secretary opened the door. She crashed into me with a cup of tea.

"You can see why I envy Oscar Hammerstein his special pacing verandah," I said to my wife.

"I wonder how you give someone a verandah as a present," she said. "Do you think Mrs. Hammerstein wrapped it up in tissue-paper?"

"I don't know. But I wish I had one. There's nothing I'd like better than to pace up and down on it and think."

"Probably you'd just pace up and down," she said.

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The Pride of Mrs. Feeney

By MAURA LAVERTY

Illustrated by Robertson

I NEVER see a blue jug but I think of Mrs. Feeney's soda bread and of her son's courtship.

Mrs. Feeney was more sincere than is usual with widowed mothers of only sons when she said she would be glad to see Brian get married and bring in a wife. Few believed her, but she really meant it.

"I'm poor company for him," she often said, "and in a big old place like ours there's more work than can be managed by an elderly woman like myself with no one to help her but a raw servant girl."

It was true for her. Rambling old Killeevin could have done with a young mistress to keep fresh frilly curtains on its windows and to keep a shine on the heavy mahogany furniture. It could have done with children, too, to chase away the silence with their laughing and their quarrelling and playing.

That was why she was genuinely pleased when Brian, at thirty-five, suddenly showed all the signs and symptoms of a man who is courting. She said nothing at all, nor did he, when he took to shaving himself every evening as soon as the cows were milked and the supper over.

She never once asked him where he was going when, changed from his working clothes into his Sunday suit, he set off on his bicycle down the Newbridge road.

In her heart she may have said, "Heaven grant she's a nice girl who'll make him happy," or, "May she bring peace and content into this house, whoever she is." But though she felt a natural curiosity, she had little anxiety. She knew that she could trust her son, knew that he would tell her all he thought she ought to know as soon as the time was ripe.

Mrs. Donnelly anticipated him with the news.

It was Sunday afternoon. Brian had gone off looking even more loverlike than usual with a rose in his lapel and a jauntiness in his step. "You needn't wait tea on me, Mother," he had said. "I won't be back until late."

Mrs. Feeney nodded in a satisfied way.

When he was gone, she said to Maggie Dunne, the servant girl, "I'm thinking there will be changes in Killeevin before the year is out."

Maggie poured hot water from the ash-coated kettle into the washing-up basin. "It looks like it, ma'am," she agreed. "Won't it be an ease to you?" She plunged her strong red hands into the water and stirred up the sprinkling of washing soda.

"It will, indeed," Mrs. Feeney agreed. "And though these things are all in the hands of God, I must say I'm looking forward to seeing my grandchildren running around the place. Hand me that tea-towel, Maggie, and I'll do the drying-up."

Happily, the two women made short work of the washing-up. Mrs. Feeney was putting the last plate into its place on the dresser when they heard a step outside the window, a slow, heavy, consequential step.

"It's herself," Maggie said with rueful resignation. "It's The Raven."

"What bad news has she this time, I wonder?" Mrs. Feeney untied the strings of her apron. "Show her into the parlor, Maggie."

There were few in Ballyderrig who welcomed the coming of Mrs. Donnelly. She well earned her nickname. Never did a bird of ill-omen take more delight in carrying news that was likely to alarm or disturb. In some peculiar way, the commiseration she lavished with her tidings always doubled their disturbing effect.

She called on Mrs. Feeney that Sunday afternoon with a pound of blackcurrant jam and a stone of sympathy. Carefully she lowered her great bulk on to a chair which, under her overflowing width, immediately took on the aspect of doll's-house furniture. It was a hot afternoon and she puffed distressfully. Looking at neat-figured little Mrs. Feeney sitting across from her, so cool and composed, Sarah Donnelly felt a surge of the old resentment.

As in the case of many a friendship which is made up of association and propinquity, this resentment was a thing that crouched just beneath the surface of her feeling for Mary Feeney, a quick and active thing that was always ready to spring and unsheath its claws. As Mrs. Donnelly mopped her flushed and streaming face, she comforted herself with the reflection that the sensation she was about to cause would make her half-mile walk in the sun well worth while.

She sighed gustily and shifted in her chair. The chair creaked loudly. "Do you know what it is, Mary?" she opened. "The longer I live the more I realise that maybe I'm as well off to be childless."

"Why do you say that, Sarah?" Mrs. Feeney asked with kindness. She had always been sorry for Mrs. Donnelly, and for every other woman who had been denied the joy of a child.

"For the simple reason that I'm able to enjoy my old age in comfort without being upset and worried by the carryings-on of young people." Mrs. Donnelly's broad face was wreathed in complacency.

"Yes, indeed. Every day in the week I'm looking at them that thought fit to pity me being driven out of their minds with worry by the selfishness and ingratitude of their sons and daughters. And the sons are the worst. My heart goes out to every unfortunate woman with a marriageable son."

"Ah, I don't know, now," Mrs. Feeney said reasonably. "Take my Brian. He never gave me an hour's worry in his life."

This was the opening for which Mrs. Donnelly had been manoeuvring. She leaned forward, a podgy hand planted on either fat knee. "Heaven help you, Mary," she sympathised. "It's little you know how he's planning and plotting to upset your home by bringing in a strange woman on top of you. You have all my sympathy, you creature."

"Oh, that!" There was relief in Mrs. Feeney's voice. For a second or two, Sarah Donnelly had had her worried. "For Brian to take a wife would be no upset to me, Sarah. It would be a relief and an ease. Am I not always saying it? And I can tell you that I'm more pleased now that he's showing signs of being interested in some girl in Newbridge."

Mrs. Donnelly was chagrined. She had hoped that Mrs. Feeney might have been in ignorance of the reason for Brian's trips to Newbridge. So that was the way Mary Feeney was taking it, was it? She was going to brazen it out and pretend she didn't care?

Mrs. Donnelly looked at her friend with pitying admiration. "My life on you, Mary! I always said there was no one like you for showing a brave face to the world. You'd have the soft word even if your heart was afire with angry sorrow. But you don't have to put on a show with me, alanna. Am I not your friend?"

"But I tell you it's far from anger and sorrow I am," Mrs. Feeney assured her. "I know my son, Sarah. I know that he'll bring no woman in here except one that's suitable."

Mrs. Donnelly shook her head slowly. "That's where you're sadly mistaken, Mary.

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"I've never tasted such wonderful bread," Anna Shiels said as she took a second slice.

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THE EYE OF LOVE

By MARGERY SHARP

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

FORCED by destiny, in the shape of a declining furrier's business, middle-aged HARRY GIBSON and DOLORES DIVER say goodbye after ten years' happy romance. In order to save his shop, Harry intends to marry MIRANDA JOYCE, daughter of a rich furrier, who agrees to amalgamate his business with that of Harry. As a souvenir, Harry has only Dolores' Spanish comb, but Dolores is surrounded by memories of Harry in her neat house furnished with the utmost refinement. All that is lacking is money, and Dolores, unable to find a job, decides to take in a lodger.

Her orphaned niece, MARTHA, a stolid child whose passions are drawing and eating, brings one home, MR. PHILLIPS, who seems highly respectable. Once he sees the magnificence of Dolores' sitting-room he is sure she is a landlady of means, and proceeds to be an ideal lodger, emptying the garbage-tin regularly and taking Martha and Dolores to the pictures.

Harry, having proposed to Miranda, insists on a six months' engagement, and although the prospective marriage fills him with horror he finds a good friend in Mr. Joyce and becomes quite domesticated at the Joyces' Knightsbridge flat.

Mr. Phillips also enjoys domesticity, being invited each night to have a cup of tea with Dolores, but Martha doesn't care for him as he gets in the way of her drawing activities, which are taking up more and more of her time. One day she goes to Almaviva Place, near Harry's shop, to draw a tree. NOW READ ON:

WHEN Martha, in Almaviva Place, stood memorising the chestnut-tree, she had confidently expected to be able to put it on paper as soon as she got home; but this was not so. She couldn't get the two triangles, into which the whole tree should fit, in the right proportions. She put the attempt aside, but now and then took it out to look at; it bothered her to leave any piece of work unfinished. In the end, as she'd done with Ma Battleaxe's bedroom, she returned for a check on site.

This time her methods were more professional; she took her equipment with her. A single sheet of cardboard obviously wasn't rigid enough to draw on, (and rub out on), standing up: but Martha laid five or six together, used ones, and so made a very satisfactory block. She took also her best pencil, a knife to sharpen it, and a good-sized hunk of bread. This last turned out to be a slight nuisance, since the crumbs attracted pigeons; otherwise, in the quiet cul-de-sac of Almaviva Place, she was undisturbed.

Martha propped her back against a convenient lamp-post, emptied her pockets, and set to work. — It was a brilliant October morning, but the first cold snap; her hands were awkwardly cold. This difficulty Martha overcame by pulling down the wrists of her jersey inside her reefer-jacket and cutting slits to push her fingers through. Thus mittened, her hands warmed; only her feet froze.

She looked about for something to stand on.

In Alcock Road there would almost certainly have been an old newspaper about, perhaps even on old sack: Almaviva Place was unusefully well-kept. Martha considered: she knew her temperature would rise as soon as she started drawing, and her jersey was thick; so she removed her jacket and stood on that. It took her ten minutes or so to get comfortable, then she settled down for a good long spell.

It looked almost as though Fate was offering a second chance. If Mr. Gibson had glanced from his office window, he might have seen her. But he didn't. He was too deeply engaged with old man Joyce, completing a survey of the first quarter's trading under the new regime.

Mr. Joyce occupied, naturally, the chair behind the desk. Harry Gibson didn't mind. His welcome had been genuine—based not only on friendship but on gratitude to his friend for not dropping in more often. The illusion that he was still his own master might be an illusion and no more, but Harry Gibson had at least been allowed to cultivate it, and find what comfort he could in it, without the daily interference circumstances would have warranted.

He didn't mind seeing Mr. Joyce go through the balance-sheets; as always, Harry Gibson felt the force of the old man's sympathy—a sympathy which naturally hadn't prevented the sinking of Gibson and Son without trace, nor the diddling of Son in the way of business, but which humanly speaking amounted almost to love. They were fond of each other! "What a queer turn-out it's been!" thought Harry Gibson.

Also, as far as the business went, he felt himself in good, if rapacious hands. Rapacity in the way of business was something he understood; even appreciated. Harry Gibson sat content enough.

"Not so bad," summed Mr. Joyce at last. "For a beginning, not so bad!"

He got up, shaking himself like an old dog—also with the off-hand air of a knowing old dog who has just buried a bone. Harry Gibson read the signs and smiled.

"Also not such a bad bargain?"

"When do I ever make a bad bargain?" countered Mr. Joyce. "A man like me cannot afford bad bargains."—He was at the moment putting on his overcoat bought because it was like Harry's; because he was so fond of Harry he wanted to look like Harry; he still wasn't giving anything away, in the way of business, to Harry. "But you know what?" added Mr. Joyce. "Such a place as this I'd like to have myself. Not too big, not too small; just right. But for me it's back to Bond Street."

On his way downstairs he dropped into the showroom for a word with Miss Harris and Miss Molyneux. They received him enthusiastically, and what he heard there pleased him; the little trickle of business was swelling to a little stream. Miss Harris indeed shouldn't have been there at all, she should have been in the workroom tacking up a canvas.

"Which is the first, Mr. Joyce, I really do believe, since old Mr. Gibson's time," marked Miss Harris—her excuse benevolently accepted. "How I wish he could see it!" "Perhaps he can, dear," said Miss Molyneux, looking spiritual. "He'd get a shock if he saw the label," said Mr. Joyce; and left in a very good humor.

Outside he paused. It was always his habit to look over any piece of property with thoroughness; having noted the new brass plate properly cleaned, he stepped back and looked up to note the showroom blinds properly aligned, then walked round the corner to check the fitting-room windows at the side. (Properly curtained, nice clean net.) It was also in his mind to wave to Harry if Harry happened to be looking out of the office; but he wasn't. Mr. Joyce paused a moment, quite disappointed, on the pavement of Almaviva Place; and thus chanced to observe, on the other side of the road, backed against a lamp-post, a stocky little girl making a drawing.

It was a sight to attract him at once. Friendly, inquisitive, fond of children, also fond of giving advice—how often in trouble with Miranda for stopping at a Guy or a one-man band!—if the child had been merely skipping, Mr. Joyce would have stepped across to count for her a bit. That she was drawing struck him (and it was the first time Martha struck anyone), as a sweetly pretty sight. "A little artist," thought old man Joyce benevolently; and unlike Mr. Gibson three months earlier, crossed the road.

. . .

"By gum!" said Mr. Joyce.

It wasn't what he'd intended to say. He wasn't even addressing the child at all—upon whom he'd intended to bestow a few kind words and perhaps sixpence. Approaching from the rear, his eye fell on the drawing first; and what he saw startled him, he simply pushed his nose over Martha's shoulder and stared as though the drawing under her fist had been hanging in a gallery.

His long haunting of art-galleries had given Mr. Joyce an eye. He had a couple of Modglianis, bought at a gallery in the Tottenham Court Road, that he was holding on to while the price went up and up. He stared. Only when Martha turned and scowled did his attention shift—it being impossible to ignore Martha scowling at close quarters.

"Did you do that?" demanded Mr. Joyce—foolishly enough.

"I'm trying to do it now," growled Martha.

With her usual defensive movement she pushed a forearm lion-cubbishly across the sheet. But she was holding six or seven sheets at once, and the cardboard was slippery; with motion fanning them out, they cascaded to the pavement, like kippers in jugs, saucepans, and casseroles (for they were covered on both sides), and the kitchen-stove.

"By gum!" repeated Mr. Joyce; and again oblivious of the artist instantly squatted down on his heels to see better.

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Mr. Joyce, in his new check overcoat, squatted down unselfconsciously and said to Martha: "You drew all of these?"

—There was always a touch of the street-arab about Mr. oyce. His ancestors had been used to trade on pavements. ie squatted down, in his new check overcoat and his good ustom-built suit, with as little selfconsciousness as Martha ould have done. A lady just then passing by he noticed as ttle as Martha did.

"You drew all of these?"

Martha nodded. She was still wary, but no longer savage. hat spontaneous unselfconscious squat, so unexpected in an dult (and so like one of her own motions), roused hopes hat this was a person of good sense. Martha was beginning o be rather hungry for criticism and appreciation—from a erson of good sense. To put her hopes to the test, she ointed with one stubbily shod toe at the drawing Mr. Phillips ad called a bird-cage.

"What's that?" demanded Martha sternly.

"Gas-oven," replied Mr. Joyce at once.

Admittedly Mr. Phillips had seen only the edges, but the nhesitating answer warmed Martha's heart. She had been a ttle doubtful about the gas-oven herself. She warmed.

"I opened the door because of the lines across inside."

"Had to have 'em," agreed Mr. Joyce. "D'you know why?" Martha thought.

"They make the rings on top look rounder."

"By gum, you know what you're doing," marvelled Mr. oyce. "Where d'you go? I mean, who's teaching you?"

"No one," said Martha.

"Mozart and holy angels!" ejaculated Mr. Joyce. "You nean you found all this out for yourself?"

"Yes," said Martha. "And I don't want to be taught." —There was here a slight confusion, Martha equating being taught with going to school; she already regretting letting out, as she thought she'd done, that she didn't. But to her relief this extraordinary sensible adult merely nodded reflectively.

"Just now perhaps you're right," agreed Mr. Joyce. "Not later, but just now you may be right. Might be like training a voice too young.—D'you always draw on this shiny stuff?"

"It's all I've got," said Martha.

Mr. Joyce rose to his feet and considered her with active benevolence. From her respectable but unprosperous aspect he divined a decent home but no spare cash; from the peculiar ferocity of her manner, that her talent was unencouraged. Filing both these larger points for future reference—and with a sensation almost of joy—he took in the details of her equipment. The bending, slippery cardboards were used on both sides. Looking at the drawing in his hand, (while Martha carefully gathered up the rest), he saw the pencil-lines doubled and tripled to achieve substance.

"Ever tried charcoal?"

"No," said Martha. "I don't know what it is."

"Come with me," said Mr. Joyce.

It would be hard to say which of them had the better time, in the big artists' colormen's shop in Kensington High Street. Martha was nearly sick.

It was indeed fortunate for her that Mr. Joyce didn't let her have her head. He nearly did; in an exuberance of generosity he nearly lost his own. Easels, canvases, paints—his money almost jumped out of his pocket at the sight of them; a quarter-size lay-figure, (boxwood, articulated, eleven-pounds-ten), practically hypnotised him. But he was too wise to throw such strong meat even before a lion-cub, and held himself in. Also wisely, he let Martha choose nothing for herself. He kept her away from the oils-section altogether; and finally bought her four drawing-blocks, two large and two small, four packets of charcoal-sticks, of varying thicknesses, and two boxes of red chalk.

"Anything else?" asked Mr. Joyce.

"Rubbers," gasped Martha.

He bought her rubbers.

"Anything else?"

"Could I have a pencil-sharpener?"

He bought her a pencil-sharpener. Martha gazed at him reverently. It was a pity that her eyes were small and grey, rather than big and blue, even looking reverent Martha still looked uncommonly stolid; but Mr. Joyce's notion of her character was now fixed to his complete satisfaction, and he felt no disappointment. The egoism of the artist was by both hearsay and experience familiar to him; gratitude he knew to need prompting.

Mr. Joyce accordingly prompted it. A patron—and no one more eager than he to shoulder a patron's role—has still certain admitted rights.

"Now don't you want to give me one of your drawings?"

How true to type as an artist! Martha, her arms encumbered with his bounty, hesitated.

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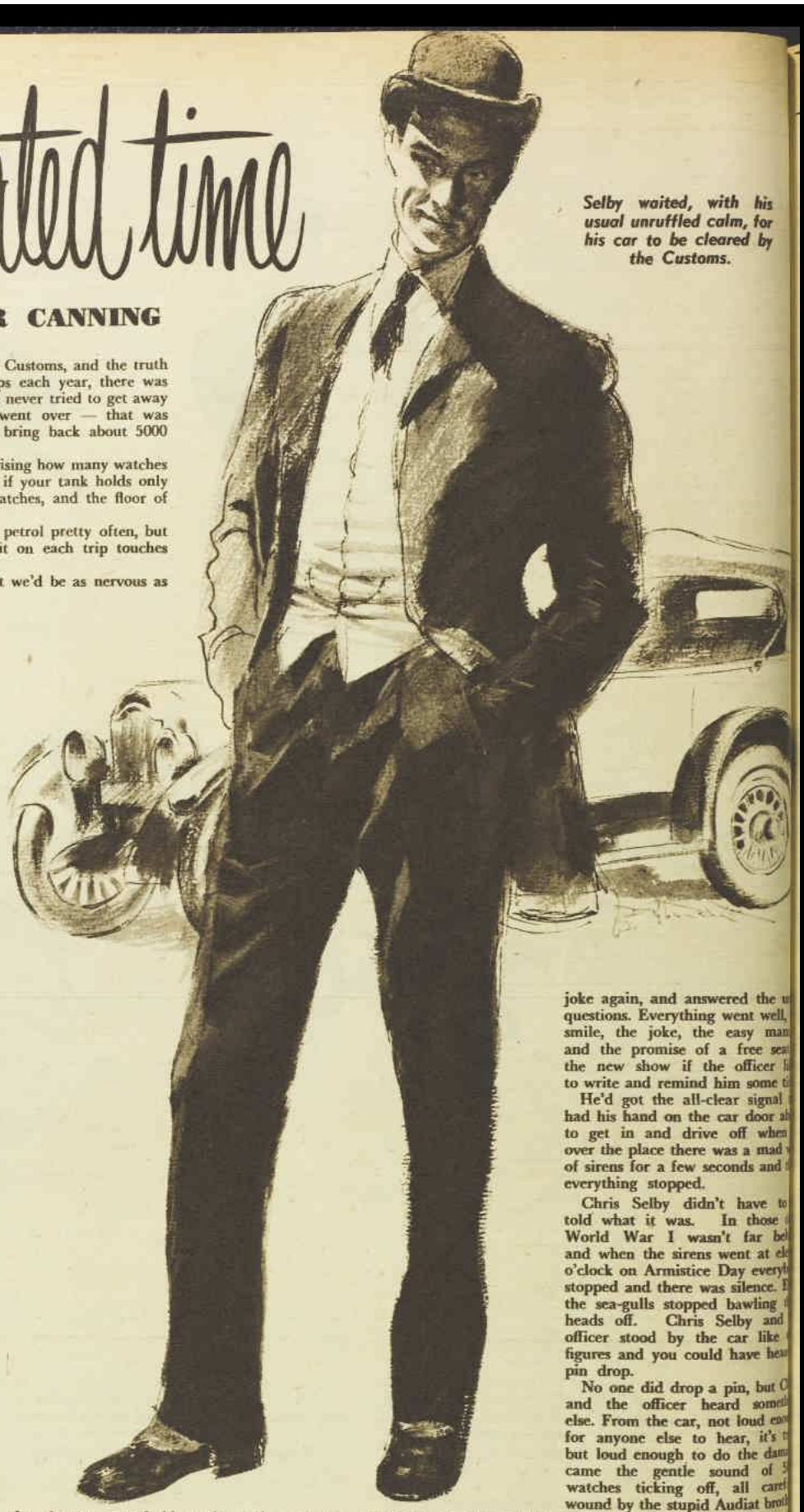
The man who hated time

A short short story by VICTOR CANNING



Selby waited, with his usual unruffled calm, for his car to be cleared by the Customs.

YOU could tell it was coming. The touch, the hard-luck story, and, because my own glass was full and his empty, my own suit reasonably respectable and his unreasonably shabby, I was sorry for him. Twenty more years and I would have reached his sixty-odd, and a lot can happen in twenty years.

He edged along the seat a little and leaned across the table. From his pocket he pulled out a watch and laid it between us. It was a good watch, silver, and with those finely wrought gold hands that they don't put on watches these days.

"It's yours for a couple of quid. Nothing wrong with it and honestly come by."

You could tell he was an old hand at the game by the way he ignored the preliminaries and came right to the heart of the problem at once.

"I don't want it," I said, but because a man's money is his own and he's entitled to be a fool with it at times, as I pushed the watch back I passed over a ten-bob note.

While he was recovering from the shock I ordered a beer and ham sandwich for him from the bar.

"I'd rather you bought the watch square," he said.

"Forget it," I said.

He took a sip of the beer to help him, but it had the opposite effect. "I hate the sight of watches," he said suddenly, like a man remembering something he's forgotten. "They started it all."

"All what?"

"This." He flicked his hand quickly across the front of his shabby suit and took another sip.

I had half an hour before an appointment, and it was raining outside. He had me, and from the slick way he slid into his routine I knew there was to be no escape.

"Chris Selby was his name," the old man said. "A London theatrical agent, handled quite a few head-of-the-bill names. Yes, he was doing well for himself was Chris Selby, but he could never resist the temptation to do a little bit better — even if it meant going outside his own line of business."

He went into the story easily, and you could tell he'd had a lot of practice.

The whole thing took place just after the 1914-18 war.

This Chris Selby, it seems, was a Prince Charming with a smile that came on and off like the summer lightning, a voice like butter when he wanted something from you, and poison if you got in the way of his fifteen per cent. But on the whole few people did get in his way, and most people liked him because they didn't really know him.

He used to make five or six trips a year to Paris on business, picking up acts and vaudeville turns, trying out his smile along the Champs-Elysees, and never feeling lonely in the evenings. Twice a year he would take his car over.

He always went over Dover to Calais and back that way, and most of the Customs boys knew and liked him because on a ten-minute acquaintance five or six times a year he was the kind of man anyone would like, and also he was generous with complimentary tickets.

He never had any trouble with the Customs, and the truth was that, except for the two car trips each year, there was never any need for trouble because he never tried to get away with anything. But when the car went over — that was different. Twice a year he used to bring back about 5000 watches.

I know it sounds a lot, but it's surprising how many watches you can pack into a car, particularly if your tank holds only two gallons of petrol and the rest watches, and the floor of the car is a false one.

Of course, it means filling up with petrol pretty often, but no one minds that if the gross profit on each trip touches £1000.

If you or I tried anything like that we'd be as nervous as a kitten. But not Chris Selby. A theatrical agency is pretty good training in putting up a good front.

Now, that November, so my friend told me, Chris Selby set off from London in his car feeling pretty angry. He wasn't nervous or worried about the watches he was going to bring back; he was just looking forward to seeing the man who supplied him with them in Paris.

There had been certain aspects of the batch he'd taken back in the previous July which had annoyed him and made the trip less profitable than it should have been.

As he drove into the sheds at Dover he showed none of this. He put on his usual agreeable front, handed out a bunch of complimentaries for a new show in town, and in a couple of hours was driving out of Calais on the Paris road.

In Paris he put up at the Hotel Balzac and that evening he went round to see his supplier. This was a modest little jeweller called Monsieur Audiat, who ran his business with the help of his rather slow-witted brothers. Monsieur Audiat was careful as well as modest. Chris Selby was his only customer for this kind of work, and he was content with a regular twice-a-year profit rather than more constant business with the risk of publicity.

Chris Selby found Audiat and his brothers at the back of the shop and, without wasting time, he let them have it.

A thousand of the last batch of watches had been duds, most of the others hadn't come up to specification, and the whole lot had been so badly packed into his car that many of them had been broken.

He embroidered on this theme for about fifteen minutes, slipping in frequent references to the personalities of Audiat and his brothers, their parents, and the general perfidious nature of the French as a whole. It was the kind of performance he was rather good at.

However, Audiat finally explained that the batch of watches had been bought by him from Switzerland and he had packed them unexamined into the car, and when Selby quietened down he promised that there should be no trouble with the next batch, which was arriving the following day.

But the next day the watches hadn't arrived. Nor the next morning when Selby drove his car around.

Now Selby had hoped the watches would arrive that morning so they could be packed in time for him to make Calais for the last ferry that night. He wanted to be in London the following day for the opening of a new show in which he had an interest. To explain how he felt Selby examined the genealogy of the Audiat household again and swore that if the watches didn't come in time he'd take his business elsewhere in future.

He spent the day clearing up a little unfinished business with a gay fan and dove dancer he felt he could promote, telephoning Audiat now and then to see if the watches had come in. At six o'clock that evening when he telephoned, he learned that the watches had just arrived. He left the dancer to feed her doves and raced around to Audiat.

He told him exactly how he wanted the watches packed and Audiat promised that his brothers should examine them all and see there were no duds and that the car could be picked up at four in the morning, which would give Selby time to drive to Calais and make the early morning ferry.

At Calais it was a raw, cold morning and he had no trouble with the French Customs. He saw his car aboard and then went down to the bar and had a coffee laced with brandy.

At Dover he went ashore and saw his cases through, telling the officer who was examining them not to be surprised if he shook out any feathers or corn because he had just booked up a fan and dove dancer. Then he went over to clear his car.

The Customs officer on the car was one he knew well, a man about his own age. He gave him a big smile, cracked the feathers and corn joke again, and answered the u questions. Everything went well, smile, the joke, the easy man and the promise of a free sea the new show if the officer li to write and remind him some ti

He'd got the all-clear signal had his hand on the car door ab to get in and drive off when over the place there was a mad w of sirens for a few seconds and everything stopped.

Chris Selby didn't have to told what it was. In those World War I wasn't far bel and when the sirens went at ele o'clock on Armistice Day everyt stopped and there was silence. E the sea-gulls stopped bawling heads off. Chris Selby and officer stood by the car like figures and you could have hea pin drop.

No one did drop a pin, but C and the officer heard somet else. From the car, not loud eno for anyone else to hear, it's t but loud enough to do the dam came the gentle sound of watches ticking off, all caref wound by the stupid Audiat broth who wanted to please the Ang by making sure that he had wat which were in working order well as looking good . . .

It was here that my friend s ped his story to finish his sandwich and beer. I'd had ten bobs' worth, all right. there's always something that dr a man on to get a little more his money, and I said: "Now me that you're Chris Selby maybe I'll buy the watch fo couple of quid."

But the old boy shook his h "Selby died years back. No. the Customs officer. With his s and his ten-minute charm he ca me into a partnership — and years later we were both caug

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Now Please Explain

A short story complete on this page by DON STANFORD

THIS is a silly kid stunt! Charley Patterson told himself sternly, but the same light-hearted grin kept tugging at the corners of his mouth, retorting: So what've you got to lose, Buster? If she's fat and fifty, all you do is tell the truth, make like a Boy Scout, and blow. And if she isn't . . .

He scanned the hotel lobby, smiling. And then he spotted the yellow banded pompon, and his smile froze on his face.

She looked like a breath of spring itself, slender and young and bandbox-fresh; her eyes were bright and dark and inquisitive as a chipmunk's, searching the lobby.

Oh, brother! Charley breathed to himself, in awe and prayer and dismal self-depreciation, knowing all at once what a stupid jerk he'd been even to think a stunt like this could pay off and positively hurting with the wish that it could.

Okay, Stupid, here you go! Charley thought dismally and crossed the lobby towards her. The bright chipmunk eyes came to rest on him, dubious and inquiring, and Charley smiled down on her a little stiffly, murmuring diffidently: "Uh—would you be Betty Lou?"

She caught her breath in a little gasp. Her smile was lovely, but a little tremulous, as though he'd frightened her somehow. And her voice was a whisper.

"And you're — Glenn. You — you are Glenn, aren't you?"

"Well, no," Charley said apologetically, and all at once he felt miserable. "No, I'm not Glenn. But I got your message. It was—uh—delivered to me, and I thought I'd better——"

"You're a friend of Glenn's!" the girl crowed, as though delighted at her own perception, "and he was busy and couldn't——"

"No," Charley said rapidly before he could yield to the base impulse that smote him suddenly, "I'm not a friend of Glenn's. I never heard of Glenn. But I can tell you Glenn isn't coming, so you're wasting your time waiting for him, and——" he swallowed, trying to bite back the jealous demand, but it jumped out of him, "and who is Glenn, anyway?"

Only just the absolutely only person I know in all New York, that's all," Betty Lou said tremulously, "that's all Glenn is. He's a boy my sister knew at college, and I thought he'd meet me and take me to dinner, and—— How do you know he isn't coming if you're not a friend of his?"

Charley's heart was ridiculously light suddenly; the preposterous jealousy in him fled before the tone in which she spoke of the absent Glenn. He put a hand very lightly under her elbow, and propelled her towards the cocktail lounge.

"You might say, and quite accurately," Charley told her pleasantly, "that I am here in his stead. Now let us have a very dry martini, and I will explain why Glenn is definitely and positively unable to come, and then I hope you'll let me take you to dinner. Please."

"I don't drink," Betty Lou told him, and blushed, "but if I could have a cup of tea?"

So Charley ordered tea for her and a martini for himself, and watched her with mingled delight and apprehension while she put her elbows on the small table and leaned forward so that she was distractingly close to him and commanded him in that breathy whisper of a voice, "Now please. Explain."

"Well," Charley said awkwardly and swallowed, "it's—it's all quite simple, in a way. I came home from work and called my Telephone Answering Service, and there was a message. It said Betty Lou had called and would I please meet her in the lobby of the Biltmore at six-thirty, and she'd be wearing a yellow banded pompon so I'd know her."

Betty Lou put one small hand over her mouth, and her eyes got as big as teacups.

"I don't know anyone named Betty Lou," Charley said, and shrugged, "so I knew it was a mistake, of course. But the Answering Service checked, and it was my number the party had called all right; they hadn't made any mistake. So I figured Betty Lou had called the wrong number, and she was going to get stood up for sure unless I came over and explained."

She gasped, and both hands dived into her purse and began to rummage around. She came up with a tiny gold-backed address book and riffled its pages; she looked up and demanded: "Regent 3-4383?"

"My number," Charley affirmed, nodding, and she made a small sound of despair.

"Then I've got it wrong," she said flatly, "and it's an unlisted number; there's nothing I can do."

"Yes, there is," Charley said firmly. "You owe me a favor, and you can pay it off. I could have let you get stood up, you know; I could have let you just stand around this lobby all night waiting for a guy who wasn't coming. So the very least you can do is have dinner with me. As a favor. I——"

She shook her small, pretty head, her soft mouth round with alarm and protest; she pushed herself away from the table, and Charley said hastily, pleadingly, "Wait, please! I'm not a wolf, I'm not—— Look, my name's Patterson, Charley Patterson. I come from St. Paul, Minnesota. I've been working in New York one solid month, and you're the first girl I've spoken to! I don't know anybody, and there's no way to meet anybody in New York. That's why I came over to tell you about the Answering Service message . . ."

He cleared his throat and added with dogged honesty: "Because I knew where there was a girl who didn't have a date for tonight, even if she thought she had, and I had a good excuse to speak to her!"

She asked in a scared whisper, "Oh. You—you aren't married or anything? Wh-hat do you do?"

"I'm not married," Charley said, "never have been. I'm twenty-seven years old. I make a hundred and eighty-seven dollars a week. I'm a radio announcer."

"That explains it!" she said in a tone of vast discovery. "Your voice," she said, and blushed and stammered. "It—it's the first thing I noticed about you. It's a—a wonderful voice!"

"Everything in life I owe to my voice," Charley declared, striking an attitude. He felt just a little embarrassed, but absolutely wonderful. "To my voice, and to my Answering Service. And——"

"To your voice," Betty Lou whispered, her eyes downcast.

Another wave of color swept up to tint her creamy cheeks, and she said in a rush: "I'm—I have to tell you; I'm so embarrassed, but you're so much n-nicer than I expected . . . I only wanted to see what you looked like b-because of your voice; I was just going to th-thank you for be-being so kind and then run away. But, you see——"

The long dark lashes swept up, and the bright dark eyes met Charley's; she giggled suddenly, and her whole small face was laughing as she told him, blushing:

"I'm your Answering Service!"

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"Look," said Charley, "I'm twenty-seven years old, I make a hundred and eighty-seven dollars a week, and I'm a radio announcer."

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BRIEF ENCHANTMENT

A complete short story by WILLIAM BRANDON

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNLOP

IT was his first time in England in ten years, since the end of the war. The Bushes had insisted that he should come and stay with them at Harms Barton. Of course, the memories would be agony, Jane Bush said, but he would simply need to take them by the throat, look them in the eyes, and send them packing. Surely no place could serve as well as Harms itself for such an act of exorcism. And, after all, why else had he come back? In the middle of May he went down to Devon to spend a week with them.

The vast old house looked the same, Jane and the colonel looked much the same. No doubt the countryside was different, cleaned of the marks and traffic of war, but it, too, looked remarkably as he remembered it. Possibly he alone had changed, George thought.

The neighbors who might have remembered him were invited to tea; Jane said, "You must remember Mr. Morgan, our wounded Americ n." Everyone said, yes, of course, but it was obvious they could not place him. He was drawn and older, his hair was edged with grey. His eyes, withdrawn and sombre and preoccupied, were not the eyes of young George Morgan of ten years before.

They would recall him well enough later on, when someone thought of coupling his name with Nancy's. George was grateful that the Bushes had not reminded anyone beforehand.

It was very curious, he thought, tha his memories were so close and alive and real while he himself was a changed and distant stranger. It was indeed almost possible to believe that everything since had been a long, unpleasant dream.

He avoided the upper room until Sunday morning, when Jane and the colonel had gone to the village to church and the house was empty. Then he climbed the three flights of the gatehouse stairs, stopped a moment to obey a bizarre impulse and listen at the door — he heard only the cawing of rooks on the roof above his head — and went in.

The room was in darkness and he opened the curtains at the window. He saw that his hands were trembling. He watched them until they were steady and then turned to look at the room.

He had first seen Harms Barton in the spring of 1945. Tony Bush had brought him. George had been in a series of hospitals for months and Harms would make an excellent staging area for convalescence, Tony said.

It would give him a proper view of an English spring, if they were lucky enough to have one this year, and, since Harms was transformed into a nursing home for the duration, he could even have hospital care if he needed it, although he wouldn't be there as a patient.

The house was built of stone that was stained and crusted with gold and silver lichen. A square four-story gatehouse stood in the centre, joining two wings that looked like tapestries of stone-mullioned windows framed under rows of steep gables and nailed to the sky by clusters of chimney-pots.

The lawns and gardens were well kept, thanks to the volunteer labor of the patients, Tony explained. A beech avenue led to a windswept knoll from which could be seen on a clear day the distant sparkle of the sea. The countryside was a design of jewel-green pastures and ploughed fields red as blood, spread over billowing hills, the hollows filled with feathery woods.

Colonel Bush was Tony's uncle. He was a lean old man with a glass eye and an empty left sleeve, souvenirs of Passchendaele. Jane, much younger, was his second wife. She was stout, red-faced, energetic, and relentlessly aglow with an almost professional cheeriness, like a visiting nurse. She spent nearly all her time in the east wing at the hospital, which dealt with mental and nervous disorders.

The colonel in his free time from numerous committees and duties as Home Guard officer wore mufti, consisting of plus fours and a baggy country coat and a tweed hat. He spent long hours in the garden idly rapping the earth with his stick and gazing at nothing. George was left much to himself.

He was satisfied to rest, sitting in a chair outdoors when the weather was fine and indoors when it was not. After a week or two Jane lured him into playing bridge with convalescent patients from the hospital wing. On occasional weekends Tony came down from his base in Wiltshire.

Tony was a youthful replica of the colonel, built like a whip, with harsh black hair, and a brilliant smile. He took a proprietary interest in Harms, which he would inherit. He was also engaged to be married to the daughter of the family that had owned the place for centuries, until the colonel had bought it a few years before.

"Merely grand strategy to buttress my stewardship," Tony said. "The fact that the young lady is helplessly mad about me is immaterial, although helpful."

"It's still a bit early to gloat, darling," Jane said. "She may come to her senses and throw you over yet."

"Not a chance; the curse would get her. The house is haunted," Tony said to George. "Did you know?"

Jane said, "Tony, don't be stupid."

They were having tea on a rainy Sunday afternoon. The sky outside the long windows was black and the room was dark, except for the glow of a fire.

"The curse is only operative against the family of the ancient owners," Tony said. "Including, of course, my betrothed. It visits some quite ghastly disaster on any member of the Hart family — or at least on this branch of the Hart Family — who violates his given word. If it works as advertised it will keep my wife beautifully in line. Genuine, too. Has something to do with the upper gatehouse room."

"Tony, please," Jane said. "You've got it all frightfully muddled, and in any case it's such a tiresome legend, so pointless. Can't we be a bit brighter?"

George was interested by Jane's evident distress over the subject of the curse and the haunted room. He had noticed before that Britons accepted haunted houses with enthusiasm as long as the houses were not their own. He supposed it went to prove that their belief in ghosts was too real to be altogether comfortable if the ghosts were people one might meet. But no doubt Jane had only been afraid the story would get round and disturb her nursing-home people.

He would have liked to have a look at the upper room, but he was still hobbling with two walking-sticks, and the steep flights of stairs were unquestionably beyond him. He forgot the whole thing after a few days, as he forgot in turn each wave of thought that came into his mind during this time of healing, while he floated in a nirvana where nothing mattered very much.

He paid no attention to the war news and was unmoved, although he tried to pretend otherwise, when, on a May Monday, Jane wakened him from an afternoon nap to announce with great excitement the end of the European war. By the following Sunday, when Jane called him into the little sitting-room off the library to listen to the Prime Minister's formal victory broadcast, he walked in, somewhat unsteadily.

He stopped in the doorway to rest, a hand against the casing, and heard the radio in massive Churchillian tones: ". . . it became clear last week that things had worked out pretty well —"

Jane said in a half voice over it, "Oh, but you and Nancy haven't met. Miss Hart, Mr. Morgan. Now sit down quickly and listen."

He saw Nancy then for the first time. She was sitting in a deep chair beside the bank of windows. He crossed the room to her and took her hand.

When he looked down at her he was swept by an eagerness to know her that he felt was callow and absurd, but he thought she met his eyes as if she was surprised by something of the same feeling, and that was enormously exhilarating and made him say foolishly, "Shouldn't we have met before?"

She smiled with mock gravity and said, "Perhaps we have."

"Yes. Maybe. We have now, anyway."

They laughed together. He gave up her hand and brought over a chair.

She said, "Everything's been so mixed up, with the war."

"Yes. It was a big war."

"I might have been in uniform."

"No, I'd know you in anything," he said seriously. Then that struck them as funny and they laughed again. She was dressed in tweeds and wore a white scarf pinned at her throat. The pin was blue and looked like a flower. The girl herself looked like a flower, he thought. Her hands and her face were smooth and cleanly carved, like petals, and her eyes vivid with color. He said, "You're like a flower."

"Heavens, not ever. I assure you I'm very human."

"I didn't mean it only as a compliment. I mean you're calm and waiting."

"It's very strange. I do feel calm and waiting. I never have before." Without any warning her eyes filled with tears. Neither of them seemed to feel any embarrassment, and George took out his handkerchief and dried the tears from her cheeks. She smiled radiantly. "It's just because the war is over."

"Sure."

"I didn't really think it ever would be over. There are winters when you can't believe spring will ever come. Have you felt that? Now it is spring and it doesn't seem possible it can ever be winter again."

"Maybe it won't be." He considered and said. "Maybe winter's only a state of mind. The winter here in Devon would seem like spring to someone in Scotland."

"I have known people who were always winter. And even some who were always summer."

He said earnestly, intrigued by the thought, "It could depend on the season inside your own life, instead of the season outside. You could have winter up to a point and then something changes and you have spring for ever."

"She shall have springtime wherever she goes," she said in delight. They looked at each other and smiled. "You know, I really feel that might be true."

George's father was the publisher of a small-town newspaper in California, and George, tall and rangy, with an open face and a casual manner, had the air of being a child of sunlight, who would have contentedly lived all the hours of his youth away by throwing a football on the beach.

This was a false impression, for George was, in fact, introspective and given to an intensity of feeling

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George waited as Nancy knelt down and struck a match to see if she could find some of the tiny flowers.

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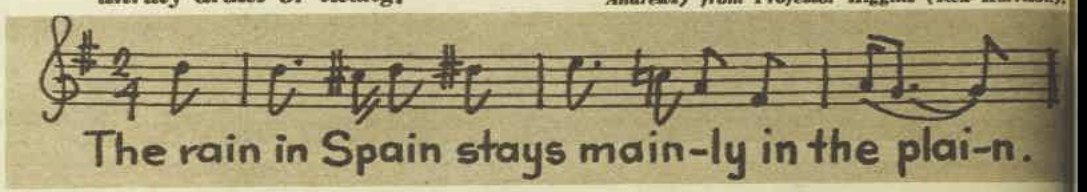
How to groom your voice . . .

A line from a musical battle in which Rex Harrison cured Julie Andrews of a Cockney howl inspires an exercise you can try to train an unruly drawl or twang.

WITH A CANDLE, a lesson in phonetics for Eliza (Julie Andrews) from Professor Higgins (Rex Harrison).



● "The rine in Spine sties minely in the pline," Julie Andrews, as Eliza Doolittle in the stage hit "My Fair Lady," reiterated desperately for the hundredth time.

REX HARRISON as Henry Higgins, professor of phonetics, threatened and implored.

Finally, "The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain," precisely enunciated, wafted across the stage.

"I think she's got it," Higgins chanted, and a speech lesson became a song for the thousands of theatregoers who saw "My Fair Lady" — the musical based on George Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion"—during its record Broadway run.

All this is done for entertainment, but the speech lesson remains for those quick enough to take advantage of it, even for Australians who haven't yet seen the play, which is scheduled to open in Melbourne in October.

"Frankly ugly"

Mr. Richard Thew, leading Sydney voice production and singing teacher, said:

"The speech of many Australians is frankly ugly.

"Many don't lift their palates or move their lips, and the sound that emerges is flat and nasal. That hard, flat 'aai,' ugh!"

Although not distorting "ai's" into "i's," as Cockneys do, many Australians, according to Mr. Thew, would say Eliza's line just as unpleasantly, like this:

"The raaine in Spaaine staays maanely in the plaaine."

As a people, Mr. Thew said, Australians sang better than they talked.

This is because in singing there is greater freedom in breathing; more elasticity in the body. One note is attached to the next and the melody carries the flow of tone forward. In speaking, breathing is often shallow and the throat muscles tense; the words staccato and unconnected.

To test this: Listen to yourself sing a line of any song, then say the words. Try to transfer the resonance and buoyancy of the sung words to the spoken ones. If you can't sing, chant. The lift and rhythm will do the rest.

At right Mr. Thew illustrates how song can help to correct speech, using the music of the line Eliza found so hard.

He said: "Laziness is the great Australian speech sin.

"We must learn to use our *lips and lift our palates—in* other words, with the throat in the position of a yawn."

In "My Fair Lady," Professor Higgins claims he can tell the part of Britain from which the speaker comes.

Mr. Thew said: "My ear isn't keen enough to pick differences in the speech of people in the Australian States, but I do notice that Queenslanders and Western Australians speak more slowly.

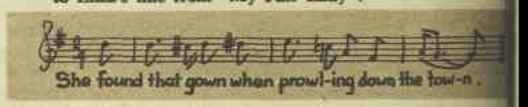
"Victorians, perhaps, speak better than the people of other States, although Tasmanian children are reaching a higher standard every year."

Mr. Thew gives credit for this to Tasmania's area schools, where speech and drama are stressed more than in mainland schools.

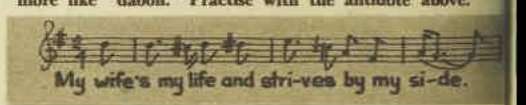
When asked which State's speech was the worst, Mr. Thew said apologetically: "New South Wales is acquiring an American flavor, and unfortunately we seem to emulate the worst in the speech of Americans."

Some lines to sin

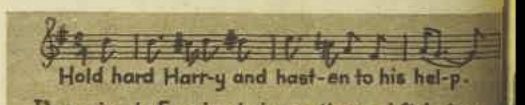
SINGING is often a help to correct speech. Try these w to Eliza's line from "My Fair Lady":



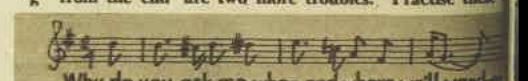
TO SPOT NASALITY in your speech, put your fingers li on either side of the bridge of your nose and say "hand." you feel a vibration or buzz in your nose on the "n," it's If you feel anything on the "a," it's wrong. "M," "n," are the only sounds in the English language that belong i nose. The combination "ow," when your nose gets in may emerge not unlike a cat's "meow," and "down" s more like "daoon." Practise with the antidote above.



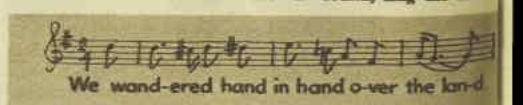
ANOTHER FAULT in the speech of some Australia a tendency to turn "i" into "ioi." This line will help.



DROPPING the "h" from the beginning of a word an "g" from the end are two more troubles. Practise these



ONE OF THE WORST SOUNDS is achieved by le "h" out of words like "when," making it "wen," a type of "where," making it "wear"; and, worst of all, "what," becomes "wot." To retain the "h" sound, sing the line a



TO GIVE just the right length to the "a," repeat this li

(Song reprinted by permission of copyright owners, Alan Jay L and Frederick Loewe.)

And some first-aid for ailing voic

● For excessively high pitch, place your hand gently below the throat-line on the upper chest and feel the vibration through your fingers as you talk. Try to increase the vibratory sensation by speaking more deeply.

● For foggy, breathy tones, speak into a lighted candle held 6in. away and keep the flame at a steady angle without flickering.

● For hoarse, tired voices, hold a match lightly between the teeth and speak towards the colored tip. This pulls sounds to the fore of the mouth, where they belong. Speak forward, imagining each sound to be in front of its predecessor.

● For monotonous intonation, bounce a small rubber and practise speaking on "up" of the bounce than the "down."

● For a small voice, into the corner of a room the hands cupping the Choose selections such "Friends, Romans, cou men," etc., and be amaz the big voice that bo back.

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5 Magical Seconds with GOSSAMER Invisible Net

sets your hair with silken-softness all day . . . *all evening* long!

Hair style by Mr. Charles.
Furs by Cornelius of Sydney

At the touch of your fingertip, a fine mist of GOSSAMER sets your hair with a sweet-scented invisible net . . . silky-soft and lustrous. No heavy "lacquer look" . . . no dryness or stiffness.

GOSSAMER KEEPS YOUR HAIR NATURALLY IN PLACE! Spray Gossamer on your hair after it's combed and it will stay perfectly groomed . . soft, natural and neat all day, *all evening* long! And, Mmm, what an exciting fragrance!

Gossamer banishes wandering wisps and straggly ends. Gossamer makes waves deeper, curls "springier" and as lasting as can be. And, because it is made to an exclusive American formula containing Lanolin Esters, Gossamer "conditions" your hair . . . keeping it silken-soft.

Do discover for *yourself* the magic touch of Gossamer. It's waiting for you at your favourite cosmetic counter.

ONLY 13/11 AT ALL COSMETIC COUNTERS

Also in the 21/- "Salon" size (more than twice as much)

Wonderful! No more "nightly pin-ups"

Use GOSSAMER and banish "nightly pin-ups" forever — never again toss'n'turn in uncomfortable curlers. With Gossamer you simply spray your pin-curls at any time—for just five magical seconds—and INSTANTLY your hair is set. (And there's nothing like Gossamer to "settle" a new perm!) Remember, too, that Gossamer will set a new hair style in moments before a special date . . . keep your hair immaculate all day, *all evening* long.

Made in Australia by the Pressure★ Pak Company, a Division of Samuel Taylor Pty. Limited.

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For you busy people who can't brush after every meal . . .

New Super White KOLYNOS

Just one brushing stops decay and bad breath right round the clock.

Don't you, like most busy people, find it difficult to brush your teeth after every meal? When you use new Super White Kolynos your whole mouth feels fresh and is protected, too, all day long.

New Super White Kolynos refreshes your **whole** mouth . . . leaves a clean after-taste that lasts much longer than any other toothpaste.

NEW DECAY-FIGHTER "S-15"

New Super White Kolynos gives you science's newest, most effective cleaner and decay-fighter, "S-15" . . . the miracle ingredient that takes up the fight where others leave off. "S-15" quickly destroys germs that cause dental decay and bad breath — **in a way never before known.**

ROUND-THE-CLOCK PROTECTION

Just one brushing with New Super White Kolynos gives you round-the-clock protection against dental decay and bad breath. If you're too busy to brush your teeth after every meal, then Super White Kolynos is the toothpaste for you!

Today's best-tasting, best decay-fighting toothpaste — stops bad breath!

KYSA

IN SEARCH OF HISTORY

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

● A long procession of cars raised du clouds on the trails of early explore when members of the Lithgow Distri Historical Society set out in search of t past one recent Saturday afternoon.

HEADSTONE at Mt. York of Solomon Islander Tambo, who worked for early Police Magistrate T. H. Neale.

LITHGOW, 96 miles from Sydney, an industrial city of more than 25,000 people, lies on the inland side of the Blue Mountains — a barrier to settlement until Wentworth, Blaxland, and Lawson crossed the ra in 1813.

Joining 60 Historical S ety members, their wives children, staff photogra Ron Berg and I drove al in the car convoy, pausin look at crumbling graveya old inns, and roads laid d by Cox, Lockyer, Major chell, Bell, and Berghofer.

We made the journe comfort. There would been consternation had p dent Dr. W. T. Lesslie or retary and research off Ernest McKenzie sugg that we travel by the met of pioneering settlers, took horses and waggons these roads.

So no one had to lea car and walk up and d mountain passes for safe as did the Governor's Mrs. Macquarie, in 1815— first white woman to visit western plains.

And in these days of h power, not horses, no ve needed a great sapling la to it as a brake on slopes to the valleys.

So the going was easy, members made a picnic vacuum flasks of coffee, of cakes and biscuits.

CONVICT'S armcuff and irons were found in Newnes Forest, near Lithgow, by Mr. John Norris. He brought them to show other members on the tour of the historic landmarks.

Grim relic

Mr. John Norris, howe carried a grim relic of the in the shape of a convict's cuff, with dangling chain.

"I found it in Newnes est, near Lithgow," he s

"See how the links from the armcuff down to ankle, where they would been chained again. The who wore this must escaped.

"He probably manage break the links which ch his ankle by rubbing the on a stone, but he never his wrist. The handcuf still locked.

"I suppose the poor f died — anything could happened to his bones.

BURIED at Mt. York cemetery is Mary Collits, whose husband ran Collits' Inn, or The Golden Fleece. The inn is in the valley at the foot of Mt. York.

GRAVE of John Blackman, once ho of an inn called Australia Arms. Hist seekers crossed paddocks and barb wire fences to inspect the stone.

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LONG PROCESSION of members of the Lithgow District Historical Society who left their cars to trail across paddocks near Lithgow to view the ruins of "Rosedale Farm," which was built by the innkeeper John Blackman. His grave (see bottom right picture on opposite page) is on the property.

"But that cuff was never unastened — the lock was firm, hough rusty, when I picked it p."

Traffic banked up like rushour in Sydney when the hisorians left their cars to cross addocks and barbed-wire ences to see the grave of John Blackman, once keeper of an nn called Australia Arms.

And there was a complete raffic snarl on the way to Mount York cemetery, with ars reversing and "scouts" eeking a route through the rees to the lonely graveyard, where historians peered hrough the lifted cover of a rault or read inscriptions on tones which dated back to 1834.

Here were the graves of Pierce and Mary Collits, who n 1823 opened their inn, The Golden Fleece, for travellers Bathurst-bound.

Lonely inn

The inn, renamed Mt. York Farm, and operated as guesthouse by Mr. and Mrs. S. Pilarcik, stands surrounded y pine trees beside the road where few cars pass since the Pass of Victoria came into general use.

A traveller of 1827 recorded: "The inn is warm, comortable, and commodious on he inside as it is beautiful and picturesque without . . . The brightness, order, and almost Dutch cleanliness of the kitchen pleased and surprised me.

"Our horses were delivered over to the hostler with perfect confidence that they would each get a bellyful. Their chafed backs were well bathed with salt and water."

The traveller himself had a good dinner, smoked "ceegars" on the verandah, and was amazed to see fine food, "good furniture, glass, and earthenware."

"I at first wondered," he wrote, "how such fragile furniture could have been brought so safely across the mountains, but felt no surprise as soon as I heard that the lime itself of which the house was built had come from Parramatta."

Later, by walking a few hundred yards down Cox's Road, which runs from Mt. York to the plains, the Lithgow historians saw portion of the road down which this furniture had come.

An obelisk at Mt. York commemorates the feat of William Cox, Esq., J.P., Lieutenant of the 102 Regiment, and his 28 men who made the first westward road from Emu Ford to Bathurst in 1814, completing 101½ miles in six months.

Said Cox himself at first view of the precipice: "I doubt whether it is possible to make a road that a carriage can ever get up the mountain again if it goes down."

But, toiling on with block and tackle, blowing and splitting up rocks, they did make a way down what Cox called the "Herculean Mountain."

Now the road is abandoned, crossed by fallen gum trees, the old wheel ruts filled in.

But for the Lithgow historians, going home along the main highway, it was the highlight of their tour into the past of the district.

Standing in two and a half acres of land at Lithgow, Esk Bank House has been acquired by the Lithgow District Historical Society.

Of charming colonial design, Esk Bank House was built in the 1840s by the late Thomas Brown.

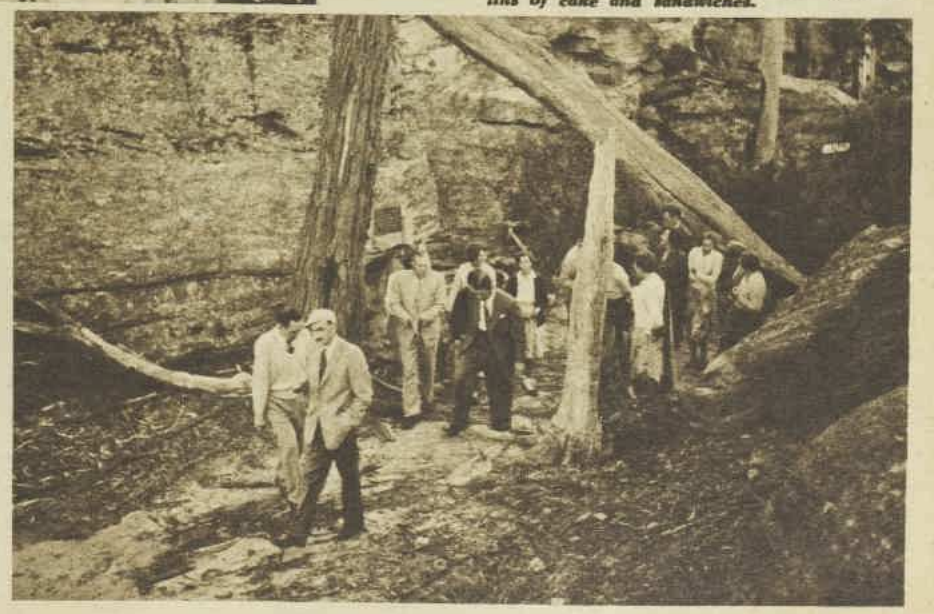
Society members, assisted by architect Morton Herman, are renovating and furnishing the house before opening it to the public.

Mr. E. Bracey, Society patron, has secured period chairs and a sideboard, but seeks a wooden four-poster "as a gift or for payment."

The society will inscribe a plaque bearing the donor's name on gifts.

AT MT. YORK cemetery youngsters on Lithgow District Historical Society's tour crowded to look down at the vault of George Jarvis, a one-time storekeeper and postmaster at Little Hartley, near Lithgow.

BUMPER-TO-BUMPER CONVOY of Society members' cars on the outing resembled at times rush-hour traffic in Sydney. Sixty members went on the tour, taking flasks of coffee and tins of cake and sandwiches.



GIANT BOULDERS are scarred by pick marks of 1814 road workers who made Cox's Road, first over the Blue Mountains. The tablet set into rock commemorates this feat. This road is now a track, blocked by fallen trees in many parts.

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Just what I felt like...

NESTLÉ'S

The more chocolatey chocolate

He's browsing through the evening paper . . . feet up, relaxed, contented. To make his contentment *absolutely* complete, lean across his shoulder and tempt him to a piece or two of Nestlé's Milk Chocolate.

Like all men, he'll be flattered by your thoughtfulness . . . and delighted with the creamy smoothness and more 'chocolatey' flavour of Nestlé's Milk Chocolate. "Thanks, darling," he'll say. "Just what I felt like."

NESTLÉ'S ¼-lb. MILK CHOCOLATE— *Wins all along the line for rich, creamy smoothness, for faultless flavour.*

NESTLÉ'S 3d. MILK CHOCOLATE— *The ideal "child-size" tablet, hygienically wrapped to preserve its flawless purity and freshness.*

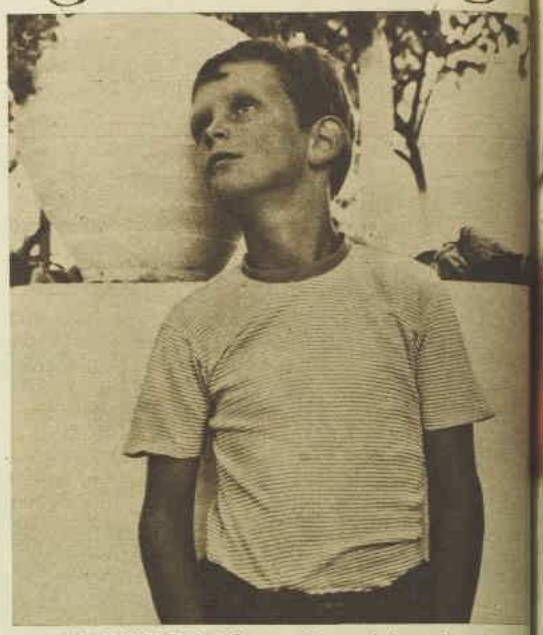
NESTLÉ'S CROQUETTES— *Twenty taste-tempting morsels of that smooth, creamy, more "chocolatey" Nestlé's Chocolate.*

Good.. and it's good to eat often!

N4017/53

Aussie boy prefers reading to acting

● An Australian boy who helped actress Sophia Loren to learn Greek for her part in "Boy on a Dolphin" will travel from the Greek island of Hydra to the United States and Bermuda to star in a Hollywood film.



MARTIN JOHNSTON, 10-year-old son of Australian journalist-author George Johnston, unconsciously strikes a graceful attitude for this family snapshot.

HE is 10-year-old Martin Johnston, son of Sydney authors George Johnston and Charmian Clift.

Born in Sydney, Martin spent his baby years at Bondi. Three years later his father, a well-known Sydney newspaperman, was assigned to London.

Three years ago, when the Johnstons decided to leave their urban London life for a home on a Greek island, Martin and his young sister, Shane, were delighted.

The Johnstons first settled on the island of Kalymnos, where Martin and Shane learnt fluent Greek while their parents collaborated on a novel.

The book finished, the family moved to the rocky island of Hydra, selected by Greek director Michael Cacoyannis for the filming of "Girl in Black."

Looking for Greek children to play in a crowd scene, Mr. Cacoyannis noticed that one small boy was not pleased at the idea.

Intrigued, he left the cameraman and walked over to the boy. He looked at his blond hair and fair complexion. "You're not Greek, are you?" he asked.

"No," the boy replied in Greek. "I'm an Australian."

The director continued the conversation, in English, "And you don't want to be a film actor?"

"No, I'd rather read my books," the boy told him gravely.

The same thing happened when Martin was asked to appear in a crowd scene for "Boy on a Dolphin," also filmed at Hydra, but he made friends with the cast and technicians, and helped Miss Loren with Greek.

Now, however, Martin's attitude has changed.

When American writer Frederick ("The Hucksters") Wakeman asked Michael Cacoyannis to direct the screen version of his novel "The Wastrel," Cacoyannis at once thought of Martin for the role of the son of the novel's dissolute father.

Recently Wakeman and Cacoyannis took the small island steamer from Piraeus to Hydra, and, as soon as the American met Martin, he said: "That's the boy for the film."

There were misgivings. Would Martin repeat his refusal? Wakeman took Martin for a long walk, discussed the story, had him read parts, then asked: "Martin, would you like to play that part in the film?"

The boy nodded and Wakeman solemnly took off his expensive watch and gave it to him. "When we make a deal something has to change hands," Wakeman said. "If you accept this, it mea[illegible] we're going ahead with th[illegible] agreement."

So the deal has be[illegible] sealed, and while Cacoyann[illegible] works on the script, prepar[illegible]tions are being made for film[illegible]ing in Bermuda.

Until this, Martin's routi[illegible] has been school, swimming i[illegible] the summer, and books. H[illegible] already has read the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" in English and Greek.

Now he will leave th[illegible] village school and travel [illegible] the United States and Be[illegible]muda with his mother, wh[illegible] will be the technical assista[illegible] for the film.

After "The Wastrel" the[illegible] will be no more films f[illegible] Martin. His father an[illegible] mother have decided this, an[illegible] the money he earns will [illegible] into a trust fund for a un[illegible]versity education.

How does Martin fe[illegible] about it? At first he was[illegible] very interested, but no[illegible] after talks with Wakeman he's rather pleased. He say[illegible] "If I should get bored, I c[illegible] always take along plenty [illegible] books to read."

ITALIAN FILM STAR Sophia Loren is photographed by an admirer while on location on the island of Hydra, where the Johnston family lived, for the film "Boy on a Dolphin." Young Martin Johnston helped Sophia with her Greek during film-making.

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FATHER

"I don't like to use these sharp pins. Where are some paper clips?"

MOTHER

"Children never had to go to school in the olden days. You didn't, did you, Mum?"

It seems to me

By

THE largest pumpkin ever seen at the Sydney Show was on view this year.

It was part of Southern District's exhibit, and weighed 200 pounds. Or, to put it more clearly for women, it weighed 14 stone 4lb.

Why enormous pumpkins are so fascinating is hard to say, but at the Show they always have their quota of hypnotised viewers, standing and staring with admiration, and every year they remind me of P. G. Wodehouse's Lord Emsworth.

If you were ever a Wodehouse fan you will remember that Lord Emsworth grew pumpkins for his local agricultural show, and was continually in a fuss lest they be not properly cared for. He had a notion that the cats, sunning themselves, liked to lie on the pumpkins, thereby retarding growth.

Lord Emsworth would have been proud of the Royal Show's pumpkin.

* * *

THE R.A.S. remained adamant against televising the Show this year, on the grounds that attendances might suffer.

They might be right, but it occurred to me, as I went into the Showground one evening at six, meeting the flood of family homegoers, that TV wouldn't keep most people away.

Splendid as are moving pictures of the Show, they don't satisfy the main desires of a large percentage of viewers. These are sample bags and dolls on sticks and food (many people apparently go to the Show mainly to eat potato chips and peanuts and fairy floss).

Indeed, as I skulked in the darkness listening to the spruiker outside a sideshow, and debating whether to go in and see the lady have her head cut off or to finish my potato chips in peace, I decided that TV supplies an entirely different need.

If the R.A.S. will reconsider its stand next year, the Show fans could have the best of both worlds.

You could go out there one day, walk, eat, see the sideshows, buy yourself some samples, pretend to buy a washing-machine, and go home to the TV screen for the highlights you missed because you couldn't see over the heads of the people in front.

* * *

THE annual family outing to the Show presents a considerable problem.

I liked the father admonishing the small boy near the cake-icing. (You could hardly get near the cake-icing showcases, so many ladies had their noses pressed to the glass in admiration and wonder.)

"Now, just be quiet a bit longer, son," this father was saying. "You've been to the sideshows. This is what your mother came to see."

My favorite innovations were the illuminations in the trees—plastic goannas and owls with bulbs inside them, organised to blink on and off.

I wouldn't be surprised if some people might quarrel with them on aesthetic grounds. But I liked them, and wish the City Council would install some in the parks.

A GIRL working as a roof-tiler in Sydney has caused a stir in the Slaters and Tilers' Union, according to reports.

Roof work was too dangerous for women, so the union secretary was quoted as saying. He added that it was dangerous, too, for men, "whose attention would be distracted by an attractive young woman on a roof."

While not wishing to urge the cause of female roof-tilers (I cannot imagine why any woman would want to tile a roof), I am not convinced that they would be a danger to male tilers.

Men are human first and male next, and it is well known that the instinct for self-preservation is powerful.

If Sabrina took to tiling roofs it might temporarily lower the work output of male onlookers. But I don't think they'd actually fall and break their necks.

This plea of danger to the frail male is raised every time woman edges into a new occupation.

Doubtless the first typists in business offices caused a similar outcry.

Employers probably feared that the male clerks, writing in ledgers, would muddle their figures beyond repair.

The distraction is commoner in reverse. Put a man into some feminine work preserve and it causes a flutter that drops efficiency temporarily.

Taking a man's mind off his work is much more difficult. You'd sometimes need to push him off the roof.

* * *

ADDRESSING a meeting in Chicago, U.S.A., Dr. Willy Ley, author and rocket expert, said that in the future isolation and boredom of life on other planets might make man wish for the "good old days" of crowded suburban trains and tea-breaks.

I wouldn't mind it up in space.
The sort of thing you'd have to face
Would likely prove, for what it's worth,
Almost identical with Earth.

You mightn't run to catch a bus;
Instead you'd duplicate the fuss
By catching rockets twixt the stars
(What time's the next one leave for Mars?).

You'd still be fretted what to wear
And finding time to set your hair;
And parents wouldn't fail to say
That kids were different in their day.

While life, as here, would quickly pass,
Confused mid tragedy and farce,
No rattier than Earth's rat-race.
I wouldn't mind it up in space,
Except — one thing — there'd better be
Some morning and some arvo tea.

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First of two instalments:

The girls with the billion-dollar smiles

• In the United States today 10 girls earn more than £26,000 a year. They are, of course, America's top 10 models, the most talked about, envied, and least understood modern career women. What makes a top model is revealed by Anita Colby, once a famous model, now a highly paid business executive.

ANITA COLBY, beautiful ex-model, whose 20 years' experience in the fashion world goes into her authentic story of the girls who have made glamor their fortune.

JEAN PATCHETT, known as the "model's model" because of her beauty, ability to work hard, even temper, and graciousness.

In New York 2000 would-be models try for jobs each day

THE John Powers New York model agency reports that each year 12,000 girls from all parts of North America apply for jobs as models. Of these, one may be accepted.

When she is accepted, what happens? What is a model, what does she do, how does she live, how does she behave?

These questions are answered in the capital of the American modelling industry—a few crowded blocks of Manhattan real estate between 5th and 3rd Avenues, New York. There, says model-agency head Eileen Ford, 2000 models each day try for assignments.

Fortunate few

Of these 2000, 60 to 75 girls snare 85 per cent. of the work. Of these, only 10 earn the fabulous incomes that light stars in the eyes of every pretty and ambitious girl in the United States—from 40,000 to 75,000 dollars (£18,400 to £34,500) a year.

In the past ten years modelling as a profession has spread across the continent. Models in Chicago and Montreal, Los Angeles and Toronto, Houston and Vancouver, earn adequate incomes.

Only in New York, however, is the ideal model found—the girl with the billion-dollar smile who supposedly can sell anything from soup to tractors.

She is the 20th century "goddess of beauty," who ranks socially far above the chorus girl and only a little below a film star.

Today, America's top 10 models—the girls who average 57,500 dollars (£26,470) a year—are:

- Suzy Parker, of San Antonio, Texas.
- Dovima, of New York City.
- Jean Patchett, of Preston, Maryland.
- Mary Jane Russell, of New Jersey.
- Ann St. Marie, of Santa Barbara, California.
- Sunny Harnett, of New York City.
- Evelyn Tripp, of Flat River, Missouri.
- Georgia Hamilton, of New York City.
- Marilyn Ambrose, of New Jersey.
- Barbara Mullen, of New York City.

—By—
ANITA COLBY

These ten, aged from 26 to past 30, wear the world's most glamorous clothes, appear in November's hairstyles in July, glitter with borrowed jewels every second day of the week.

Eight are married, with a total of close to a dozen children.

Today's model, while just as much a glamor symbol in her day as the Ziegfeld girl in hers, has set a new home and marriage pattern.

Ziegfeld girls married playboys and millionaires. Today's models marry men in the pattern of "the girl next door."

Suzy Parker, now dividing her time between modelling and starring roles in Hollywood, is single, but look at the others on the "top 10" list:

Dovima (who picked her name by running together Dorothy, Virginia, and Mary) is the bride of an FBI man. Jean Patchett, married to a young banker, is painting the outside of her beach house with her well-manicured hands.

Mary Jane Russell, who has three young sons, is the wife of a young advertising executive. Sunny Harnett, with one child, has a husband who works for a record firm.

So it goes. These models have left the giddy glamor pattern of the Ziegfeld day to concentrate on home and family in a way that is apt to make the average small city career girl feel something of a slacker.

Jean Patchett, who willingly exchanges make-up brushes for a paint brush, will not work after 4 p.m., when she leaves the lights and cameras for the market to buy food for dinner.

At five she is in her kitchen. When her husband arrives at six-thirty, a home-cooked meal is waiting for him.

Health asset

This blending of a home with a hectic and high-paying career takes hard work and careful planning.

The married model who treasures her "top 10" rating is up at 7.30 a.m. to prepare breakfast for her family.

Why doesn't she have help, with the money she earns? Well, these girls live, for the most part, on the salaries their husbands earn. They realise that a top model does not last forever, but a substantial nest-egg might.

At 10 she reports for her first assignment. Photographers say that punctuality is the first quality they look for in a model; understandable when a girl is paid 75 dollars (£34) an hour and 10 minutes' tardiness costs nearly £4/10/-.

The model considers good health her first asset. This, too, is understandable because from 10 a.m. until 4 p.m. she seldom sits down. Lunch is a hamburger eaten in a taxi taking her to her next assignment.

A model's day is six hours of standing under hot lights, of fast clothing changes, of

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MARY JANE RUSSELL, high in the "top 10" list, is married to a young advertising executive and has three sons. She is up at 7.30 a.m. each day to prepare breakfast for her family so that she can be ready to report at 10 a.m. for an assignment.

DOVIMA, who says she is called the "female Sabu" because of the many animals she has been photographed with, keeps her air of dignified elegance even when asked to pose in an evening gown in a lion's cage.

SUZY PARKER, model turned film star, claims she is "just like a folding chair," never looking the same twice.

climbing innumerable flights of stairs to photographic studios carrying a bag heavy with make-up and accessories.

So, when the day is over, when, as one model said, "If I see another dress I'll be ill," it is little wonder that the Manhattan nightspots are sadly short of models.

They are at home, in slacks and shirts, relaxing with the family and asleep at 11 p.m. for the 8½ hours of rest they must have if next day their eyes are to sparkle and complexions glow.

Early-to-bed, early-to-rise is necessary because modelling is no longer a playgirl's hobby. The model is an essential part of the fashion industry—third biggest in the United States after steel and automobiles.

She is largely responsible for an annual 10,000,000 dollars' worth of newspaper and magazine advertising designed to convince the 160lb. matron that she can fit into the dress worn by the 116lb. beauty in her favorite publication.

It is big business for model agencies. In a year, one New York agency grossed 250,000 dollars (£112,500) by charging 10 per cent. of the fees earned by its girls.

To an insurance company, a top New York fashion model is the same as a coal-miner. Each has to pay the same insurance rate.

The reason: Models are continuously exposed to situations which seldom, if ever, happen to pretty girls in other occupations. They make friends with lions, get chummy with snakes, or learn that fleas are as happy hiding in a satin seam as in a sack.

Travel chance

Yet the glamor in modelling is not to be discounted. Suzy Parker, who earns so much as a model that she had to take a pay cut to star in a Hollywood film, once posed for a picture wearing 378,000 dollars' (£173,880) worth of rubies and diamonds with an evening dress of white mink.

Today a top model gets wonderful chances to travel.

Marilyn Ambrose was engaged by an Indianapolis department store to make a series of 16 pictures, each with a different foreign background. She visited England, Holland, France, Spain, Ireland, Switzerland, Italy, Turkey, Venezuela, Brazil, Peru, Haiti, Jamaica, Panama, Puerto Rico, and Barbados.

This mobility of models began in the 1930s.

Carmel Snow, Editor of "Harper's Bazaar," said that in the 1920s all fashion photographs were taken indoors.

A model and a dress were taken to a studio; the photographer disappeared under a black hood to take the picture.

Mrs. Snow said: "Baron de Meyer always put on a hairnet to protect his wave before he went under the hood."

In the 1930s "Harper's Bazaar" and Hungarian photographer Munkacsi began to photograph models in more "natural" surroundings.

Dovima, usually a placid person who relaxes between assignments by reading comic books, said: "I don't mind elephants too much, but when I was asked to pose inside a lion's cage it was almost too much."

In Egypt, photographer Dick Avedon, whom Fred Astaire portrayed in the film "Funny Face," asked Dovima to pose in a bathing suit with a 6ft. cobra.

(Continued overleaf)

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Available at salons displaying the world famous Eugene sign . .

Eugène COLD WAVE

● *Continuing . . . "The Girls with the billion-dollar smiles"*

Many top models retire as happy housewives . . .

DOVIMA said: "A snake-charmer told Dick the cobra was so tame it slept beside him every night.

"Dick added that the snake was 100 years old and didn't have any teeth, and talked me into the picture.

"We went to the Temple of Kamach. The snake-charmer began to chant, lifting the lid of his pet's basket. The cobra came out so quickly it almost hit me. I screamed: 'You're trying to kill me and I'm going home'."

But the picture was taken, and Dovima, told as she was leaving Egypt that at least she had seen Africa, replied: "You mean Egypt's in Africa? If I'd known that, I'd have charged double rates."

In parachute

Marilyn Ambrose, whom a photographer asked to dangle out of a window on the top floor of a skyscraper so his picture would have New York's skyline below, found that modelling can be pretty hectic on the ground, too.

Once she was asked to pose holding the chic yellow leashes of a ram and a goat. The ram chased her; the goat charged and knocked her down, hurting her leg.

And when she got home she found that while she may be a 50,000-dollar-a-year glamor girl, to the fleas that had deserted the goat she was just another meal ticket.

Lisa Fonssagrives, in Paris to model a set of Schiaparelli pyjamas, was asked to pose not in a bedroom or lounging in a living-room but jumping in a parachute.

Most models tell these anecdotes only as amusing sidelights to a business they find hectic but fascinating.

Because fashion magazines work far in advanace of the seasons, models, no matter what the "best-dressed" lists say, are better dressed than the "best." They are always a year ahead of fashion.

This can be a disadvantage. Gillis McGill, a New York girl who isn't in the "top 10," but who makes a comfortable 28,000 dollars (£A12,600) a year, believes that the ability to look and dress as few women can is all but wasted.

MODEL MOTHER Lisa Fonssagrives poses with her son Tom whenever her husband, fashion photographer "Penn," has time to spare from business appointments. Although not in today's "top ten" models, Lisa is known as the "top model of all time."

She said: "Marriage possibilities for models aren't good. Half the people we work with every day are women. At least seven-eighths of the men are married. A model doesn't have much hope of snagging a husband in connection with her work.

Marry young

"The rest of the time she is sorting out the married wolves and playboys until she's glad of a quiet evening at home.

"Most of the top models marry quite young, before achieving their success.

"Those who find rich husbands are the exception rather than the rule."

The brains, hard work, and versatility that make a girl a top model generally ensure that she will continue to be a success even after the cameras begin to be unkind or the work becomes too demanding.

Most successful models retire to become full-time wives and mothers.

CANADIAN-BORN Liz Pringle admires a puppy with her daughter, Shawn. Liz gave up £18,000 a year to marry John Pringle and help him manage a resort at Jamaica.

Canadian-born Liz Benn, a 40,000-dollar-a-year New York model, calls herself a "beachcomber."

In Jamaica on an assignment, Liz met John Pringle, whose family has lived on the island for more than 300 years.

They were married, have a daughter, Shawn, as beautiful as her model mother, and now manage the 1,000,000-dollar colony of cottages famous as Round Hill, at Montego Bay.

Princess Grace of Monaco is an even more famous model-to-mother sequence. Before becoming a Hollywood star, Grace posed for magazine covers, advertising layouts, and catalogues.

Film stars Lauren Bacall, Ava Gardner, Rosalind Russell are ex-models. Betsy Von Furstenberg got her first Broadway role while a model. Nancy Berg and Meg Mundy broke into television while continuing as full-time models.

But motherhood, the stage, and screen are not the only "next step" for successful New York models.

Robin Chandler is a "customers' man" on Wall Street, dealing in stocks and bonds.

Robin says: "I love this work. I wish I had done it years ago. I now have security as well as good money."

When Lisa Fonssagrives, known in the fashion world as "the top model of all time," married fashion photographer "Penn," she happily took up the career of wife and mother. Interested in her husband's success, she began to design clothes for the models appearing in his photographs.

Friends liked them so much she made a few for them. Today she designs for department stores and is still much in demand as a model.

Equally as unpredictable was the post-glamor career of Jinx Falkenberg. Now married to Tex McCrary, she is 50 per cent. of the popular "Tex and Jinx" radio and TV show.

Eileen Ford started her own model agency, so did Natalie Paine. Candy Jones married Harry Conover, the head of the agency for which she worked.

Film success

While girls desert the cameras for suburbia or a business desk, public interest remains on those who stay in the limelight.

Such is Suzy Parker, whose first starring role was in "Kiss Them For Me," with veteran Cary Grant.

Dina Merrill is a Hutton, a cousin of Barbara ("richest-woman-in-the-world") Hutton. Married to handsome, wealthy Stanley Rumbough, jun., Dina now has three children.

At 18 Dina was a Broadway actress, and modelling gave her a seemingly permanent place in the pages of "Vogue," "Harper's Bazaar," and "Town and Country."

Television was next, then Hollywood, with a featured role in "Desk Set," starring Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn.

Dina now has a contract with 20th Century-Fox, her family is blooming, and money is something she reads about in contracts, never worries about in her home.

NEXT WEEK: Beauty secrets of New York's "Top Ten"

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to wash away up to 95% of the germs
which actually cause perspiration odour

Even in COOL weather, people perspire—but gentle, fragrant Tact makes perspiration odour a thing of the past!

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Wonderful for complexions, too!

Tact helps clear up surface blemishes and minor skin infections, is ideal for teen-age skin problems. *G11 is so gentle it's used in baby lotions.*

BUY TACT DEODORANT SOAP IN THE BIG BATH SIZE . . . *and SAVE MONEY!*

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NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT YOU LACKED TACT

SO91

Hollywood starts work on "Doll"

"Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this ruthless piece of butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion."

By **RONALD McKIE**

THE Dighton in those lines from Shakespeare's "Richard III" was named by the author as one of the murderers of the Princes in the Tower.

And John Dighton, now in Australia writing the script for the film version of Ray Lawler's "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll," is a direct descendant of that wicked fellow.

"Although history seems to have exonerated Dighton and Forrest, my family won't have a bar of it," Mr. Dighton smilingly told me. "We still firmly believe in the Shakespearian version.

"When you have a spectacular villain as an ancestor you should stick to him, and not let historians take him away from you.

"My only respectable ancestor was Miss Dighton, who married William Penn, who founded Pennsylvania. We hardly ever mention her at all."

John Dighton, whose character doesn't contain an ounce of mayhem, defines himself as a man who writes wild comedy and photographs like a Victorian funeral.

He is small, soft-voiced, humorous, and observant, and doesn't look in the least like a Hollywood version of a scriptwriter.

That doesn't mean a thing, because he went to Charterhouse and Cambridge — and doesn't look or sound a bit like a product of Charterhouse or Cambridge, either.

The plum . . .

But what of "The Doll," and what are John Dighton's plans for it?

"I think it's a splendid play, and I was very impressed with it when I saw it in London. Unfortunately, I did not meet Ray Lawler.

"In Hollywood, where there was heavy bidding for the film rights, it was regarded as the plum of the year, and the script was regarded as a plum, too.

"It has a fresh story, the characters are real and intriguing, and the play offers much more scope as a film than most plays do.

"Even though I say this, I think it will be a better film than a play.

"**Carol Reed**, who directed 'The Third Man,' 'Odd Man Out,' 'Fallen Idol,' and others, is reported to be interested in directing 'The Doll'."

I asked him if he would alter the play much, and whether it would end up more Hollywood than Australian.

"I intend to stick to the play as closely as possible. The two barmaids and the old woman are good characters, but a little more color is needed in the development of the relationship between the two cane-cutters.

"In its construction Lawler's play runs downhill all the way. This, I feel, was a weakness.

"I intend to give the film version what I regard as a necessary build-up to a dramatic peak in the middle.

"The Australian slang is

'Emma' may be 'Emma'

● Ethel Gabriel—who scored a tremendous personal hit as "Emma," the slatternly, screeching landlady of "The Doll"—may be one of the few Australians to get star billing in the American film version.

"IT isn't settled yet, because I haven't got a contract," she said in her Lakemba, N.S.W., home.

"But I had a film test in Hollywood, and my American agent has written that the company intends to use me in the film."

And Ethel, who's been "on stage" more than half her life, mused, "It's a funny thing with the theatre. You do a bit of sewing backstage, a bit of production here, and a bit of acting there . . .

"Then suddenly you're on the West End and Broadway. And getting a Hollywood film test. It's better than getting monkey glands in your old age."

English-born Ethel Gabriel has bright blue eyes, soft brown hair, and a wide grin that refuses to confess her "around sixty-ish" age.

Ethel has had a long and fond association with J. C. Williamson's ("The Firm") since she came to Australia in the 1920s. And she has long been associated with the Independent Theatre and its founder and producer, Doris Fitton.

Going to London and New York with "The Doll" was one of the most exciting things in Ethel Gabriel's life.

"The Aussie accent isn't easy to pick up, you know," she explained in a voice that puts her into the "Pommy" class immediately.

"One of the stagehands in Melbourne, where we first opened, had to coach me in saying 'years.'

"I was saying it as one quick syllable, but he made me practise till it came out two syllables—yeah-sss.

"But it wasn't Emma's accent that really gave me trouble. It was that piano-playing scene.

"I had to sit at my son Ben's piano and practise 'Goldmine in the Sky' till the neighbors complained.

"It's still the only tune I can play. One night in London I kept playing five minutes over time, and the producer was waving frantically from behind the curtain."

Today Ethel is doing some radio work and baby-sitting to granddaughter Laura, six-year-old child of her son Ben and his actress wife, Rhonny.

"Ben is in Brisbane with the 'Shifting Heart' company," she said. "Rhonny is in the Phillip Street revue. Laura is the only one of us who isn't theatre-mad—yet."

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It'll be true to the play

perfectly obvious when followed in its context, but some terms like 'Up there, Cazaly,' which have only regional meaning even in Australia, will come out.

"The makers of the film, Harold Hecht, James Hill, who recently married Rita Hayworth, and Burt Lancaster, have no intention of turning 'The Doll' into a glossy Hollywood-type picture.

"They are broadminded and liberal. They want it to be an Australian picture, true to the play and to this country."

SCRIPTWRITER John Dighton, who came to Australia to write the film script for "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll," with his wife, who, he says, is his best critic.

Burt as "Roo"

I asked who would star in it and where it would be filmed.

"Burt Lancaster is almost certain to play the part of 'Roo,' and feels sure he can handle the Australian character and idiom. The other parts haven't yet been decided, although Rita Hayworth has been mentioned. I can't discuss 'The Doll's' cast.

"We want to get the film, which we plan to make this year, into the fresh air as much as possible, so I shall probably recommend that the film be made in Sydney, because of its color, harbor, beaches, and in the cane country somewhere near Cairns, because I want mountain backdrops for the cameras."

John Dighton, who is 48, was born in London, where his father, Basil Dighton, was an authority on prints, and lived in a Wren house in Savile Row and sold antique furniture.

"Father had many famous customers, including Queen Mary and Lord Kitchener, but the only weakness having a father a noted antique dealer was that we seldom sat down at the same dining-room table twice."

When John Dighton was at Charterhouse, determined one day to become a writer, fellow students included Ben Travers, Forbes Robertson, and Dickie (Much Binding in the Marsh) Murdoch.

He began his working life as a reporter on the Newcastle "Evening World." But after a year he heard that Michael Balcon (now Sir Michael), of Gaumont British films, was starting an apprenticeship course in film-making, and joined up at 5/- a week.

After the course he wrote commentaries for shorts and trailers and some slapstick comedy scripts before going to Warner Bros. as junior scriptwriter to Terence Rattigan.

"We worked under a mad producer named Jerry Jackson," said Dighton. "A ferocious-looking fellow with a kind heart.

"He had a bad habit of popping in on the writers to see if we were doing any work, and once grabbed my pencil, held it in the middle, and roared, 'Down to there by lunchtime!' "

Hobby: writing

Later Dighton went to Ealing Studios and stayed with the company for 10 years, writing the scripts for such pictures as "Kind Hearts and Coronets," "The Man in the White Suit," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Saraband for Dead Lovers," and many more.

In his spare time he also wrote his first play, "The Happiest Days of Your Life," which was first produced on TV, then by the Repertory Players in London, and then ran for 21 months in the West End.

His second play, "Who Goes There?" ran for eight months, and his third, "Man Alive," for four months.

For almost the past decade John Dighton has been a freelance, a nomad (with his adored wife, who is also his best critic) between the film studios of England, Europe, and America.

He already had a high reputation as a scriptwriter when, in 1952, his brilliant work on "Roman Holiday" brought him offers from studios all over the world.

"I was in London," Dighton told me, "when William Wyler, director of 'Roman Holiday,' asked me to do the script. I flew to Rome for one month, stayed three, and settled down there for three years.

"Wyler, I found, already had a script, but didn't like it. I worked day and night, weekends, too, and somehow each day produced the script for the next day's shooting.

"I wrote one scene 14 times till even Wyler, a magnificent director, said, 'I didn't think there was another version.' He shuffled the scripts, held them out to me and said, with a grin, 'Choose.'

"This was the parting love scene between the stars, Gregory Peck and Audrey Hepburn.

"Before I came to Australia I'd just finished the script of Shaw's "The Devil's Disciple" for Hecht-Hill-Lancaster, and may have to go back sooner than I expected to do more work on it.

"Scripts are never finished, not even up to the day a company begins shooting. They're changed so much nd so o te that the scriptwriter almost goes crazy.

"When I get to work on 'The Doll' I hope to finish it in about 10 to 12 weeks, but if anyone says, 'This is perfect,' or 'This is fine,' when I hand it in, I'll faint on the nearest carpet."

THREE STARS suggested for the leading roles in the film of the play are Rita Hayworth, with her husband-boss James Hill (above), James Cagney (centre), and Burt Lancaster.

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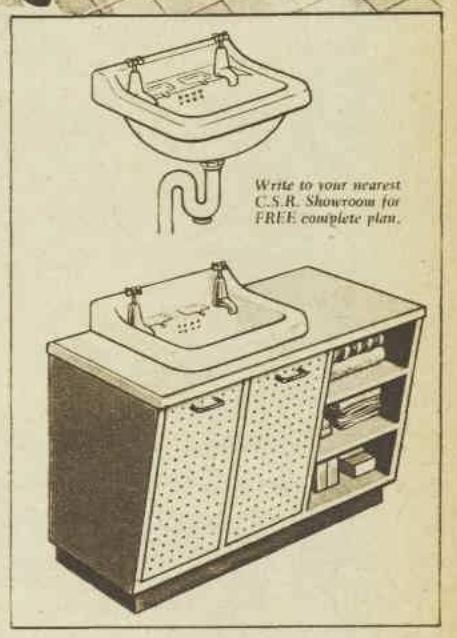

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● In eight years an American beauty expert has travelled more than a million miles, accompanied by three suitcases, a hatbox, and about £2000 worth of gold charm bracelets. This sounds an exciting life to most women, but to her . . .

MISS CLAIRE VOORHEES

World tour is all in a year's work

● Every woman, even a beauty expert, can suffer sometimes from a shiny nose. This was the reassuring admission made by a petite blonde who visited Sydney during a brief Australian tour.

By
DAWN JAMES, staff reporter

BUT Claire Voorhees, director of sales promotion for a famous American cosmetic company, has a simple remedy for nose shine.

"I just remove the excess oil and make up again," she said.

Miss Voorhees, who wears a lot of green eye-shadow ("We stress eye make-up," she said), can apply her cosmetics in two minutes.

She is reputed to be one of the world's highest-paid women executives, but when I asked her if the report was true, she said emphatically, "Oh, no, dear."

After visiting Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Brisbane, Miss Voorhees will go to New Zealand, Singapore, Beirut, Bangkok, and Africa, and here the Ubangis came into the conversation.

"Even the Ubangi women are beauty-conscious," said Miss Voorhees.

"Their lips are trained from childhood into the shape of large soup-plates, and they use about a tube of lipstick for one application.

"I wish everyone had a mouth like that," she said—but she laughed.

Miss Voorhees' latest travel itinerary, an exciting jaunt for most people, is just work-a-day routine.

She spends at least 11 months of each year away from New York.

"I don't have a home," she said.

Although she keeps an apartment in New York, it is sublet except for the few weeks she spends there.

She restricts her wardrobe to black, grey, and beige "to save on accessories." As the seasons change, she ships one lot of clothes back to the United States and has the next lot sent to her.

"It's hard to resist buying clothes wherever I happen to be," said Miss Voorhees. "In Hongkong these days I go broke saving money," she said, modelling her latest purchase there, a caftan-style topcoat.

"What are the newest fashions?" I asked.

"I've seen chemise dresses even in Japan," Miss Voorhees said. "Japanese women wear them very short, about knee-length.

"Buster Brown hats (like a back-tilted sailor hat) worn with Peter Pan collars were the latest fashion in New York when I left."

Talent quest

Where are the best-groomed women?

"Women are so well groomed the world over," was the answer, "but the French and Belgians are the most devoted to beauty care.

"In Europe women are wearing exotic eye make-up with the pale-pink look," said Miss Voorhees.

"The pale look is popular in the States, too, but it's a peach—not pinky—tone.

"One mistake many women make is to wear foundation and powder lighter than their skin type.

"Then they try to add color with rouge, which is for illusion. You get the color from the foundation and powder; rouge is to help create the illusion of a more oval face."

Prospective TV stars might note that Miss Voorhees has been looking for talent during her Australian tour.

"We are hoping to get a TV show in Australia," she said, "and we're looking for someone like our Barbara Britton in the States to do the commercials."

HAREM-SKIRTED floral cocktail frock in Miss Claire Voorhees' travelling wardrobe, with which she wears gold charm bracelets valued at about £2000.

"Bathing Beauty"

Susan Munsie, 2½, of Lewisham, N.S.W., is the youngest competitor ever to compete in the Railway Eisteddfod. With the confidence of a veteran, Susan sang and danced her way through two solo routines. "Practice can be tiring" says Mrs. Munsie, "but a Dettol bath quickly refreshes her". A little Dettol in the bath is so pleasantly relaxing and refreshing. Try it yourself for all-over freshness!

"Dettol is an old trusted friend to me", says Dorothy McCulloch, fashion commentator. "Besides making my bath most refreshing, I protect my throat with a Dettol gargle". A few drops of Dettol in water brings cool comfort and helps protect against infection.

Smart girls use Dettol for personal reasons. Fragrant Dettol is gentle to use—harmless to everything but germs — and an excellent deodorant. That's why so many women use it for personal hygiene . . . it keeps the skin delightfully clean, fresh and sweet.

First Aid? . . . first Dettol! You'll invariably find a bottle of Dettol in the First Aid Kit. Gentle Dettol assists in promoting fast healing and helps to guard against the risk of septic infection. Keep Dettol in your home ready to kill germs and help heal the wound. No other antiseptic is so effective yet so safe.

Dettol is used in our great hospitals, and is the chosen weapon of modern surgery.

Do as your doctor does . . . (ask him) . . . use Dettol. Use it on the cut which may lead to blood-poisoning . . . in every emergency where speedy, thorough cleansing of a wound is essential . . . in the all-important details of body hygiene (especially in the bath) . . . in the room from which sickness may spread . . . to disinfect linen and crockery.
Dettol is the safe, effective yet gentle antiseptic . . . a good friend in need at all times. Does not stain, does not pain.

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the safe, efficient ANTISEPTIC

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DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● The late-day dress illustrated below is chosen to answer a reader wanting a design for a length of embossed silk.

HERE is her letter and my reply:

"I have been given four yards of beautiful embossed silk, and I am seeking your advice about a design and a paper pattern in a 36in. bust. I don't want anything like the new sack frocks, but I don't want to look old-fashioned."

Illustrated at right is the design I have chosen. The unbelted silhouette and the self-bow trim bring it into the high-fashion group for late-day wear. I hope you will like it sufficiently well to copy.

A paper pattern is available in sizes 32 to 38in. bust measurements. Under the illustration are further details and how to order.

"WOULD you please tell me if the new sack line is cut straight from the shoulder to the bottom of the skirt without any shaping?"

The "all-out" chemise is wide through the waist, slightly narrower over the hips, and tapers to the hemline. The "compromise" chemise has a silhouette lightly marked with a drawstring belt or self-bands. The "break" in the silhouette can be under the bosom, Empire style, at the waistline or slightly lower, or at hip-level.

"ARE separates still being worn as a formal late-day outfit? If so, please advise me on a suitable dress fabric. I am in my late thirties and like fashionable dressing."

Dressy separates are being worn for autumn and winter. Satin is the most liked material. For instance, you could have a hip-length, unbelted over-blouse in black satin and a slim skirt in black wool. An alternative would be a white satin tunic (self-belted) worn with a slim black satin skirt.

"COULD you tell me a way to make up a piece of white crepe, of which I have sufficient only for a blouse or some style of top?"

The V-necked and bateau neckline over-blouse of the 'twenties is back in fashion, and I advise you to follow this idea. The current design is finished with a self-material hipband. In New York it is called a crepe pullover and is worn with an all-around pleated skirt.

DS294.—One-piece dress in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"WHAT style of underslip or foundation could I wear under a frock with a balloon skirt? The skirt won't stand out with the usual full slip."

A new lingerie innovation in New York is a beruffled pannier made to serve as a prop for the barrel skirt. Attached to an elastic waistband are two separate side panels formed by rows of nylon net and lace ruffles that taper to just above the hemline. The panniers are worn over a slim waist-petticoat or slip.

"DO you think black Chantilly lace made in a fairly slim style could be worn for late-day? I have not enough of the material for a wide-skirted dress."

This season a sheer fabric is often used to veil a figure-fitting sheath, and I suggest you follow this idea. Have the moulded under-sheath in black crepe or black satin.

Beauty in brief:

Fashion decrees neat knees

By CAROLYN EARLE

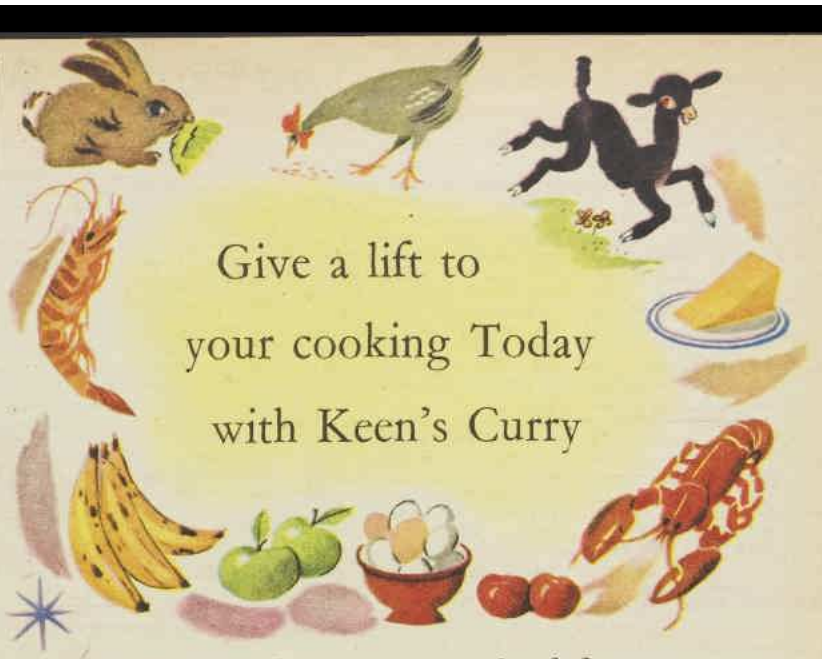
● Even young and slender girls often have flabby knees, so if you've succumbed to the fashion for short hemlines, it would be a good idea to check your leg contours — just to be sure.

IF there is a bulge on the inner part of your knees, here's an exercise to start now and do every day for a few weeks.

1. Stretch out on the floor on your back and raise one leg straight up in the air.

2 Pretend your big toe is a pencil, and with it write the entire alphabet. "Write" first for accuracy; then for speed. Before long you'll be writing fast and true.

3 Raise your other leg and repeat the whole routine. For best results repeat the exercise as often as you can.



true Indian style curry, wonderful so many ways

Here's a curry with a fresh appeal! A true Indian type curry, subtly and precisely blended to delight the most critical palate, but versatile enough to suit the individual tastes of the whole family. Smooth yet piquant, Keen's Curry adds a spicy flavour to most foods. Try it with all meats, seafoods, eggs or in a sweet fruit curry . . . the delicious result will prove to you that Keen's Curry makes a delightful difference to any dish.

Recipe

CURRY WITH COLD MEAT

2 oz. butter, or dripping.
½ pt. stock or water,
1 chopped peeled onion,
1 tblspn. Holbrook's chutney,
1 dsspn. Keen's Curry,
1 tblspn. flour,
1 apple or peeled tomato,
½ lb. cold cooked meat,
2 tblspn. cream off top of milk,
1 tspn. lemon,
salt to taste.

Melt butter, stir in onion and flour mixed with Keen's Curry. Add peeled, chopped apple or tomato, then stock, with salt to taste. Stir till boiling, simmer 30 mins. Add meat, stand for 30 mins. Reheat and stir in cream and chutney. Add lemon juice just before serving with boiled rice.

Keen's

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Curry

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Continuing . . . The Pride of Mrs. Feeney

from page 19

Brian is planning to shame and humiliate you."

At last her words had the desired effect. Satisfaction rose in her as she saw alarm leap into Mrs. Feeney's eyes, and a pink flush of apprehension creep up under her skin. "Who is she?" she asked urgently. "Who or what is she, Sarah?"

"A domestic economy instructress—that's what she is!" Mrs. Donnelly sat back. "She's Anna Shiels, the teacher beyond in Newbridge Technical School. A highfalutin lassie from Dublin with strings of letters after her name. A college-trained cook with classy notions about dressed-up dishes who'll come in here and make little of your cooking, and who'll make your son wonder how he ever managed to reach manhood on the food you fed him!

"Heaven comfort you, Mary Feeney, because it's comfort you'll be needing. To think such a thing should happen to any poor woman in the end of her days — sure, it's heartbreaking!"

There was little that Mrs. Feeney could say. There was so much truth in Sarah Donnelly's words. Put as Sarah had put it, the situation offered a poor chance of her being able to go to the grave in peace and contentment. She realised now that much of her happy planning for the future had been based on visions of herself imparting all she knew of home-making to a girl who would look up to her and respect her and treat her as an oracle.

"Will I ever be able to do things the way you do them, Mother?" she had heard Brian's wife say in her delighted dreams. "Will the day ever come when I know as much as you know?"

The thought of having to make way for a scornful, college-trained cook filled her with woe.

She was plunged into deeper woe when Brian came to her a few days later to tell her the news he thought she would be delighted to hear.

"You'll love Anna, Mother," he said. "She's a grand girl—a girl after your own heart. I'm bringing her over to tea next Sunday. The two of you will get on like a house on fire."

When Mrs. Donnelly called that evening she found Mrs. Feeney sitting, depressed and worried, with a cookery book in her hand. "It's what to give her for her tea that has me distracted," she said, patting her soft grey hair in an agitated way. "If it was dinner, now. But I'm the worst hand in the world at making fancy cakes."

It was true. As was the case with most of the farming women in Ballyderrig, the making of fancy cakes was as foreign to Mrs. Feeney as going upstairs to bed is foreign to a tinker. Plain bread was a different story. When it came to making plain soda bread there was no one in the County Kildare who could hold a candle to her.

The dough of her bread was as light and as white as bog cotton. The crust was always brittle and richly brown, with never a crack or a seam. The shape had a symmetry usually to be seen only in advertisements, and its flavor was the true, sweet, nutty flavor of perfectly baked wheat.

But while good soda bread was all right in its way, it would not suffice of itself to make an attractive tea-table, particularly when the guest of honor was the girl that Brian was going to marry, the girl on whom his mother had to make a good impression. More particularly still when that girl was a domestic economy instructress who had learned all there was to be known about the grandeur of stylish confectionery.

"You're in a sad fix, to be sure," Mrs. Donnelly sympathised. "Isn't it the pity of the world that you never mastered the making of sweet cakes? A nice sponge cake, now, like mine, or a nice marble cake like the one I make with four eggs—that's the kind of cake to make an elegant tea-table that wouldn't bring shame on a woman before her future daughter-in-law, even if she were to have all the letters of the alphabet after her name."

"What will I do, at all?" Mrs. Feeney lamented.

"And isn't it a most unfortunate thing," Mrs. Donnelly pursued relentlessly, "to be living in a desolate place like this where a nice fancy cake is not to be bought? You could, of course, send in to Kildare or Newbridge for one. But how would you know it wouldn't be stale, or that it wouldn't be made on margarine instead of butter? A trained instructress would be the first to notice a thing like that."

A thought struck Mrs. Feeney. "Sarah," she pleaded, "would you ever make a couple of cakes for me? A few real nice ones? I'll give you all the butter and sugar and eggs you want."

"With pleasure," Mrs. Donnelly said, and she meant it. She would enjoy being able to tell the rest of Ballyderrig how Mrs. Feeney had had to call on her for help. "Wouldn't I do more than that to oblige an old friend?"

"You'll come to tea yourself on Sunday?" Mrs. Feeney invited, since there was no way out of it.

"With pleasure," Mrs. Donnelly repeated. To be able to give a first-hand account of the new Mrs. Feeney would be better still . . .

If Mrs. Feeney were to judge by appearances only, she'd have said that the girl Brian brought the following Sunday was the daughter-in-law for whom she had been praying.

Anna Shiels was a slim, grey-eyed girl with black hair and with the merry gentleness of a wren. It gave the elderly woman great happiness to see the way she looked at Brian and he at her. If only she hadn't the knowledge that was going to make her look down on her mother-in-law!

The table looked nice. Mrs. Donnelly had made a sponge cake with a swirl of white icing to crown it, and her famous marble cake had risen nicely. For those who might like a bite of something plain to start, there was a plate of Mrs. Feeney's soda bread, thinly cut and well buttered.

Anna Shiels was one of those who like to start their tea with plain bread. She took a slice, and then another slice, and another slice after that.

"Here, have a bit of sweet cake," Mrs. Donnelly pressed. "What about a scrap of sponge, or a nice slice of marble cake?"

"I'd rather have this delicious soda bread, thanks," Anna said, helping herself to another slice. "I never tasted the like of it in my life. It would win a prize anywhere. How on earth do you make it, Mrs. Feeney?"

Pride and happiness dawned like the rising sun in Mrs. Feeney's face. "It's simple," she explained eagerly. "Just take the full of the little blue jug of milk, as much as you think of flour, a taste of salt, and a suspicion of bread soda. And then you mix it—but you don't wet it, if you know what I mean."

"I always think," Anna said seriously, "that it's in the cooking of plain food that a real cook shows herself. Take fancy cakes, now. Any fool can make a sweet cake that will pass. It stands to reason that if you mix up a lot of nice-tasting things like eggs and sugar and butter and cream you'll be bound to have something that will taste all right, particularly if you put a slather of icing over it. But there's no way of disguising badly made soda bread. Yours is a real treat, Mrs. Feeney. Would you think me very greedy if I had another slice?"

"Eat away, alanna," Mrs. Feeney said, her heart dancing to this sweet music.

"You know," Anna confided, "it's only after leaving college that a girl like myself finds out all she has to learn. Anyone at all can cook in a city kitchen, where there's nothing to be done but look after the stove. But the cook I respect is the woman who can turn out good meals in a farmhouse kitchen in between churning, feeding calves and fowl. How does she ever learn to get around it all?"

"No difficulty at all, Anna," Mrs. Feeney assured her, and her eyes were shining. "No difficulty in the world, child. All a young married woman needs is to have someone experienced at hand to give her a word of advice and show her the way."

When the tea was over, and Brian stood up to go out to the milking, Mrs. Donnelly decided that it was time for her to go home. "Good evening to you all," she said shortly as she left.

Mrs. Feeney and Anna did not miss her company. They had a great time looking through photographs of Brian as a baby.

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SWEET and SOUR

• Contributions are invited for our Sweet and Sour Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for The Nicest Compliment and The Best Backhander. Here are this week's winners.

THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

MANY years ago I went with my fiance to visit his grandfather, who was blind. When my fiance introduced me, his grandfather stood up and stroked both sides of my face. Then he took both my hands in his and said:

"You'll do."

£2/2/- awarded to "Beverley" (name supplied), Qld.

THE BEST BACKHANDER

MY small grandson visited me, and greeted me by saying:

"The best gran I ever had."

But after caressing my hair he added:

"And what lovely hair you have. Just like steel wool."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. F. G. Thompson, Edward St., Charleville, Qld.

• Send your entries to The Nicest Compliment or The Best Backhander, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Prize-winning recipes you can try today using

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A NESTLÉ'S Quality Product

STEAM PRUNE PUDDING

Mrs. E. Muir of 133 Gould Street, Frankston, Victoria, wins £5 worth of wonderful Nestlé's products for this prize-winning recipe.

INGREDIENTS: ½ lb. prunes, 2 tablespoons honey, 2 cups water, 8 oz. plain flour, 2 tablespoons Sunshine powdered milk, 2 teaspoons carbonate of soda, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, grated rind of 1 lemon, 2 tablespoons of shortening.

METHOD

Soak prunes in water till soft. Add honey and cook for 10 minutes. Drain and keep liquid. Remove stones and chop finely. Sift all dry ingredients. Heat liquid, add melted shortening and pour into centre of dry ingredients with prunes and grated lemon rind. Mix well and steam in a greased basin for 2 hours and serve with lemon sauce—as follows:

Add 2 tablespoons lemon butter to 1 cup of water and bring to boil, thicken with 2 teaspoons of arrowroot and stir till clear. Add ½ teaspoon of grated lemon rind.

PINEAPPLE CHIFFON PIE

£5 worth of wonderful Nestlé's products were won by this prize-winning recipe for Mrs. A. Goetze, 39 Bellevue Parade, North Curl Curl.

INGREDIENTS: 1 small can of pineapple pieces, 1 lemon jelly, 1 cup of water, 2 heaped tablespoons "Sunshine" full cream powdered milk, 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

METHOD

Drain and chop pineapple into small pieces. Place juice and lemon jelly crystals in saucepan and heat until jelly is dissolved. Allow to become quite cool. Whip the Sunshine milk and water together, beat in the jelly mixture and finally fold in the pineapple. Put into a cooked pie shell, set in refrigerator and serve with whipped cream.

Win £5 IN PRIZES WITH YOUR FAVOURITE RECIPE!

Your favourite recipe, using Sunshine full cream powdered milk, could win you £5 worth of wonderful Nestlé's products. Write and send your entry now to **Nestlé's, Box 1619, G.P.O., Sydney.** Winners will be notified by letter and no recipes will be returned. All recipes entered for this competition will be the property and copyright of Nestlé's, who reserve the right to publish prize-winning recipes in advertisements. No correspondence can be entered into and the decision of the judges is final. N61/58

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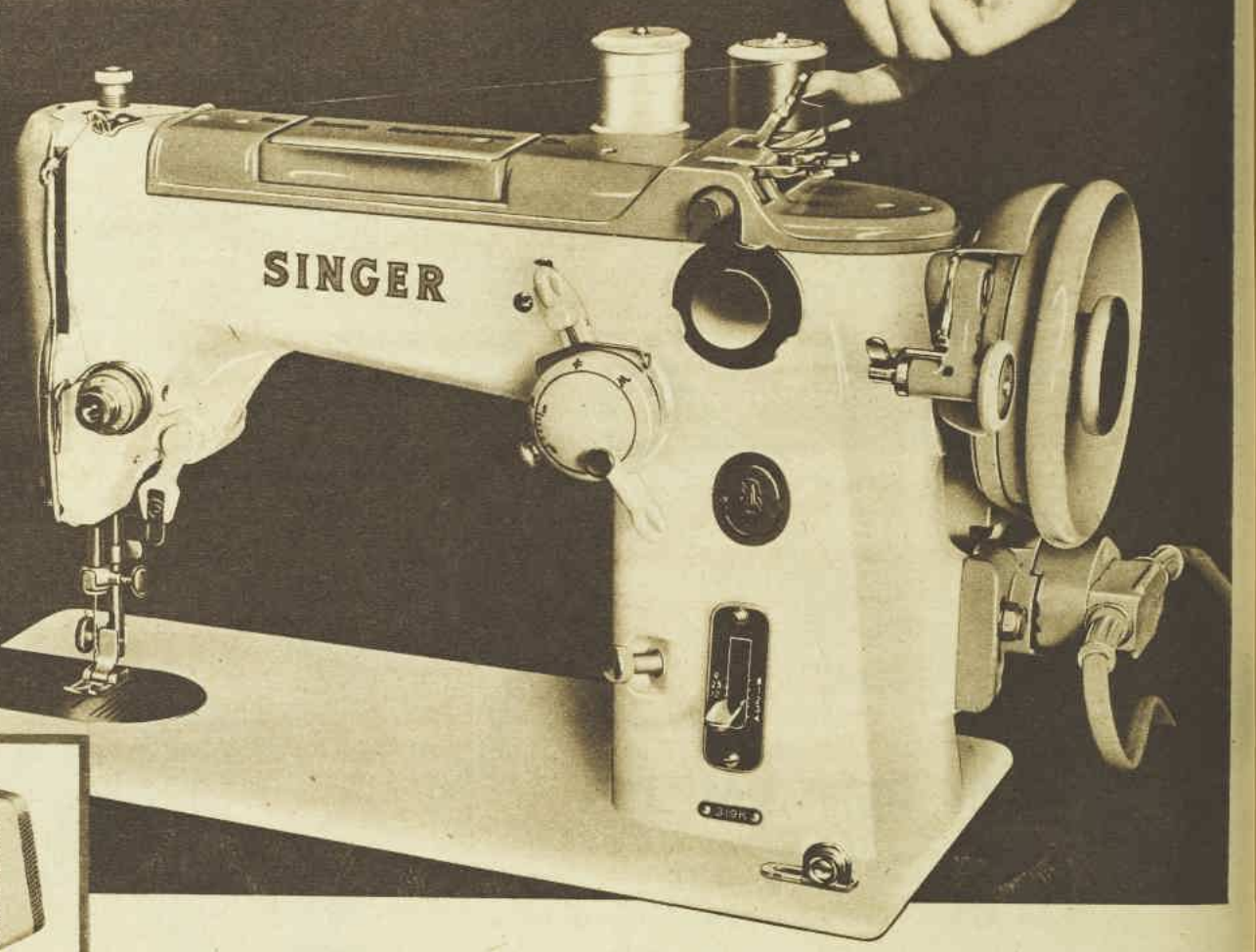

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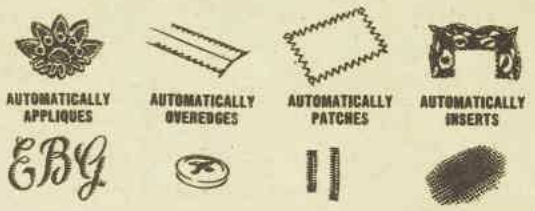

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SHE TOOK HER HARP ON TREK

READY for their long trek, John and Sidonie Young with their small truck-cum-caravan in a London street. The large packing case on the roof contains Sidonie's precious 150-year-old harp. Beside it are extra water tanks.

● Two young musicians have completed preparations in London to achieve a three-year-old ambition — a 5000-mile trek across Africa.

By BETTY BEST, of our London staff

IF all has gone well, they are now on their way — exploring in the footsteps of one illustrious forebear, Dr. Livingstone, and in the spirit of another, Captain James Cook.

The two are bass-baritone John Young and harpist Sidonie Goossens. They met and fell in love at Sydney's Conservatorium of Music, married in London, and hope —after their two-year safari— to make their home in a Sydney suburb.

For their travels they have a truck specially fitted with equipment they brought to London from Australia.

They will work their way by performing anything from Bach to boogie anywhere from concert platforms to night-clubs.

This is a trip which John and Sidonie have been planning ever since they married three years ago.

The fact that they both spring from renowned exploring stock, they swear, has nothing to do with their present ambitions.

John's great-great-uncle was Dr. David Livingstone, whom Stanley "discovered" at Ujiji in 1871. "Of course I want to show Donie Ujiji—but that's not the real purpose of our trip," he says.

Famous ancestor

Donie can trace her ancestors back through her father, Sir Eugene Goossens, to Captain James Cook. "But that's not the only reason, either," she says firmly. "After all, I spent nine years in Sydney and I never went to look at Botany Bay!"

No. It all happened five years ago as the result of a bit of bad luck and some heavy London fogs.

John had come to Sydney from his home in New Zealand to study at the Sydney Conservatorium. He was only 20 when he sang the title role in "Don Giovanni" on the Tivoli stage, filling in for John Brownlee.

A few months later he travelled to London to study and gain more experience. But as John hit London so did some record fogs.

Within a week he had lost his voice completely and was told by his doctor that he must not sing for a year. So John decided that this was the opportunity he'd been longing for.

Long hitch-hike

"If I couldn't sing, I would hitch-hike across the Sahara and see my great-great-uncle's spot of fame," he decided. And with an 88lb. pack on his back and £90 in his pocket that's just what he did.

"From the minute he got home he talked of nothing but Africa," says Sidonie, who married John six months later.

"Before long I was as keen as John. Now I shouldn't be satisfied anywhere until I'd done it, too."

On the trip they will record local music on their hi-fi tape-recorder, make a photographic record of all they see (John is an expert photographer), and write notes for the book they hope to publish after the trip.

At 25 Sidonie combines sparkling good looks with pioneer practicality. She has planned the stores of dried foods, cooking arrangements, and general domestic storage which will revolve in and around their 16-foot-long truck.

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Left: Pantie, SW-OS, XOS, 11/6 Vest, SW-OS, 9/11; XOS, 11/6 — 9/11

Right: Pantie, SW-OS, XOS, 11/6 Short Sleeve Spencer, SW-OS, 12/6 — 9/11

Not illustrated: Long Sleeve Spencer, SW-OS, 13/11; XOS, 15/11

Matching Nightie and Bed Jacket of cosy Interlock

to keep you twice as warm, twice as pretty

What else could you buy half as pretty at these prices? Bond's nightie and matching bed jacket have cosy elasticised cuffs and a generous cut. They look so pretty with their touches of flocked nylon. And they wash beautifully, need no ironing (think of the work they save you!). In peach and sky interlock. Sizes SW, W, OS.

NIGHTIE, 39/11 BED JACKET, 22/11

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FOR COMFORT AND FIT, IT MUST BE KNIT . . . BUY BOND'S

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Here's your answer

by LOUISE HUNTER

● Growing-up brings problems of shape and eating. Your eating habits are very important. They can make or mar your shape, and do the same, too, for your skin, your hair, your teeth, and your social and romantic life.

HERE is a letter from a girl who is suffering from social problems which she believes are caused by her eating habits.

"I am a girl of 15 and I like a boy of 19. My trouble is that I am too plump and no boys take any notice of me. I am fairly pretty and have nice auburn hair, but could you please tell me if there is some way in which I could make this boy notice me without being forward? I have always been teased about my plumpness, so I do not expect very much attention from any boy."

L.C., Vic.

You can make him, and all other boys, notice you by losing some weight. This is easy, although girls of your age have to be very careful when they diet.

You should see a doctor before you undertake a strict diet, but I can tell you how to lose a little weight each week safely.

To do this you must eat less. Three meals a day are all you need—no in-betweens, no calls at the milk-bar, no glasses of lemonade, no cakes, pastries, sundaes, or such delights.

There is a list of foods, however, that everyone should eat each day. This list, worked out scientifically, provides for all known nutritional needs.

Eat only the foods on this list every day for a month and notice the improvement in your figure, complexion, and hair.

Here it is: 1 pint milk, 1 egg, 4oz. meat, poultry, fish, or cheese, 1½ slices wholemeal bread ¼in. thick, ½ cup cereal, 1 serving green or yellow vegetable, 2 servings other vegetables, 1 piece citrus fruit, 1 piece of other fruit, 3 level teaspoons butter.

Don't be angry with me for telling you you must eat less; someone has to. Although this seems a slow approach to your problem, it will get quick results in your shape and help your boy troubles for the rest of your life.

"IN the past 18 months I have reduced my weight by two stone, which now makes me the correct weight for my height and age, which is 23. But I find that the insides of my thighs and my bosom have stretch marks on them. I have been told that rubbing olive oil into the skin will make these marks disappear. Is this true? If not, do you know of any successful method of removing these marks?"

P.G., Brisbane.

That loose or stretched skin is the penalty that dieters must pay, and it takes a considerable time to get rid of it. I have never heard of the olive oil trick, but it may be a help.

Actually, the loose flesh does eventually regain its elasticity, and one day you'll be surprised to find your skin fits your flesh again. But it takes months and months.

When it does fit again you'll find your friends saying to you, "Putting on weight again, dear?" Don't be alarmed, though; it just means you look better because your body has become adjusted to your new size.

A great help is exercise, and massage if you can afford it. I am sure you could find a good gymnasium in Brisbane where they could teach you some exercises that would tone up your muscles and make your skin fit more quickly. Debbie's exercises on this page and those in past weeks should help you.

"A MAN of 22 and I have been keeping company for two years (I am 20) and I like him very much. My problem is that he has now been transferred to the country in his position and is intending going overseas shortly for about six months. As nothing has been said about the future, when he comes back, I don't know what to do, as I don't feel I could approach him myself. I should hate him to come back after two years' going out with him regularly and find he is not interested in me. Do you think we should have some sort of understanding before he goes? Or should I just go out with others and wait and see what happens? He has given me to understand that he really likes me."

Calfied, Vic.

I think you've got a very dreary time ahead of you if you have this "understanding" before he leaves. There you will be sitting pretty in the parlor waiting while he is off seeing the world.

Can you imagine how dull you'd be to come back to?

Let things be, enjoy yourself, and go out with others while he's away. If you're both still free and happy to see each other when he gets back, that will be good. If you're not and one of you has found someone you like better, that will be good, too. You can't lose if you don't have that understanding.

A word from Debbie . . .

THE waist is your shape's focal point, and a good one is something to strive for. Waist exercises always seem to show results quicker than any others.

Here are some for you.

● Sit on the floor, legs wide apart, arms out at shoulder level. Bend forward and try to reach your left foot with your right hand, then right foot with left hand, returning to your starting position after each foot-touching. Make the movement fast, smart, and rhythmical. Do it eight times.

● Lie on your back with right arm bent (as you do for hands on hips) but with hand resting on top of waist and your left arm straight out at shoulder level, palm down. Raise your legs straight up and swing them directly right, over, over, over until your toes touch the floor. Do this three times. Then reverse arms and swing to the left three times.

● Stand up straight, feet together, tail tucked well under, hands on hips. Bend to the right as far as you can, then to the left. Do this eight times each side.

● Stand up straight with legs a yard apart, hands on hips. Keeping hips and legs still, swing the upper part of the body round as far as you can to the left, then to the right. Do this quickly, rhythmically, eight times.

DISC DIGEST

AFTER having been on the publisher's restricted list for many years, the music from Rodgers and Hart's show "Pal Joey" is at last being heard in Australia, the reason being the arrival of the film version with Sinatra, Rita Hayworth, and Kim Novak. Inexplicably, the hit number "Bewitched" slipped through and was a hit parader here about seven years ago.

The soundtrack LP (W.912) is destined to be the most popular of the several "Pal Joey" albums on sale, despite the fact that it's only a pale shadow of the real show. The meatier tunes and lyrics have been dropped, and other Rodgers and Hart tunes (not from the show) have been interpolated. Sinatra carries the album through from start to finish.

The 1940 stage show, co-starring Vivienne Segal and Gene Kelly, was not recorded, but at the time of the 1953 revival Segal (star of that wonderful film "Viennese Nights") and Harold Lang re-created on disc their stage roles, backed by a cast of hand-picked artists.

This LP is the nearest in spirit to an original cast waxing, and it retails all the saucy, sometimes shocking, lyrics to "Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered," "Zip," that hilarious strip-tease number, and "In Our Little Den of Iniquity," a sizzler which is almost sure to be banned on the radio. Then, just to confuse matters, the Broadway revival cast do an LP (W.310) with the two star parts substituted by Jane Froman and Dick Beavers. The two discs are almost impossible to tell apart without looking at the labels, but numbers left out of one appear in the other; Froman's voice is richer than Segal's, but Harold Lang gives a sprightlier performance than Dick Beavers. In other words, "Yer pays yer money and yer takes yer choice!"

—BERNARD FLETCHER

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Paris Spring Fashions—romantic and young

Young and romantic, in the fashion mood of Paris this spring, are the six night-life dresses shown here. Skirt lengths vary; many adopt the new very short hemline. Everywhere are interpretations of the dress and matching coat. Castillo (at Lanvin), after a trip to Spain, shows the torrid influence of that country. Pierre Balmain presented his prettiest and most romantic collection, and Yves Saint-Laurent (at Dior) put his signature to party clothes designed for extreme youth. Color vies with white, apricot and yellow look new; so does a color between shrimp and lobster — not pink and not red.

● *Ankle-length in white organdie (above) is a youthful evening dress designed by Yves Saint-Laurent (at Dior). Lily of the valley and white satin ribbon trim the strapless bodice. The stole, thrown around the neck, falls backwards.*

● *Castillo (at Lanvin) uses one of the new colors between shrimp and lobster for the dance dress and matching coat (left). The longer torso-line and the skirt built out at the sides are typical of many dresses in the Lanvin collection.*

● *Beautiful luminous fabrics are used by Pierre Cardin for a series of short evening coats on clear, uncluttered lines. The one at right in tulip-pink has a barrel silhouette and soft collar rolling over bunched fullness at the neckline.*

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● *Pierre Cardin's dress (above) has a harem skirt folded like a flower. Apricot flowers on a lavender background is the very new color choice. The dress is mounted on apricot satin, and the same satin is used for the swathed cummerbund under the draped bustline.*

● *Romantic and pretty is the ball gown (above) from Pierre Balmain. The dress is made in nylon chiffon. Pink roses garland the ruched bouffant skirt, which is worn over many stiffened petticoats. The strapless top is covered with a black net stole.*

● *Frou-frou in the Spanish manner is seen in the exotic short-skirted evening dress (right) designed by Castillo. The dress is crisp white organdie mounted over a froth of yellow lace and organdie ruffles. The train is white organdie lined with yellow lace.*

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New medical anti-dandruff formula...for men and women

Clears up the severest DANDRUFF

and Itchy Scalp... *in just 3 applications!*

Theraderm is not a shampoo! Is not a tonic! Theraderm penetrates and removes hard, scaly crust from your scalp . . . to stop new dandruff before it starts.

Like any man or woman who suffers from dandruff, you may doubt that it can be *controlled*—much less *eliminated*—for long periods.

But Theraderm is not just another tonic—not a "medicated" shampoo. You don't have to use it every day or every week. Theraderm is a new kind of medical treatment containing penetrating *Sarthionate*. It was hailed in America as the first anti-dandruff preparation effectively to control this annoying and persistent condition. It has now been released in Australia by the laboratories of Bristol-Myers.

Here's how Theraderm works

Theraderm goes far beyond the ordinary preparations that only remove *loose* dandruff. Such preparations don't remove the layer of hard scaly crust that sticks to the scalp and forms *new* dandruff flakes. Theraderm, with penetrating Sarthionate, gently and surely loosens scaly crust . . . lifts it from your scalp . . . stops further dandruff before it starts!

Simply apply Theraderm to the scalp. Leave on from half to one hour. In a very severe case it can stay on the scalp as long as needed. After use, shampoo the hair in the usual way.

Eliminates dandruff for one to four months

Theraderm surprised American skin specialists who used it on their patients. In twenty months of clinical testing it was completely effective in dandruff cases which had resisted all other forms of treatment and which had been chronic for up to thirty years. With Theraderm, none of these men and women had dandruff again for one to four months.

HOW THERADERM KEEPS YOU FREE FROM DANDRUFF FOR MONTHS

Shampoos, tonics, *ordinary preparations remove loose dandruff but leave a hard crust of dandruff scales on your scalp to form new flakes within days.*

Theraderm with Sarthionate *penetrates the hard crust of scales and lifts it off — leaves your scalp free from dandruff for from one month to four months.*

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Theraderm kills scalp germs associated with dandruff—ends itching.
If you have dandruff, get Theraderm from your chemist. See what relief it is to be able to keep free from dandruff for months!

Theraderm

with exclusive penetrating Sarthionate

FROM THE PHARMACEUTICAL LABORATORIES OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Continuing . . . .

The Eye Of Love

from page 21

"Which one do you want?" she asked uneasily.

"If you let me choose—this," said Mr. Joyce, flicking out the gas-oven. Martha didn't actually snatch it back. "I suppose you wouldn't want to give me the lot?" prompted Mr. Joyce.

Again Martha obviously wrestled with her better feelings; and this time won.

"No, because I might want to look at them. Anyway, you've got the best."

"Fair enough," agreed Mr. Joyce. "I see I should have made a bargain first. Now then: you take this card, it's got my name on it and where I'm to be found, and when you get home tell your mother to come and see me, because I want to have a talk with her. What's her name?"

At this point, Martha lied.

It was inexplicable. She liked Mr. Joyce, she felt confidence in him, she had every cause for gratitude. Yet she lied. She didn't even say 'Hogg,' which would have been true, if not the truth as Mr. Joyce meant it. She said, "Brown."

For some reason, Mr. Joyce grinned.

"Why not?" said Mr. Joyce, grinning. "No fancy names, for the real thing! Now you cut along home; I'm an hour late already."

With so much to carry, Martha would have been glad to take a bus; but she couldn't, because she had no money. The tramp back across the Gardens was arduous; twice she had to stop and sit down; and the second time tore Mr. Joyce's card into very small pieces and dropped them under the bench.

She didn't know why, any more than she knew why she'd lied. It just seemed wisest.

It also seemed wisest, when she got home, to go round by the back and conceal her burden behind the coal-shed, until she could smuggle it up to her attic.

Mr. Joyce was equally secretive. He knew better than to display Martha's drawing to his womenfolk, whose taste was strictly Royal Academy, and he didn't think Harry would appreciate it either. (From the latter, indeed, Mr. Joyce concealed his artistic leanings altogether, in case Harry should find them un-British.)

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

He stowed Martha's drawing in excellent company, in the special portfolio that housed his two Modglianis, now and again took it out to admire, and waited for the arrival of Mrs. Brown in Bond Street.

Mr. Joyce intended to treat this parent very tactfully, in a manner unalarming to any possessive maternal jealousy. All he wanted to insure was that the child shouldn't now be forced from her natural bent, or, later, be taken too early from school and set to earn. (It was grief to Mr. Joyce to reflect how many years must elapse before Martha's first one-woman show, before he could even send her for proper teaching; but he was prepared to wait.)

What he intended to offer was to supply all the child's drawing materials for the present, in the future make himself responsible for her artistic education, and if necessary subsidise her as a non-earner from the age of twelve, in return for the pick of her output year by year.

In return also, of course, for a share of fame. He didn't mean to say anything of this to Mrs. Brown, however; he foresaw that he would seem eccentric enough to her in the first place. But he had great faith in his powers of persuasion, and looked forward to the interview with confidence.

"A Mrs. Brown coming to see me," Mr. Joyce instructed the commissionaire, "get one of the girls to bring her to my office straight away. Maybe she won't look like regular clientele, but I'm expecting her."

It occurring to him that a woman of the type he anticipated would be reassured by a cup of tea, he also instructed one of the girls to get him some tea-things and a tray with a d'oyley on it. "Attention to detail!" thought Mr. Joyce, grinning. "The homey touch! I am eccentric, but homey!"

No intending patron could have been more acute, or better-intentioned. It was a pity Mrs. Brown never came.

AT ease in Miss Diver's sitting-room, drinking his now ritual cup of tea —

"Didn't you tell me," asked Mr. Phillips, "you'd never taken lodgers before?"

"No, never," said Miss Diver readily.

"Then who," inquired Mr. Phillips, "is Mr. Gibson?"

Dolores had been lighting a cigarette: her hand trembled so violently that the match-flame shuddered out. Mr. Phillips noticed, and waited.

"Just a friend," said Dolores. "Has — has Martha been talking to you about him?"

"No," said Mr. Phillips. "But a day or two back, when she brought me my breakfast, she said, 'Good morning, Mr. Gibson.' "

There was too long a silence. Dolores' riposte, when it came, wasn't a bad one; but there had been too long a silence . . .

"I can assure you," said Dolores, with a smile, "she has never said anything to Mr. Gibson except good afternoon."

There had been too long a silence.

"She must have said it pretty often," observed Mr. Phillips, "the way it slipped off her tongue."

"As I say, he was a friend."

"A close friend?"

Dolores nodded. The great sob checked by her first surprise was rising in her throat.

"Who doesn't visit here any more?" suggested Mr. Phillips.

There are times when every woman has the right to lie.

"His business took him abroad . . ."

"For good?"

At all times one has the right to refuse answers, that the questioner has no right to ask. Dolores summoned unexpected resources of dignity.

"My dear Mr. Phillips," she said coolly, "my private affairs can hardly concern you. If you weren't such an excellent tenant—which is the only reason, I assure you, why I occasionally invite you into my private sitting-room—I should tell you to mind your own business."

It was bravely spoken. Mr. Phillips was silenced. But he had learnt what he wanted to learn. He withdrew silenced—but leaving Miss Diver for the first time in months to sob all night on the settee;

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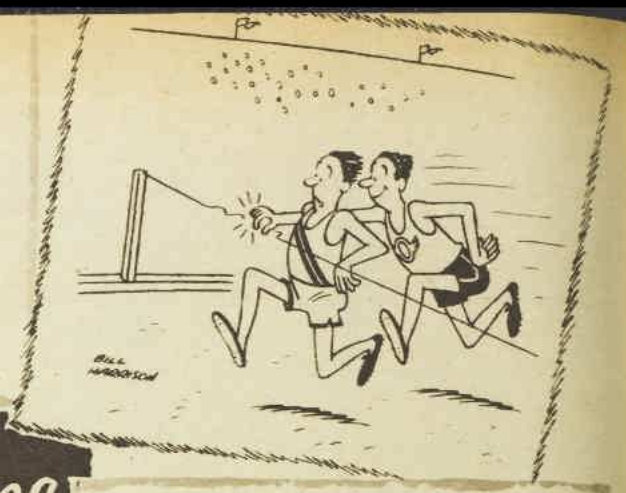
Fun and Games

"Your horse just came in."

"I wish he'd stick to pointing—his aim is lousy."



"Maybe you'd rather do something else, Fred."

"No! No! The nine iron!"

"Don't bother, Edward! He's too big to fit in our den."

"He's an excellent guide."

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- "Jack Frost" cap for toddlers, school girls and teens
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Continuing . . . . The Eye Of Love

from page 50

he himself now knowing what was what.

Carefully, slowly, as he did all things, Mr. Phillips made up his mind. He was a very careful, prudent man. His decision to make Miss Diver Mrs. Phillips was nonetheless based on a misconception.

He thought the house was hers. He put two and two together and made not four but a dozen. He thought the vanished Mr. Gibson had either given her, or been blackmailed into giving her, the house.

The point was a cardinal one: since she didn't attract him personally. Indeed, there were several things about his landlady Mr. Phillips positively disliked. He didn't care for her appearance; her hair with its coronet of braids struck him as too outlandishly arranged, he thought it made her look foreign, and that it would look better in a bun. This of course was something that could be seen to after marriage; but her scarecrow thinness was probably for keeps, and she was a proper Skinny Lizzie. What Mr. Phillips chiefly disliked, however, was that she evidently had some sort of opinion of herself.

HE wasn't unjust. A woman owning a house he allowed entitled to think something of herself, not so much as a woman who owned a whole row, of course, but still something; and had Miss Diver's uppishness derived from a sense of property he could have pardoned it. But he had an irritated feeling that it did not. She never mentioned the house, with any reference to ownership. In fact, it seemed as though it was actually herself, her own feminine person, she had an opinion of: which in a woman of that age and appearance struck Mr. Phillips as downright silly.

It will be seen that he was far from sharing Dolores' own conception of herself as a Spanish rose, even while perceiving in her its effects. They would have put him off altogether, he would have found her altogether too lah-di-dah, if it hadn't been for the house. As it was, he resolved to wait until after they were married, and then take her down a peg.

It will be seen also that Mr. Phillips had no idea of a refusal—for all that he'd been sent off with a flea in his ear. And naturally: what Miss Diver stood to gain was nothing less than being made an honest woman of. ("Just a friend, eh?" thought Mr. Phillips sardonically. "I'm none so green as that, my lass!")

Her house-property notwithstanding, Mr. Phillips was confident that his landlady would jump at him. He still wasn't in any particular hurry.

He had plenty of time, he feared no rival; moreover the knowledge that with four words he could transform the whole set-up in Alcock Road gave him a sense of secret power too enjoyable not to savor while he might . . .

"Should I have placed a word amiss," offered Mr. Phillips, at their next encounter, "I tend my sincere apologies."

Dolores, who certainly didn't want him to leave, and whose mind in the interval had been apprehensive on this account, inclined her head forgivingly.

"I suppose we all speak thoughtlessly at times, Mr. Phillips."

"When carried away by our own interests," said Mr. Phillips gravely.

They were soon on their old terms again. Mr. Phillips continued to empty the garbage; after a week Miss Diver resumed her habit of inviting him into the sitting-room for an evening cup of tea. On the surface their relation remained that of lodger and landlady: a very considerate lodger, a landlady wonderfully fortunate.—The person to whose life this new undercurrent first gave a fresh direction was, unexpectedly, Martha.

"What's that on your hand?" asked Mr. Phillips kindly. "All that red stuff?"

"Blood," said Martha.

IT was in fact a smear of red chalk. Naturally she said, Blood.

"Dear me! We must tie it up for you," said Mr. Phillips—with all-too-ready credulousness.

Martha put her hands behind her back.

"I don't want it tied up . . ."

"If it's not clean it may turn nasty," warned Mr. Phillips. "You'd better let me see you wash it."

"I don't want it washed," said Martha.

"I'm afraid you're a dirty little girl," said Mr. Phillips.

"No, I'm not," said Martha.

"I say you are."

"Then it's not true," said rude Martha.

Rude; and resentful. Martha didn't want to be rude: acceptable manners, like a respectable appearance, she had long found one of her best defences in a world of interfering adults. But it now happened continually—and even when she had less excuse, for in this particular instance Martha was pretty sure Mr. Phillips didn't believe in her cut hand a moment, he was just being nosy — it happened continually that his each kindly attempt at conversation ended in Martha's being rude. Without appreciating his dialectic skill, Martha felt she was being made to be rude, that the character of a rude child was somehow being imposed upon her, by Mr. Phillips for his own ends.

What these were, she had to guess. But not only friends, or lovers, without a plain word spoken, divine the underlying trend of each other's thoughts: so also do enemies. Martha guessed, and guessed, rightly, that Mr. Phillips no longer aimed merely at bridling her will, but wished to be rid of her altogether; and feared that by turning her into a rude child, he might make Dolores want to be rid of her, too.

It was indeed the truth. Mr. Phillips' design for wedded bliss didn't include Martha. In the first place—being a man whose hatred of all qualities above the mediocre, especially in a female, almost put him off Dolores with her house-property—Mr. Phillips disliked Martha even more than she did him.

Confronted by any superior temper, (especially in a female), his instinct was to thwart it, and Martha had successfully held her own. In the second place, her attic would be needed for a lodger —for Mr. Phillips had no idea of wasting space, himself moved up to the position of husband; another lodger in his old bed-sit., and yet another in Martha's attic, were essential factors in his thrifty plan. (It was no mad dream, like

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Continuing . . . . The Eye Of Love

from page 53

poor Dolores'; a large Insurance Company, with a large intake from the provinces, offers exceptional supplies of lodger-timber.) Martha's attic could be let with ease; and with her Civil Service connections in mind, and having taken pains to inform himself on the subject, Mr. Phillips knew of two orphanages already where she could hardly be refused.

At such details Martha's powers of telepathy naturally broke down. She was nonetheless apprehensive; and so took what measures she could to consolidate her position.

They were economic. — Children are frequently more interested in making money than their elders think quite nice, only the little girl gathering sticks to support an aged grandmother has passed into sentimental legend. Martha, who was not sentimental, had never contemplated supporting Miss Diver; but once her egoism took alarm, she was more than ready to turn to.

"How much do I eat a week?" asked Martha.

"Good heavens, you should know that!" exclaimed Miss Diver sharply. (Her voice was sharpening like her profile.)

"I mean in money?" persisted Martha.

"I'm sure I don't know. Perhaps a pound . . ."

Dolores really didn't know. In her muddled housekeeping Mr. Phillips' payments, with an occasional dip into her own savings account, just kept them all going. Martha, however, took the figure as accurate, and cogitated. If she could earn a pound a week she wouldn't be costing anything, and she carried all the trays.

Earning a pound a week she would be not only a self-supporting child, but a profitable child. —It undoubtedly showed a flaw in Martha's character that she so completely discounted her aunt's affection for her. Dolores was still prepared to go on being fond of Martha, as she used to be fond, in the overflow of her love for King Hal, if Martha had shown the least sign of reciprocal tenderness. But Martha, herself unaffectionate, put no reliance on affection: she relied on economics. If she could earn a pound a week, she thought, she would be in a really strong position.

SPURRED by this ambition, as splendid in conception as hopeless of execution, Martha embarked on her professional career.

She began by making out a beautifully lettered card announcing "Repairs While You Wait," with a drawing of a boot in one corner and a shoe in the other, which she carried round to her friend Mr. Punshon. "What's this, a present?" asked Mr. Punshon, agreeably surprised. "No, it's a shilling," said Martha. "If you want it, of course." At this Mr. Punshon scrutinised the card more narrowly. (It was a moment Martha found intensely exciting. Her knees actually stiffened —and not with financial anxiety alone. She was meeting her first public.)

"A boot all that heavy wants a thicker sole," pronounced Mr. Punshon at last. Martha looked for herself and acknowledged him to be right. She also realised how the mistake had come about — through shaving down the original boot-sole, because the boot-corner over-balanced the shoe-corner, without altering the upper to match.

"I'm sorry," she apologised. "Thank you for telling me."

"Business is business," said Mr. Punshon. "Seeing you're in the business way."

"I want to be," said Martha. "If I make a new one, properly, will you order it?"

Mr. Punshon agreed. Out of his first commission, because she had to buy a fresh bottle of ink, Martha made eightpence.

The criticism offered by her other friend Mr. Johnson, off whom she took sixpence for a fresh WOUNDED AT MONS card, was equally professional. "Just tread it in the gutter a bit, will you?" said Mr. Johnson. "It won't suit me too posh. You got to meet your market, see?" elaborated this professional hero. "What's my market? The charitable human 'eart. The downer-and-outer I look, the more it beats for me. I took one-and-six this very afternoon."

"I wish I had," said Martha.

Mr. Johnson looked at her thoughtfully. He wasn't wondering why. Martha was fortunate in having such sensible friends, neither Mr. Punshon nor Mr. Johnson saw anything odd, or not very nice, in her wishing to make money; they'd each of them been earning themselves, at Martha's age. Mr. Johnson wasn't now uncooperative: on the contrary.

"In the good old days gone by," he mused, "I'd ha' taken you on. Dressed up proper in rags, you could ha' bin my pore little child. I've no doubt we could ha' made a very nice thing of it, 'specially if I acted 'arsh towards you. But what'ud happen today?" asked Mr. Johnson regretfully. "They'd whip you off for care-an'-protection before you could say knife. —But I'm good for a tanner now and then, if it's any help."

It was Martha's turn to look at Mr. Johnson. As Mr. Punshon had said, business was business. To go into the ragged-child line was something she wouldn't have objected to at all, but she wasn't in it yet; and her professional conscience stirred.

"Did you give me that sixpence just to give it me?"

"Why not?" said Mr. Johnson. "I get 'em give me."

The card was still in Martha's hand. She hadn't yet dirtied it. She hadn't wanted to, even to meet a market. (The bayonets decorating each side had red-ink blood on them.) She said slowly:

"If you like to give it me because I'm a friend, thank you very much. But I'd rather you didn't take the card, because I don't think you really want it."

"You go on being so sharp, one day you'll cut yourself," agreed Mr. Johnson amiably.

This second episode was important chiefly because it taught Martha where she stood. She had stumbled, in fact, on a cardinal point of professional ethics, and obscurely recognised it. The taking of Mr. Johnson's sixpence as a pseudo-payment, instead of as a gift, would have stamped her an amateur; and the gulf between amateur and professional opening at her feet, she instinctively chose the professional side.

She never approached a friend again. (Mr. Punshon was different; Mr. Punshon had criticised with genuine authority. When in due course Martha made him a couple of cards more, at a shilling apiece, she in each case had to do the work twice—once on a point of bootlaces, once on a point of tongues. She was glad to.)

Fortunately for her financial prospects, however, she lived in a district uncommonly rich in the sort of newsagent and sweet-shop that add to their income by displaying local advertisements — one actually adorned already by her handiwork.

Martha went back to look at her Apartments card, and found it still markedly superior to the rest. Some were almost illegible. ("Ain't that gent found 'is congenial model yet?" derided Mr. Johnson, who happened to be by. No wonder, the way they're writ!") Martha stood and stared for half an hour, and so perfect was her visual memory that a day later she returned with the whole display neatly and accurately duplicated in Indian ink.

The newsagent gave her two bob for the lot, any more that came in to rate twopence apiece.

At two other newsagents, and three sweet-shops, Martha made the same terms. After a first capital gain of nine shillings, her takings naturally fell off; but she usually made about one-and-eight a week.

One-and-eight is a far cry from twenty shillings.

Martha was sometimes uneasily aware of this; yet it couldn't dim the pleasure of entering each consecutive twopence in the shiny black notebook she bought specially for the purpose. (Buying the notebook a pleasure in itself; having money in her pocket.) She added the total once or twice a day, making it sometimes more, sometimes less; and since her subtraction was equally uncertain, commonly ignored the occasional pennies she spent on sweets.

(It was too much to expect of a regular visitor to three sweet-shops never to buy a coconut-ice; which indeed a more sophisticated accountant might have laid off as goodwill.)

Martha's long-term project was in fact rather lost sight of; however threatening the future she had immediately money in her pocket, the constant interest of seeing if any fresh cards had come in for her, coconut-ice, and appreciation for her skill. She also enjoyed, as most children do, getting to grips with life.

Mr. Johnson pointed out that if she used ordinary ink, instead of Indian, the new cards would fade as fast as the originals had done, thus reviving the demand. Mr. Johnson knew of an ink made with powder that faded even faster. But Martha wouldn't.

. . . . . .

Miss Diver had no notebook for such daily consultation; but she had a calendar. Through the two mid-weeks of December was drawn a thick black line, covering the date, as yet precisely unknown to her, upon which Mr. Gibson would make Miss Joyce his bride. Dolores turned to it almost as often as Martha—but with how different emotions!—turned to her notebook. Whether the twelfth or the eleventh, the fourteenth or fifteenth, the day was drawing very near.

It was actually to be the sixteenth. Harry Gibson, too, in his diary had drawn a thick

To page 66

FOR THE CHILDREN

Hair with the fresh young HALO look is softer, brighter

Whistle Clean

—for no other shampoo offers Halo's unique cleansing ingredient, so effective yet so mild. And there are no unnecessary additives in Halo, no greasy oils or soap to interfere with cleansing action or leave sticky, dirt-catching film. Halo, even in *hardest* water, leaves your hair softer, brighter, *whistle clean.*

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HOW THEY LIVE:
(second of a series)

FILM STAR'S FARMHOUSE

DEEP in the countryside of Provence, France, stands "Saint Jean," the delightful out-of-town residence of French film star Martine Carol and her husband, Christian-Jaque. Built in 1802, the old stone farmhouse, with its red-tiled roof and wooden-shuttered windows, is typical of Provence. These pictures show how Martine transformed the farmhouse interior.
Next week: Schiaparelli's Paris home.

ABOVE: French actress Martine Carol strikes a film-star pose beside the swimming-pool in the grounds of her home in Provence, France. She visited Australia last year en route to Tahiti to make a new film.

LEFT: Telephone corner, occupied here by Martine and her movie-maker husband, Christian-Jaque, is at the side of a huge fireplace. The flowered curtain screens off this area when the telephone is not being used.

RIGHT: An alcove with an exotic South Sea island motif dominates this bedroom, which has a floor of black-and-white tiles. Matching bedside-tables and lamps and the narrow, curtained doors link the decor.

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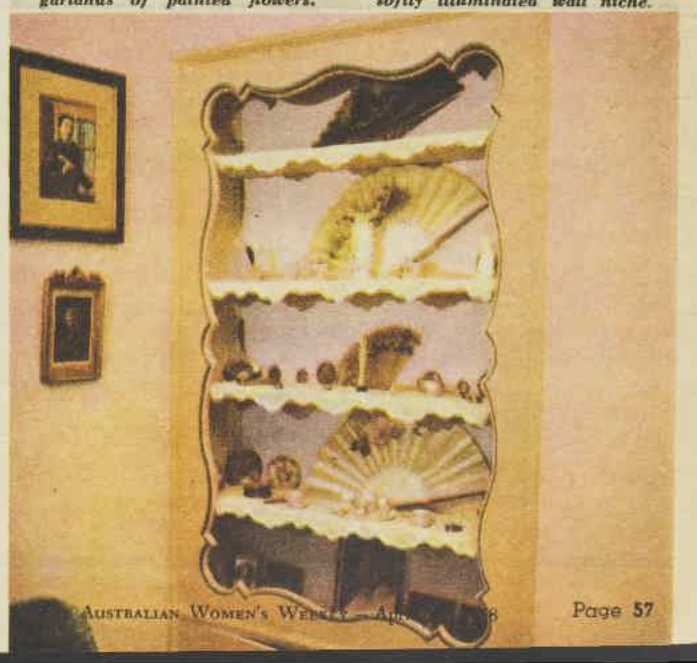
Decorative ideas

ABOVE: An atmosphere of harmony and repose is achieved in this little rest-room with its narrow divans upholstered in striped rep and charming old fireplace of olive wood set in the alcove. The brilliant red of the chair coverings is repeated in the graceful wall-brackets.

ANGLE of the farmhouse sitting-room features plain and floral decor to harmonise with the flooring of light-colored bricks. The base of the lamp in the centre of the floor is an antique candlestick. The wall niche glimpsed at left holds Martine's collection of porcelain.

ABOVE: Charming guest-room, often used by Martine Carol's mother, features tones of rose and has a pale, tinted carpet. The walls are decorated with garlands of painted flowers.

BELOW: Martine Carol's collection of beautiful and delicate fans are displayed together with other cherished feminine pieces in this decorative and softly illuminated wall niche.



BELOW: Glamorous in bouffant turquoise cotton and with her feet bare, Martine Carol smiles for the camera in yet another picturesque corner of her lovely Provencal farmhouse. There is a green rug on the floor of natural wood. Copper pieces adorn walls.

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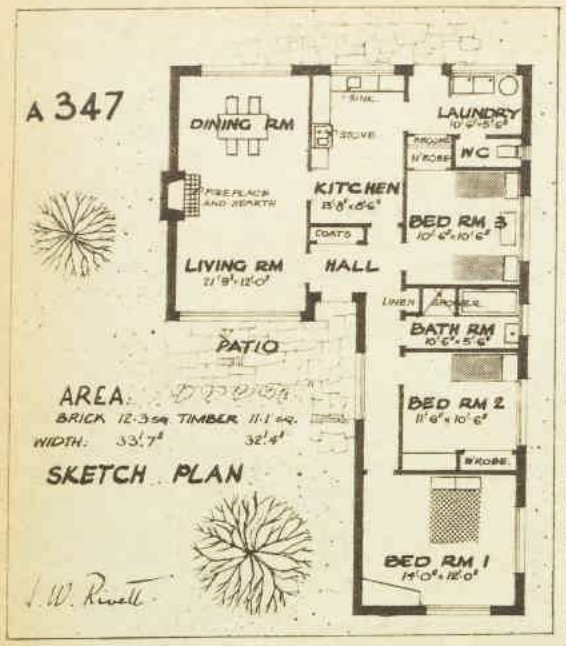
House with storage space

● How to find enough storage space is a problem that often confronts the housewife in today's average small home. The solution is to have plenty of built-in cupboards, like those shown in our home plan on this page.



FLOOR LAYOUT of the house. It features plenty of built-in storage space in bedrooms, kitchen, and hall.

OUR HOME PLAN No. A347 is an attractive design by Melbourne architect J. W. Rivett, suitable for a 50ft. block. Special attention has been given to light and ventilation.

BUILT-IN wardrobes and cupboards take up little floor space, give a room an appearance of larger size, and can provide scope for many interesting ideas.

In this week's signature plan, by Melbourne architect J. W. Rivett, the problem of storage has been solved effectively by providing plenty of cupboards for every purpose. They are arranged neatly and in a practical manner.

The cloak cupboard opens into the entrance hall, is adjacent to the living-room, and has space above for storing suitcases.

The linen cupboard is convenient to the bedroom wing; built-in wardrobes extend from floor to ceiling in bedrooms two and three; a broom cupboard is near the laundry and kitchen; and in the kitchen are units that give the maximum storage space.

The design is for a three-bedroom house, suitable for a 50ft. block and a fairly level site.

Readers can buy the plan at our Home Planning Centres. See addresses in panel at right.

The floor plan at left shows how living space has been kept free. Subdivision of the large dining-living area is obtained by furniture grouping and the fireplace with projecting hearth.

The kitchen is well placed in the plan. It has a well-defined work area, and is of sufficient size to allow a separate meal area.

There is room for cupboards above and below the work counters, and, if desired, more fitments could be built in against the end wall of the kitchen, which is shown free on the plan.

From the kitchen there is quick access to all rooms and back and front doors.

Special attention has been given to light and ventilation. Highlight windows have been placed in the bedroom passage to ensure the maximum of natural light in the bedrooms.

Glass has been used generously in the living-room to create a feeling of greater size. Double glass doors open to the patio, low hopper windows admit extra breeze, and a large fixed glass panel adds to the spacious appearance.

The overhang of the eaves from the pitched roof is sufficient to shut out glare from the high summer sun.

The front entry is recessed to protect it from the weather, and glass panels provide extra light for the entrance hall.

Approximate costs of building this house would be:

In Canberra: Brick, £5275; brick veneer, £4775; timber, £3925; fibro, £3575.

In New South Wales: Brick, £5175; brick veneer, £4675; timber, £3825; fibro, £3475.

In Victoria: Brick, £4625; brick veneer, £4175; timber, £3375; fibro, £3275.

In Queensland: Brick, £5175; timber, £3375; fibro, £3275.

In South Australia: Brick, £3700; asbestos, £3225.

Where to buy this plan

ALL standard plans published in The Australian Women's Weekly are available at our Home Planning Centres.

Hundreds of other standard plans are available from stock.

All standard plans cost £7/7/- per full set.

Plans can be ordered by mail, enclosing fee. Addresses are:

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd., Civic Centre.

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd. (second floor), The Valley. Mail to Box 151, Broadway P.O.

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd. (third floor), Brickfield Hill. Our standard plans are also available at the new advisory bureau at 23 Central Avenue, Miranda, established by master builders.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium (sixth floor), Lonsdale St. Mail to Box 5038Y, G.P.O.

GEELONG: Our representative will attend the Myer Emporium in Geelong every Friday and Saturday to advise on home plans.

ADELAIDE: John Martin and Co. Ltd. (second floor), Rundle St. Mail to Box 629E, G.P.O.

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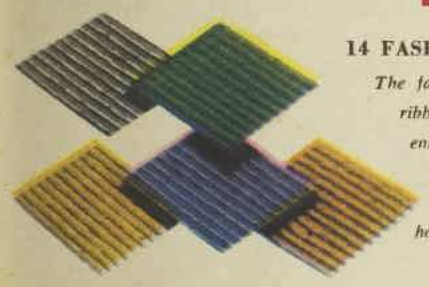
No other carpet can equal the value of Westminster



14 FASHIONABLE COLOURS

The faintly tweedy fleck and fine ribbing of Westminster pleasantly enhances the 14 modern colours of the Westminster range. Westminster suits every home . . . every furnishing style.

Even a houseful of lively youngsters cannot scuff or mark the handsome ribbed pile of Westminster Carpet. Look closely at a sample. Notice how the wear-resistant, uncut pile of goat-hair and wool mixture is firmly vulcanised into the resilient base of rubber and woven jute cloth. This means that it can never pull out or "run" . . . is wonderfully springy to walk on . . . its edges will never fray. No wonder economical 40 in. Westminster is Australia's largest selling carpet. *For your protection, genuine Australia-made Westminster is branded on the back.*

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ASK TO SEE Westminster IN THE CARPET DEPARTMENT OF ANY LEADING STORE.

W83FF

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It's a house to make you raise the roof

● A few weeks ago Dr. Johann Ludovici, of Germany, made news with a pocket-sized, all-aluminium round house. Now he is in the limelight again with his roof house.

THE house is merely a high sloping roof built on a foundation on the ground. It's the answer for people who need a roof over their heads but haven't enough finance yet to build a full-scale house.

Dr. Ludovici designed the roof house especially for young couples, who later, funds permitting, could turn it into a conventional home simply by hoisting it on top of a ground-floor house built in the usual way.

Unlike so many other types of temporary accommodation, it is as spacious as many small flats, and is compact and well designed.

Inside, in the space created by the angle of the steep roof, is sleeping accommodation for three, a living-room, a kitchen-dining room, and a bathroom.

Conversion from roof house to ordinary house is relatively simple. The ground floor of the home is built in the usual way, and then the roof is hoisted up and fixed in position.

Designed for easy removal, the roof house is in six sections, which can be taken apart and reassembled by unskilled workmen.

As a part of the complete house, the roof remains useful by providing first-floor living space.

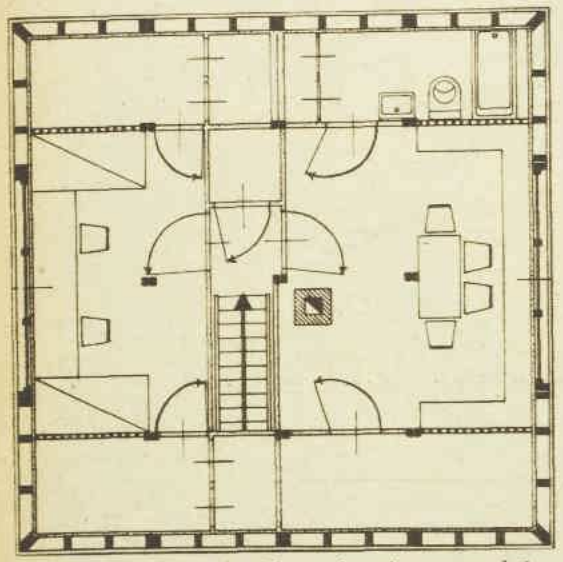
The many ingenious features in the furnishings include a sliding table that can be moved right through the hatch from kitchen to dining-room.

The table can be set in the kitchen, rolled into the dining-room for the meal, and rolled back again when it's time to wash the dishes.

Built-in furniture in the sleeping quarters also helps make most of the limited space.

The floor plan at left gives an idea of how some of the furniture is placed in the unusual roof house.

By
Harold Dvoretsky, of our London staff



***FLOOR PLAN** of the roof house shows its compact design, which provides for living and sleeping accommodation for three, plus kitchen and bathroom, in a small space.*

***ROOF HOUSE** on temporary foundations on the ground. Ideal for a young couple with limited resources, it can be built up later (see picture below) into a two-story house.*

***TWO-STORY VERSION** of the roof house. What was once the door becomes a first-floor dormer window. The roof can be taken apart and reassembled by unskilled workmen.*

See the family likeness?

It's that clear, smooth Pears complexion

Skin with dewy freshness. Skin that's clear and flawless. Babies have it. So can you, if you care for your skin with baby-mild Pears.

The milder your soap the prettier your skin. And Pears is the mildest of soaps . . . mild and so pure you can see right through it! Each tablet is matured for 14 full weeks to make sure of its mildness . . . to ensure the perfect blending of its delicate oils. That's why regular Pears care makes your skin clearer, smoother, younger-looking. Buy Pears soap today, for baby, for you . . . for everyone at your place.

Why don't you make Pears a family affair?

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ALMOND FIG FLAN decorated with a piped border of whipped cream, cherry pieces, and half slices of preserved figs is a luscious sweet. See recipe below.

Apple sweet wins prize

● A recipe for whole baked apples coated with shredded almonds and arranged on rounds of cake wins this week's £5 prize.

THIS prize-winning sweet is easy to prepare and when served on a large platter makes an attractive centrepiece for the dinner table.

Consolation prizes are awarded for almond fig flan and bacon ambrosia.

Spoon measurements are level.

APPLES DUCHESSE

Six small apples, 3oz. sugar, 1½ cups water, ¼ cup apricot jam, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2oz. blanched shredded almonds, 6 rounds day-old sponge or butter cake cut 3in. in diameter, 2 tablespoons sherry or orange juice.

Peel and core apples, arrange in large baking-dish. Place sugar and water in saucepan, stir over low heat until sugar is dissolved; bring to boil, simmer 5 minutes. Pour syrup over apples in dish. Bake in moderate oven until apples are soft but not broken, approximately ½ hour. Lift apples out carefully, allow to drain. Boil remaining syrup rapidly until reduced to about half. Add apricot jam and lemon juice, stir over low heat 3 minutes; brush over apples and sprinkle with almonds. Place an apple on each cake-round, which has been moistened with sherry. Arrange in circle on large serving-platter, fill centre with ice-cream.

First Prize of £5 to Miss A. Perks, c/o Mrs. A. Hales, 106 Lime St., Cabramatta, N.S.W.

ALMOND FIG FLAN

Six ounces sweet shortcrust pastry, ¾lb. cooked mashed potato, 4 to 6oz. chopped figs, ¾ cup sugar, 2 eggs, 4 tablespoons water, ¾ cup milk, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon almond essence, 2oz. butter, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, whipped cream, extra figs.

Roll pastry out on floured board to ⅛in. thickness. Line 8in. flan-ring or tart-plate; prepare filling. Combine potato, cinnamon, nutmeg, sugar, and figs, add beaten eggs, gradually add water, milk, almond essence, and melted butter. Beat until mixture is smooth. Spoon into unbaked pastry-case and bake in moderately hot oven 25 to 35 minutes or until cooked. Decorate with cream and extra figs.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Gregg, 41 Augusta Rd., Hobart.

BACON AMBROSIA

Three or 4lb. cushion boiling bacon, 3 tablespoons cider, 3 tablespoons brown sugar, 2 pints water, 3 or 4 cloves, 4 cooking apples.

Soak bacon overnight in sufficient water to cover. Following day place cider, brown sugar, and 2 pints water in large saucepan; bring to boil. Add bacon and cloves and simmer gently 3 hours or until bacon is tender. Fifteen minutes before end of cooking-time add quartered apples.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Wallace, 57 Lyon St., Moorooka, Brisbane.

FAMILY DISH

This week's family dish is a pot roast of topside steak with prune and bacon stuffing. It costs approximately 9/6 and serves five.

FAMILY POT ROAST

Piece of thick topside steak weighing nearly two pounds, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, salt, pepper, small pinch herbs, 2 tablespoons chopped bacon, 1 tablespoon melted butter or substitute, 2 or 3 tablespoons soft prunes (stoned and chopped), seasoned flour, fat, 1 cup stock or water.

Cut a deep pocket in steak and cover bottom of pocket with the prunes. Combine breadcrumbs, onion, salt, pepper, herbs, bacon, and butter; fill into pocket. Press more prunes over top of stuffing. Sew up pocket with coarse thread. Coat with seasoned flour, brown in hot fat in pressure-cooker or large pan. Drain off fat, add stock or water. Cover and pressure-cook 40 to 45 minutes, or simmer 1½ to 1¾ hours.

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give Mother the gift she'd choose herself

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For busy little men... and busier mothers

Here's a quick'n'easy breakfast if ever there was one! Two or three toasted-to-a-turn Weet-Bix swimming in milk and dusted with sugar! Ready to serve from packet to plate yet full of the body building goodness and nourishment busy youngsters need. Each golden flake a sun-kissed whole wheat grain...made *better* with added Vitamin B_1 and delicious tasting malt. From good grocers everywhere.

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WEET-BIX
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This book makes geography lessons *fun!*

Buy your child this thrilling travel book-album today. Only 6d. at all grocers. Round-the-world travel pictures for mounting in its pages in every packet of Weet-Bix, too!

WB17/58

Good-neighbor policy

SHARED GARDEN ON A CLIFFSIDE. Pictured above are the homes and shared gardens of Mr. and Mrs. O. A. S. Patterson and Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Bolton at Roseville Chase, Sydney. Mr. and Mrs. Patterson's house is white and the Boltons' red brick. Their joint garden without boundaries is a mass of color, particularly in spring.

● Good neighbors Mr. and Mrs. O. A. S. Patterson and Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Bolton, whose homes adjoin in Babbage Road, Roseville Chase, Sydney, together have overcome a gardening problem that is common in many parts of Australia.

THEIR homes are built on an abrupt escarpment that rises about 30ft. from street level to the house foundations.

Their joint problem was to make a garden among the crops of rocks, boulders, lumps of jagged stone, stumps, trees, and scrubby bushes surrounding the houses.

The first difficulty they encountered was the question of a dividing fence. They believed that a fence among the jagged rocks and jutting sandstone would spoil the look of both their homes and gardens.

So the Pattersons and Boltons decided to develop a common garden and have no dividing line — or, as they prefer to call it, a good-neighbor garden.

Mr. and Mrs. Bolton have lived in their home for seven years, but the Pattersons built their home only 18 months ago.

To achieve the beautiful garden as it is now was hard, gruelling work. Heavy boulders and stone had to be moved; unsightly stumps and spindly trees had to go; and then the terraces had to be filled in.

Masses of sandstone that jutted out of the small cliffside were broken up and trimmed, and many tons of boulders were used for facing terraces to hold back the soil so trees, shrubs, and flowers could be planted.

How skilfully the drainage work and terracing was done was proved last February when, in spite of cloudburst rains, there was very little erosion and the garden remained a mass of color.

GARDENING

A row of prunus nigra (red-leaved plum trees) give privacy and color. Camellias, golden elms, a silver maple, brunfelsia, magnolia soulangeana, and viburnum opulus make a varied display.

There are beds filled with floribunda roses such as Moulin Rouge (dark red and fragrant), Orange Triumph, and China Doll, with a row of delicate fairy roses in front. Gladioli, daffodils, and other bulbs make a blaze of color during their flowering season.

From time to time these neighbors go into conference and discuss future plantings and sowings. Both agree, because the space is fairly extensive, they will eventually establish shrubs and trees and do away with the necessity of planting masses of annuals.

Their shared garden in this quiet, peaceful part of Sydney is an example of what hard work, a sound knowledge of gardening, and a love of beauty can produce.

Expert advice

Garden problems will be solved by our gardening expert if readers will write, giving full details of their problem and enclosing specimens of plant diseases or pests. Please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address queries to "Garden Expert," Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

GRACEFUL SPIKES of gladioli are grown in colorful clumps in the share garden. This picture of the Pattersons' house gives some idea of the high and rocky site that was transformed. Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

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Win a Range

ELECTRIC or GAS OR ONE OF THE OTHER 156 PRIZES IN THE...

MAGGI

MUSHROOM SOUP COMPETITION

Here's a new and novel competition that offers you 162 chances to win a prize. As you prepare your entry (and it will take you only a few minutes) you'll be matching the picture-clues with the names of the nine Maggi Soup varieties, and what wonderful soups they are! Each packet of Maggi Soup offers you big man-size serves of delicious flavourful soup at a cost of mere pence per plate. Try them. In particular, try Maggi Mushroom Soup—now made to a wonderful new recipe from prime young mushrooms at their flavourful best.

HERE ARE THE 9 MAGGI SOUPS

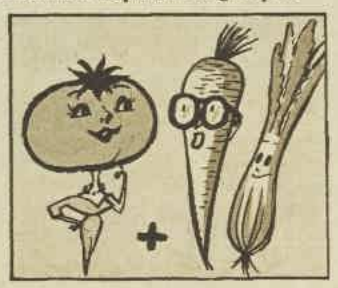
- MUSHROOM
- MINESTRONE
- CHICKEN NOODLE
- TOMATO
- PEA WITH HAM
- OXTAIL
- PEA WITH VEGETABLES
- CREME OF CHICKEN
- TOMATO & VEGETABLE

WHICH CLUE IS WHICH SOUP?

Each picture-clue represents one of the nine Maggi Soup varieties. As you can see, the mushroom-shaped atomic explosion in "Clue 1" points to MUSHROOM Soup. Write in the name of the other eight soups under the eight remaining pictures. Then complete the rhyme at the bottom of this page, fill in your name and address in the coupon and mail your entry to Nestlé's. If you prefer not to tear out this page or if you want to submit more than one entry, your grocer has supplies of special entry forms which he'll be pleased to give you.

1 Mushroom.

2



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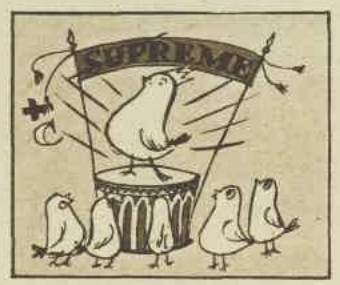

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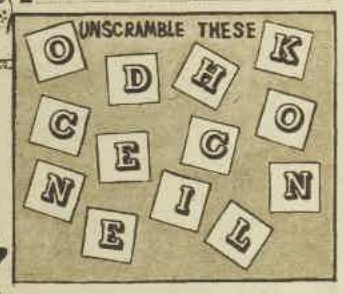

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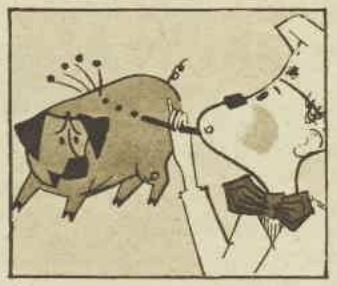

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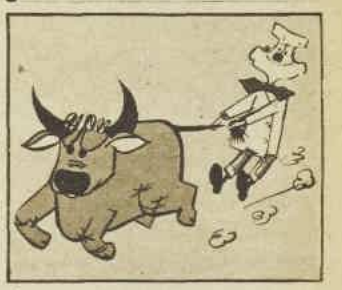

9

SIX FIRST PRIZES

To the winner in each State the choice of a Metters E75 Electric Range or an "Early Kooka" 88 Gas Range. Thermostatically controlled elevated models.

SIX SECOND PRIZES

Valued at £27 each, comprising exclusive sets of six soup bowls and six "Community Plate" silver soup spoons.

30 THIRD PRIZES

Of sets of five all-aluminium saucepans with various coloured lids. Each set valued at 14 gns.

PLUS 120 CONSOLATION PRIZES

Comprising two dozen assorted Maggi Soups in carton, valued at 35/-.

RULES AND CONDITIONS OF MAGGI SOUP COMPETITION

1. No limit to the number of entries, provided each is mailed separately. **2.** The closing date is 10th May, 1958, and no entries received after will be considered. No entries will be returned. **3.** Employees and their families of Nestlé's and their Advertising Agents are not eligible. **4.** The results will be published in the Australian Women's Weekly on the **2nd July, 1958.** **5.** The Judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into. **6.** Winning entries become the property of **The Nestlé Company (Aust.) Limited,** and may be used for advertising purposes

When you have fitted Soups to the clues above,

Complete this RHYME!

Maggi Mushroom Soup is great!
Costs only pence per man-size plate.
Takes only minutes to prepare,
It's soup fit for a millionaire.
Four large serves in every pack,
Needs no cooking-skill or knack,
No wonder housewives say it's great

As an example only, it might end:
"It's the best and no debate."
but you will easily find better last-line endings.

Now fill in this coupon and send the entire page with an empty Maggi Mushroom Soup pack* to:

MAGGI,
Box 7064, G.P.O., SYDNEY, N.S.W.

to arrive not later than 10th May, 1958.

Your NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

STATE _____

Your GROCER'S NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

STATE _____

*Attachment of packet not required from States where such requirements contravene State laws.

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Start your sandwich-making day this way. Set all your ingredients around. Then combine them any way you please.

Slice away! You can blend KRAFT Cheddar Cheese with any of these foods — *for sandwiches sustaining (and no complaining)*

Is there a "sandwich-grizzler" at your place?

Someone always asking for more cut-lunch variety? Here, from Kraft, is the easy answer to more appetising sandwiches. In the photograph are many wonderful sandwich combinations — Kraft Cheddar and gherkin . . . Kraft Cheddar, tomato and egg — **lots** of exciting ideas.

And here are six more helpful suggestions:

- Kraft Cheddar, sultanas and nuts.
- Hard boiled egg, Kraft Cheddar and lettuce.
- Tomato, Kraft Cheddar and gherkin.
- Kraft Cheddar, onion and lettuce.
- Sliced apple and Kraft Cheddar.
- Buttered bread and one or two varieties of Kraft 1-oz. portions.

There are two very good reasons for including Kraft Cheddar sandwiches in every cut lunch.

1. You'll find everybody likes the mellow flavour of Kraft Cheddar — and it blends perfectly with any sandwich filling you fancy.
2. Kraft Cheddar sandwiches make a *nourishing* lunch — provide essential proteins, vitamins and minerals because it takes a gallon of milk to make every pound of Kraft Cheddar Cheese.

So slice away! Send the family off with Kraft Cheddar sandwiches, tomorrow.

Kraft Cheddar is available in the blue 8-oz. packet, 1-oz. portions, the family-size 2-lb. pack, or sliced from the 5-lb. loaf.

Give yourself vital midday nutrition.

Enjoy a tempting toasted cheese sandwich. It's quite simple — thick golden slices of Kraft Cheddar, a rasher of cooked bacon and slices of tomato sandwiched between buttered bread, then toasted under the griller.

Kraft Old English — for those who prefer a cheese with a stronger flavour in their lunches. Available in the red 8-oz. packet and 1-oz. portions.

Cheese is a wonderful food and KRAFT makes wonderful cheeses

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DEBBIE BAKES

Four cakes from one recipe

● Here Debbie, our clever teenage cook by making four luscious cakes from one recipe, shows why she is the best cake-maker in her crowd. The cakes are illustrated at right.

WHETHER she is preparing an attractive afternoon tea party or merely helping her mother in the kitchen with the family baking, Debbie uses one basic cake recipe, and varies it with different flavorings, fillings, and toppings. She also uses cake-tins of different shapes to add variety.

Her basic recipe makes a fine-textured, slightly moist cake that cuts without crumbling and keeps well.

She always weighs and measures all the ingredients accurately before commencing to mix the cake. She uses a standard 8-fluid-ounce measuring cup or scales, and level, cutlery-style spoons.

The ingredients in her basic cake recipe are 4oz. or ¼ cup butter or substitute, 6oz. or ¾ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, 8oz. or 2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, ½ cup milk.

Debbie creams the butter with sugar and vanilla until the mixture is light and fluffy. She then adds the eggs, one at a time, and beats well after adding each. She then folds in the *sifted* flour and salt alternately with milk. Debbie makes sure her cake will turn out easily by spooning the mixture into a well-greased and floured cake-tin, which is placed in a moderate oven. The cake is baked according to its size and thickness.

To make soft butter icing, Debbie creams 2 tablespoons softened butter, then gradually adds 1½ cups sifted icing sugar and 1 to 2 tablespoons milk and a few drops vanilla essence or lemon juice, and beats until fluffy.

STRAWBERRY MARBLE CAKE: Divide basic cake mixture into two. To one half add one dessertspoon strawberry jam and a few drops red food coloring; mix well. Spoon mixtures alternately into greased 7in. cake-tin. Using a dinner-knife, cut through cake mixture to ensure an attractive marbled effect. Bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes. Cool. Top with soft butter icing tinted pink.

FOUR DELICIOUS CAKES, made from one basic recipe, are illustrated above. They are strawberry marble cake, fruit nut ring, lemon date sandwich, and chocolate walnut loaf. On this page, Debbie, our teenage chef, tells you how to make them.

FRUIT NUT RING: When adding flour to creamed mixture of basic cake recipe, stir in 1 cup sultanas or ½ cup sultanas and ½ cup finely chopped citron peel. Fill into a well-greased 8in. ring cake-tin. Just before placing in oven, press 2oz. blanched almonds over top of cake. Bake in moderate oven 40 to 50 minutes. Substitute raisins or dried mixed fruits for sultanas if desired.

LEMON DATE SANDWICH: Fill basic cake mixture into two greased 7in. sandwich-tins, bake in moderate oven 30 minutes, cool. Sandwich with 4oz. stoned dates combined with one tablespoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons water, and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Stir over low heat until soft and pulpy. Cover with lemon-flavored butter icing, decorate top of cake with extra whole dates.

CHOCOLATE WALNUT LOAF: Add two tablespoons cocoa blended to a smooth paste with an extra ¼ cup milk to the basic cake mixture. Fill into well-greased loaf-tin (approx. 10in. x 6in. top measurement). Bake in moderate oven 45 to 60 minutes. When cold top with soft butter icing flavored with 1oz. melted chocolate. Decorate with walnut halves or chopped walnut pieces.

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15 hairsets for 4/10

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET

Give YOUR hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do's.

Get a tube of concentrated Curlypet—squeeze Curlypet into a pint milk bottle of warm water—shake till mixed—now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used.

Get concentrated Curlypet for 4/10 from your chemist or store.

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET

CN9

KIDNEY TROUBLES? like this.

Pressure and pain in kidneys, weak bladder?

Then start a course of DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

When your kidneys are not working properly, uric acids and poisonous toxins are deposited in muscles and joints, causing aches and pains that make life a misery.

The wonder-drug THIONINE in MENTHOIDS helps cleanse your blood of these poisons and soothes and assists inflamed, overworked kidneys to resume normal healthy functioning.

If you or yours suffer kidney and bladder weakness, bad back, aching muscles and joints, rheumatism, sciatica, headaches or hot flashes, start the MENTHOIDS treatment to-day. MENTHOIDS, with diet chart, are 9/- or 5/- everywhere.

Dr. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

M5

Continuing . . . . The Eye Of Love

from page 55

black line, only with more precision.

. . . . . .

Whether Miranda would still have insisted on six bridesmaids, if Mr. Joyce hadn't turned down her plea for a separate establishment, must remain in doubt. She did insist. Strong in Harry's moral support—intoxicated with the newfound pleasures of friendship—Mr. Joyce had been obdurate. So was Miranda now obdurate. She got her way. The result was to bring the wedding as it were much closer, and consequently again to reanimate Harry Gibson in his original, proper character of Miranda's fiance, not her father's sidekick.

No longer, after dinner, were the two allowed to sit peacefully swapping their papers while Miranda played the piano. Reinforcements of femininity invaded the Knightsbridge flat. Bridesmaids dropped in almost every evening, often bringing their mothers, to finger patterns and discuss styles, debate coronals against Dutch bonnets, nosegays against flower-baskets. (All flowers, for a December wedding, Miranda reminded her Dadda pointedly, would have to be grown. Specially, under glass. Or perhaps flown in from somewhere. What an expense —but he and Harry would have December . . .)

Marion and Rachel and Denise turned up, whom Mr. Gibson could never tell apart, also three other maidens less identifiable still—but not the plump brunette with the big diamond, she being already united to her Bobby. (Harry Gibson vaguely regretted her. He remembered her sympathetic glance as a drop of dew in the furnace of the engagement-party.) They were all, moreover, the daughters, and their mothers the wives, of Mr. Joyce's business associates, which made it difficult for him to turn his back on them; only rarely could he and Harry shut themselves up in the study, with the port . . .

"Chin-chin," said Mr. Joyce gloomily.

"Have they even settled on a color yet?" groaned Harry Gibson.

"Six young ladies, and six mammas, choosing one dress to suit all six, how should they settle on anything?—Fill your glass, Harry boy," said Mr. Joyce.

It was perhaps fortunate they were never long uninterrupted: the study had begun to take on rather the character of a speakeasy — one drank up while one could. But sooner rather than later Miranda always ferreted them out, to look at a new pattern of lace brought in by Denise or Marion, or because Mrs. Conrad was there, or Madame Grandjean. (They spread over the week with diabolical punctuality, as though on a roster.) And how they chattered! All at once, like a cage of starlings. Even old Mrs. Gibson complained at last, asking were they never to have a quiet evening again; and openly encouraged Harry to rebel.

"What a thing to say, but Miranda will make us all sick of her wedding!" cried Mrs. Gibson. "If you do not go so often no one will blame you at all! I have a good mind not to go so often myself!"

A month or two earlier Harry would have jumped at the absolution; it astonished his mother that he didn't now. Indeed, he longed to. Only loyalty took him back, night after night, into the millinery inferno. But there was a silent appeal in his friend's eye, a touching gratitude in Mr. Joyce's nightly welcome, which he couldn't find it in his heart to disappoint.

"It has to be," said Mr. Joyce, trying for philosophy. "All women are like this before a wedding. Fill your glass, Harry boy."

. . . . . .

"Would you mind," asked Martha of Mr. Punshon, "if I kept these here?"

She had her arms full—of drawing-blocks, of boxes of charcoal, and boxes of red chalks. Martha had begun to be anxious lest this hoard should be discovered: Dolores rarely entered the attic, which Martha was supposed to keep tidy herself, and when she did wasn't likely to look under the bed, (not being that sort of housekeeper); but someone else, Martha fancied, someone more inquisitive, had been in behind her back.

Returning after a Sunday morning in the Gardens, she found her three-legged stool a little displaced: the row of jam-pots on her window-sill, from which last summer's brew of nasturtium-tonic had long evaporated, just out of alignment—the largest perhaps no more than picked up and set down again; but Martha had a very accurate eye. Mr. Phillips, taking a look round the accommodation, believed himself to have left no trace; Martha's only uncertainty was how to safeguard her supplies in case he came nosying again. After some deliberation, she tore off a sheet or two from each block for current use, hid them under the lining-paper of a drawer, and smuggled the rest round to Mr. Punshon's.

> Every man alone is sincere; at the entrance of a second person hypocrisy begins.
>
> —R. W. Emerson

"They won't take up much room," added Martha, unloading, "and if you give me a newspaper I'll wrap them up out of your way."

Mr. Punshon examined the pile on his bench with more interest than she welcomed. He appeared quite struck.

"Good quality," said Mr. Punshon, running his waxy thumb over the topmost block. "That's worth a bit, that paper is. Chalks in boxes, too. You never bought this little lot out of my two bobs."

Martha couldn't think what explanation to offer, so she offered none, and her silence gave rise to a slight misunderstanding.

"And you don't want to keep 'em at home," mused Mr. Punshon. He looked at Martha thoughtfully. "You've not been in for a bit of shoplifting, have you?"

Martha didn't tell him the truth, of course, but she managed to convince him, by the extreme earnestness of her denials, that he wasn't being put in the position of a receiver of stolen goods. (Mr. Punshon was ready to do much for Martha, but there he drew the line.) "All right, stow 'em under the Readies," agreed Mr. Punshon at last—and to make amends for his suspicion offered her a dekko at his album of cartoons.

Martha accepted from reciprocal courtesy. Her friend's collection, like the Chinese landscapes at the Free Library, had lost their attraction for her. They had hard outlines, but they were too bitty . . . Even as she turned the pages, Martha's free hand reached desirously to a stick of charcoal, a stick of red chalk. She had just learnt not to snap them, and as the thick black or red line marched firmly over the paper, experienced such ecstasy that sometimes she forgot to breathe and nearly burst.

She also forgot to wash.

"Dirty hands again!" noted Mr. Phillips regretfully. "What a dirty little girl!"

"I'm not," said Martha.

"I seem to have heard that before," said Mr. Phillips, with his patient smile. "Your thumb's quite black."

"It's my skin," lied Martha wildly.

"I wonder your Auntie doesn't give you a smack," said Mr. Phillips. "Telling stories as well!"

It was said in Miss Diver's presence, in the kitchen, where Mr. Phillips now often came himself to fetch his supper-tray—so anxious he was to spare trouble. Dolores looked from her niece to her lodger unhappily.

"Martha, don't be rude."

"I'm not," repeated Martha.

"At least don't be rude to your kind Auntie," admonished Mr. Phillips. "After all she's done for you."

Whether Miranda would still have insisted on a honeymoon in the South of France, if Mr. Joyce hadn't insisted on a common establishment, must also remain doubtful. She did insist. There were two good arguments against her — the expense beyond the bridegroom's means, and that it was unpatriotic to go abroad in the Depression; both she over-rode. "Of course it's Dadda who'll be paying!" cried Miranda — gaily indeed, but without bothering to wrap the matter up. "I'm not going to let Dadda be stingy! And as for staying at home, everyone knows honeymoons don't count!"

Mr. Joyce suggested Bournemouth. His reasons were partly selfish, but he saw also that the South of France roused no enthusiasm in Harry, and as usual prepared to back his friend. "On the Riviera, at this time of year, doesn't it often snow? —if you would rather Bournemouth, only say," urged Mr. Joyce. "To Bournemouth I might come myself, for the weekend, to see how you get on. Why not? We could have a nice time," said Mr. Joyce wistfully. He was prepared to back Harry to the limit, and it was he who held the purse-strings. "Or if you would like Scotland, why not Scotland?" prompted Mr. Joyce. "There are hotels there cost the earth, and you could teach me to play golf . . ."

Harry remained mute. It wasn't that the Riviera was any

To page 69

NEW EXCITING WAYS TO SERVE

Foster Clark's creamy custard

Quick . . . delicious . . . economical!

PARADISE PEACH PIE

It's the Custard that makes it heavenly!

2 level tbls. Foster Clark's Custard Powder, ½ pt. milk, 1 oz. sugar, ¼ lb. dried peaches or apricots, stewed, sweetened and drained (or 8-oz. can of fruit halves), 4 oz. biscuit pastry.

Make custard as packet directs, return to saucepan and cook 2-3 minutes, stirring vigorously. Chill. Line 7" pie plate with pastry and bake in hot oven till golden brown. When cool, fill with alternate layers of fruit and custard until ingredients are used, finishing with custard. Decorate with fruit and serve cold with juice to taste.

Serve thick and creamy topped with ice-cream

for a luscious-looking, economical sweet.

STRAWBERRY CRUNCH

3 level tbls. Foster Clark's Custard Powder, ¾ pt. milk, 1 oz. sugar, 2 tbls. strawberry topping, few drops cochineal, ¼ lb. honey biscuits.

Make custard as packet directs. Cool and stir in topping and cochineal. Place biscuits in dish in layers and pour custard over. Chill.

SERVE HOT! SERVE COLD! SERVE FOSTER CLARK'S CREAMY CUSTARD IN SO MANY WAYS!

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Three new tips on making extra storage

● **Every housewife dreams of having plenty of storage space in the house. Here we show you how to use odd corners to fit shelves and cupboards that will provide maximum storage for small items of everyday use.**

***THIS SHOE CABINET** is a good idea to copy if cupboard space is limited in your home. Have two sets of double doors so the out-of-season footwear can be stored in the bottom half of the cupboard and kept free from dust, and the shoes that are in use can be kept in the top section. Simple rods are adjusted inside to hold the shoes in place.*

***STORING HANDBAGS** is always a difficult job. Whether they are large and bulky or fragile and easily crushed out of shape, they take up such a lot of space in a wardrobe. The problem can be solved with this trick—stand the bags in a plate-rack on a shelf in your cupboard. The rack can be tilted at an angle to fit in as many bags as possible while still giving each plenty of room.*

***VALUABLE SPACE** at the back of the kitchen cupboard that usually goes to waste can be used for storing that awkward and bulky item, the rolling-pin. Use clamps (strong cup-hooks would do the trick just as well) to hold the pin firmly in place. It will fit neatly above the mixing-bowls as shown in the illustration above, and will be on hand whenever it is needed.*

Gleaming, more manageable hair with only one lather

How do you wash your hair? If you are using two lathers, you are almost certainly *over*washing it — washing away the vital natural oils that keep hair bright and manageable, "But I need two lathers to get it clean," you will answer, and that was true — before Sunsilk.

This revolutionary new shampoo is so rich, so thorough that it washes your hair shining clean with just *one* gentle lather. You do not need a second lather with Sunsilk.

Your one rich Sunsilk lather does all the work of two . . . polishing every single strand . . . washing thoroughly but so gently that your hair is smooth and gleaming, easy to manage the moment it's dry.

PEARS
Sunsilk
SHAMPOO

Bubble 1/3; big money-saving bottle 5/6; smaller bottle 3/9

SK.B.WW144g

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Better buy clothes with snappy, reliable

Grippers

the bother-free, laundry-proof, fabric-flat fasteners that hold fast, stay snug — and outlast the life of the garment.

Elos RAINCOATS

Snappy Panties PILCHERS

EXACTO TODDLERS' JAMAS

LOOK FOR THESE BRANDS on modern garments which close with "Grippers," not bothersome buttons.

"Grippers" are manufactured by CARR FASTENER COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA LIMITED, specialists in the manufacture of fasteners and fittings for all trades, including the well-known "Dot" line of fasteners.

G.82.3

KEEPS FLOORS, LINOS BRIGHT & NEW

The Dirt comes off . . . as the polish goes on

★ Quick, easy and economical to use —FISHER'S new Liquid Wax cleans as it polishes.

★ Keeps floors like new because it's transparent.

★ Gives a clear hard wearing finish and will not darken or dull the colours of linos and floors.

LARGE ECONOMY BOTTLE (16 oz.) 4/3

Slightly higher in Country Districts

F88/12

Buy it today from your Grocer

DECORATIVE quality of the finished traycloth is emphasized in the above picture. The small pattern and fine edging combine splendidly.

Easy-to-crochet cloth for tea-time glamor

● A number of small motifs are joined together to form the pattern of this attractive crochet traycloth.

DETAILED instructions for making this cloth are given below.

Materials: 2 balls selected color Coats' Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 20; Milward's steel crochet hook No. 3. (Slack workers could use a No. 3½ hook and tight workers a No. 2½.)

Measurements: Motif—2in. square; traycloth — 13in. by 17in.

DIRECTIONS

First Motif: Commence with 6 ch.

1st Row: Into 6th ch. from hook work (1 tr., 2 ch.) 5 times, 1 sl-st. into 4th of 6 ch.

2nd Row: 3 ch. (5 tr. into next sp., 1 tr. into next tr.) 5 times, 5 tr. into next sp., 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 3 ch. (36 tr., counting 3 ch. as 1 tr.).

3rd Row: 4 ch. into same place as last sl-st., work 2 dbl-tr. 3 ch., and 3 dbl-tr., * miss 3 tr., 1 tr. into next tr., 5 ch., 1 tr. into next tr., miss 3 tr., 3 dbl-tr. 3 ch., and 3 dbl-tr. into next tr.; rep. from * ending with miss 3 tr., 1 tr. into next tr., 5 ch., 1 tr. into next tr., 1 sl-st. into 4th of 4 ch.

4th Row: 1 sl-st. into each of next 2 dbl-tr., 1 sl-st. into sp., 4 ch., into same sp. work 2 dbl-tr. 5 ch., and 3 dbl-tr., * 7 ch., 1 d.c. into next 5 ch. sp., 7 ch., 3 dbl-tr. 5 ch., and 3 dbl-tr. into next 3 ch. sp.; rep. from *, ending with 7 ch., 1 d.c. into next 5 ch. sp., 7 ch., 1 sl-st. into 4th of 4 ch. Fasten off.

Second Motif: Work same as first motif until 3rd row is completed.

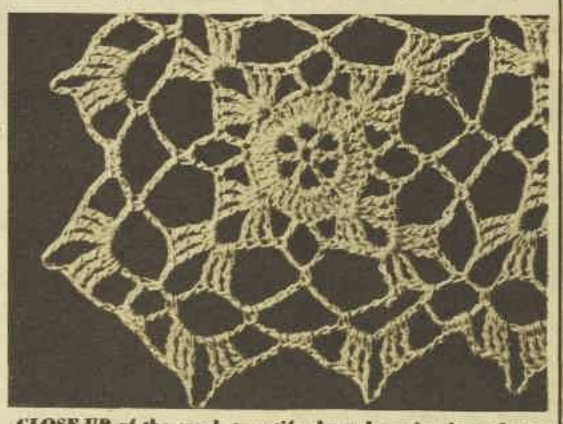
4th Row: 1 sl-st. into each of next 2 dbl-tr., 1 sl-st. into sp., 4 ch., 2 dbl-tr. into same sp., 2 ch., 1 sl-st. into corner sp. on first motif, 2 ch., 3 dbl-tr. into same sp. on second motif, 3 ch., 1 sl-st. into 7 ch. loop on first motif, 3 ch., 1 d.c. into 5 ch. sp. on second motif, 3 ch., 1 sl-st. into next 7 ch. loop on first motif, 3 ch., 3 dbl-tr into next 3 ch. sp. on second motif, 2 ch., 1 sl-st. into next corner sp. on first motif, 2 ch., 3 dbl.-tr. into same sp. on second motif, and complete as for first motif (no more joinings). Make 6 rows of 8 motifs, joining each as second was joined to first (where 4 corners meet, join 3rd and 4th corners to joining of other corners).

EDGING

1st Row: Attach thread to a corner sp., 1 d.c. into same place as join, * 7 ch., 1 d.c. into next 7 ch. loop, 7 ch., 1 d.c. into next 7 ch. loop, 7 ch., 1 d.c. into next corner loop, 7 ch., 1 d.c. into corner loop on next motif; rep. from * to next corner, 7 ch., 1 d.c. into same place at last d.c.; rep. from first * all round, omitting 1 d.c. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into first d.c.

2nd Row: 1 sl-st. into first loop, 4 ch., 2 dbl-tr. 4 ch., and 3 dbl-tr. into same loop, * 3 ch., 3 d.c. into next loop, 3 ch., 3 dbl-tr. 4 ch., and 3 dbl-tr. into next loop; rep. from * all round, ending with 3 ch., 3 d.c. into last loop, 3 ch., 1 sl-st. into 4th of 4 ch. Fasten off.

Damp and press.



CLOSE-UP of the crochet motifs shows how simply each one is made. This is not a difficult pattern to follow. It could be used for small mats or table-runners just as easily.

"SELF-HELP" CLOTHING

By SISTER MARY JACOB, our Mothercraft Nurse

AT an early age children are eager to be independent. Parents often overlook the fact that allowing children to dress themselves helps them to learn self-reliance.

Everything a child wears can be made to play a part in developing these qualities, if the "self-help" garments are carefully planned and if parents realise what the child will have to learn before he can manage without help.

To encourage self-help, all closings of garments must be simple and have easy fastenings conveniently placed.

Centre-front closings are always preferable to shoulder or back closings. Medium-sized buttons, instead of small size, with buttonholes or loops, are easier to manage.

Zip-fastenings are probably the easiest of all for small children.

Mothers will have to be patient when the children first try self-help, but gradually they will acquire skill and speed.

THE FIRST THING A MAN NOTICES — THE LAST THING HE FORGETS

Gently the fragrance of this famous perfume steals upon the air surrounding you in mystery . . . enchantment . . .

L'AIMANT PERFUME BY COTY

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Continuing . . . . The Eye Of Love

from page 66

less repugnant to him than Gleneagles — or Gleaneagles more repugnant than Bournemouth, or Bournemouth than the Riviera again. The fact was that he couldn't bring himself to contemplate, he was mentally unable to contemplate, any moment of time beyond the actual wedding-ceremony. A mental shutter slammed down at the holy portal. He could visualise himself, (sometimes in nightmare detail, as when his sock-suspenders came undone), up to that very last moment, but no further.

He saw himself going in, that is, but not coming out. Sometimes he wondered whether this meant he was going to drop dead on the pavement. The notion was so far from distressing him that he examined the life-line in his palm for confirmation—hoping to see it cut short at fifty. But no, it ploughed on deep and straight as a furrow to what looked like seventy-five at least . . .

Evidently someone was going to come out on his feet: Miranda's husband. As soon as Harry Gibson recognised this, the shutter slammed down.

He was thus not only indifferent to what lay beyond, he couldn't even contemplate it; and by no possible means could be brought to side with either Miranda or Mr. Joyce. His neutrality was all Miranda needed. She sent for an enormous number of brochures, one from every expensive hotel between Monte Carlo and the Pyrenees, and told all her friends Harry was carrying her south to the sun.

. . . . . .

"Anything the matter with your hand, boy?" asked Mr. Joyce.

Harry had been looking at his palm again. It was becoming a habit. He shook his head.

"A splinter, I took it out . . ."

"My mother could read the hand," remarked Mr. Joyce unexpectedly. "We used to tell her, when we were teasing her, she could go to tell fortunes like an old gipsy-woman, have her palm crossed with silver. How angry she got!" chuckled Mr. Joyce—inviting Harry to join in; he often tried to amuse Harry with such humorous little anecdotes. "'A journey across the ocean!'" mimicked Mr. Joyce, pretending to be an old gipsy-woman. "'Beware a tall, handsome stranger!'"

——Instantly, appallingly, a terrible thing happened. The study dissolved, Mr. Joyce vanished, Harry Gibson was back with Dolores on Epsom Downs. More agonisingly still, the vision doubled: the sitting-room in Alcock Road superimposed itself upon, mingled with the gipsy booth; at one and the same moment Mr. Gibson saw Dolores laughing in the sun and felt her sobbing against his shoulder: "When you were there!" he heard her cry. "My Big Harry, My King Hal!"

He shut his eyes; but the vision under his lids was clearer than before. He could see every detail of the little tent, the worn red-and-white canvas and straining guy-ropes, also every detail of the sitting-room from the ermines in the cabinet to the gilt-and-bronze lady. Only the two Dolores merged into one, she who laughed and she who wept; and again with the greatest precision he saw the separate streaks of hair divided by her comb, the slight down on her upper lip, the knotted fringe of her Spanish shawl.

"My Spanish Rose!" cried Mr. Gibson's heart. "I am still your King Hal!" With all his will he tried to project the message to Paddington; with all his being, even more ridiculously, harked for some message in return. —All that reached his ears, naturally, was the voice of Mr. Joyce.

To his astonishment, it was no more than kind.

"Harry, boy, you work too hard," said Mr. Joyce. "Just now a minute, you turned quite white. Perhaps the Riviera will do you good after all, in the south, in the sun. Unless it snows there," added Mr. Joyce, still wistful.

. . . . . .

Mr. Phillips was no impatient lover. A month, two or three months more might have elapsed before he declared himself, but for an exterior circumstance. It began to be bruited about the office that a position slightly more responsible than his own, at a slightly increased salary, would soon fall vacant in the Midlands; and he was aware that he stood a good chance of being offered it. He would still be better off, however, commanding a house and two lodgers in Alcock Road. —Actually Mr. Phillips rather regretted this, he didn't much like London any more than he liked Miss Diver; but financial considerations, as always with so prudent a man, prevailed.

"Well, wish me luck."

His answer was ready, and it was a refusal. On second thoughts, it struck him as the part of wisdom to be equally ready, if needful, with an acceptance. He didn't think it would be needful, the last thing he expected was a refusal from Miss Diver; the habit of prudence still led him to register, (so to speak), his holding in Alcock Road before dropping out of the running for Brum.

The tender interview took place in Miss Diver's sitting-room.

By this time Mr. Phillips was quite at home there. (He had already, for example, a fair notion what everything would fetch, when it was cleared out and made to look respectable.) He didn't take any special pains with his appearance, he always washed before supper and had cleaned his nails with a bus-ticket on the way home. He relied on his natural advantages.

Dolores, on the other hand, as always now that Mr. Phillips regularly took tea with her, was in evening beauty—hair assiduously arranged, make-up immaculate; for she felt she owed it to King Hal's rose to appear thus distinguished in a lodger's eye. In point of fact, Mr. Phillips preferred her looking as he'd once seen her beside the dustbin. Dolores had been wrong in thinking her appearance then unremarked: Mr. Phillips had remarked it in details, from the smears on her apron to the smudges on her cheek, and far from being put off was heartened.

Most women, in Mr. Phillips' experience, looked like that first thing, and he was far more at ease with the dishevelled than with the lah-di-dah. Dolores' impulse to hide herself was still correct; it was the memory of her dishevelment by the dustbin that made her approachable to him now.

"Another cup, Mr. Phillips?" offered Dolores.

"Thank you, as it comes," replied Mr. Phillips; and added, "I don't know whether it's struck you, as it has me, that we get along very nicely."

It has been said that every woman, for however fleeting a moment, considers every man she encounters in the light of a possible husband. This wasn't true of Dolores and Mr. Phillips. Even during the last period of something approaching intimacy, her emotions were too fully preoccupied with the past. But now in a single flash of intuition she made up for lost time, and knew at once that Mr. Phillips was about to propose. She was startled, but positive. Naturally she didn't show it.

"In fact, in many ways," proceeded Mr. Phillips methodically, "we suit. Neither of us, for instance, is as young as we once were. I may say I am forty-seven."

He paused a moment.

"I don't suppose you'll ever see—well, thirty—again?"

Dolores shook her head. She was unaware that Mr. Phillips had offered a compliment. Indeed, she was altogether unaware; her emotions included surprise, a slight uneasiness, a slight expectancy; but no gratification.

The notion that Mr. Phillips was conferring any sort of favor, had it entered her head, would have struck Miss Diver as simply fantastic. She hadn't yet uttered a word; but her silence didn't appear to embarrass him; he expected at this stage, it appeared, only attention.

"My position in the Insurance world may not be showy," continued Mr. Phillips, "but it's safe; and I qualify regularly for a bonus. As to my general character and habits, you know all about them. You can take my word for it I've no encumbrances, but ask any questions you like. I," said Mr. Phillips pointedly, "shall not."

At last Dolores stirred. The deliberate flow of his speech, (as from an agenda), had almost mesmerised her, but those last words pricked.

"I don't think either of us need ask any questions, Mr. Phillips!" she said sharply.

"As I say, I don't," agreed Mr. Phillips, "though some men would."

"Because I don't care to continue this conversation, Mr. Phillips!"

He regarded her with slight impatience—only slight.

"That's daft," he pointed out. "I can see you're a bit overcome. It's only natural. But I may as well finish now I'm started.—For instance," continued Mr. Phillips, before Dolores could speak again, "naturally you wouldn't want to leave this house of yours. Well, neither should I. With another lodger or two we could be very snug. Which brings me to another point. Martha. I don't say she isn't your niece ——"

"Stop," ordered Dolores.

She had been sitting motionless so long, she was too stiff to spring to her feet; but she rose not without dignity, and to Mr. Phillips' surprise in anger. What had he said to offend her? To make her stalk to the door like a tragedy-queen? Mr. Phillips hastily checked over his proposals—and saw at least an omission.

"Here, wait a bit!" cried Mr. Phillips. "I'm ready to marry you!"

Miss Diver paused. However ill-put, however undesired, a proposal in form is something no woman can entirely ignore. Even a refusal must be put into words—however cold.

"Then you had better forget the idea, Mr. Phillips," said Dolores coldly.

"Perhaps I started off on the

To page 71

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The modern way to lose weight and gain energy.
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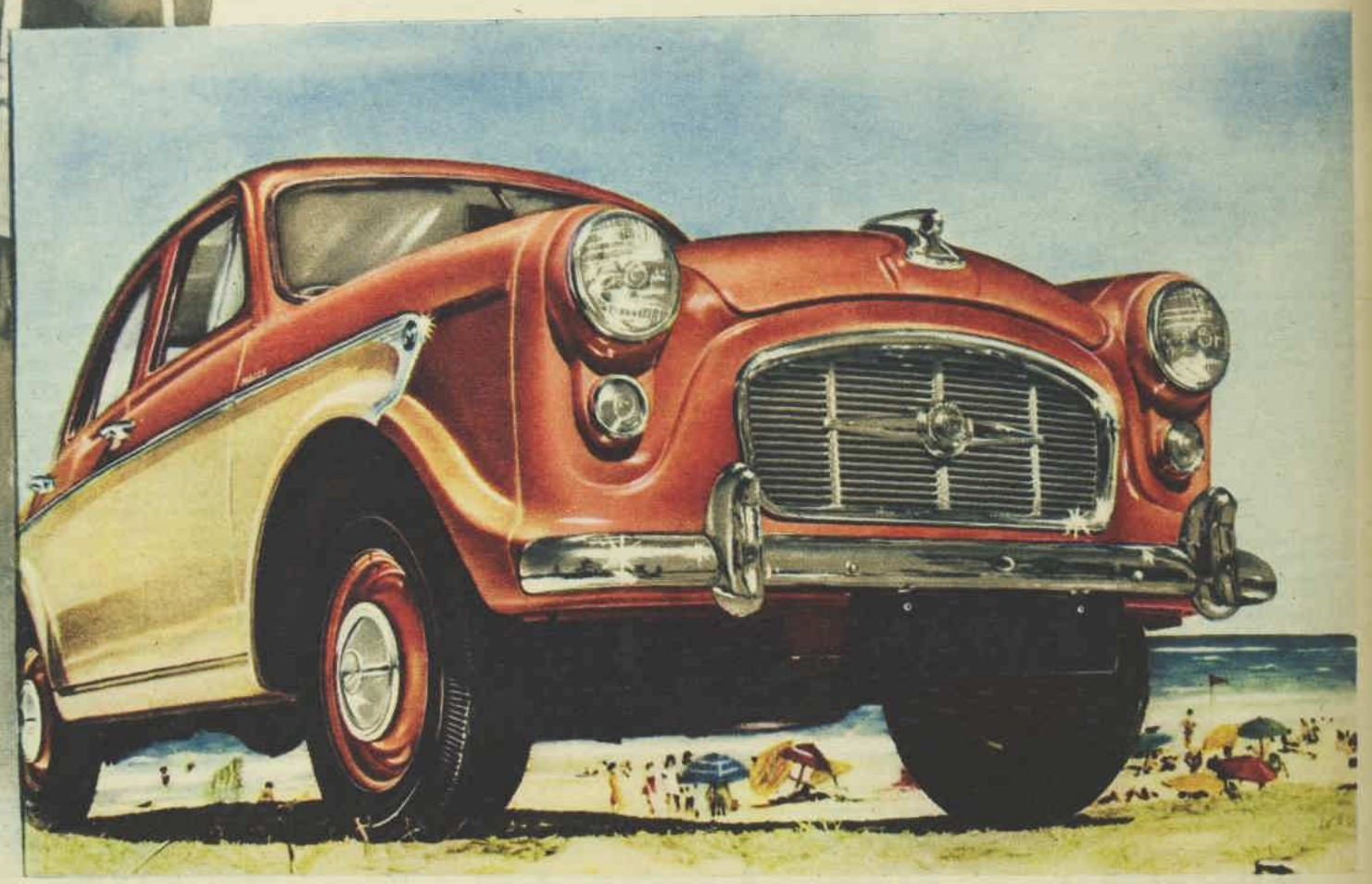
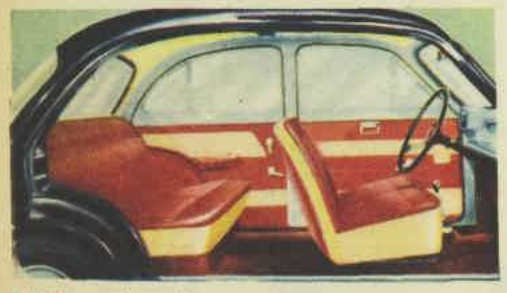
and now a lusty big brother for the famous **MINOR**



It's the biggest motoring event ever! The 'Minor,' the world's best-loved, most-driven light car gets a Big Brother. And what a Big Brother! When you get behind the wheel of the spectacular new Morris 'Major' you're holding motoring history in your hands! Here's the one car in the world the world has been waiting for—a triumphant new concept in Power and Pace from the most successful car stable ever. What do you want in a car, power? The Morris 'Major' has power to burn. It has the most forceful power-weight ratio in its class. It has the best-muscled motor that ever flattened a hill. Here's all the dynamism of our satellite age, surging triumphantly at the touch of your foot. What do you want in a car, economy? The new Morris 'Major' delivers more power at less cost than any new car on the road. What do you want in a car, comfort? The new Morris 'Major' is loaded with luxury, it's comfort-planned from bonnet to boot. The spectacular new Morris 'Major' is on show at every Authorised Nuffield Distributor and Dealer—make a Morris Showroom a definite point of call.



MAJOR comfort. Here's comfort to reward the most discriminating . . . styling that subtly suggests all the progress of our space age. You relax in luxury soft and soothing as a fireside on a winter's night — there's deep-cushioned seating . . . thick carpeting . . . rich tonal colours that blend in a harmony of elegance. You'll find the 'Major's' luxury enchanting you as the miles slip swiftly and surely by!

MAJOR driving ease. Many outstanding features, including this short-lever, super-positive gearshift, make the 'Major' a joy to drive—as simple as ABC! Yet here too, are all the thrills the keen driver could want—for this is a car packed with new experiences, splendidly powered, superbly appointed, yet economical to the core. It will take you places swiftly and surely—it will take you places in luxury and style.

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You know someone who uses Tampax internal sanitary protection—*of course you do!*

Ask her about it. Ask her all the questions you can think of. Ask her everything that's been puzzling you, keeping you back from using the really *modern* form of protection.

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THE BEST COOKS

FAULDING essences

Continuing . . . . The Eye Of Love

from page 69

wrong foot," admitted Mr. Phillips, "cutting out the frills. I took you for a reasonable woman."

"I am a reasonable woman, Mr. Phillips."

"Then think it over," urged Mr. Phillips, "and you'll see you'd be far better off with a man like me to look after you."

At last, at the eleventh hour, he had said something that touched her.

To be looked after again! It was the one thing above all others Dolores now yearned for. Half the continuing power of Mr. Gibson's image over her mind and heart derived from its aura of protectiveness: all the tarnished cliches—a strong arm against the world, a sheltering wing, a safe harbor from the storm—were minted anew each time she thought of her King Hal. Life without his love was hard enough; but also he not only paid the gas-bills, he remembered to pay them. Continually, in the running of the little house, Dolores stumbled on some such familiar-unfamiliar problem: the ordering of coal, for instance—when, and who from? Mr. Gibson always had it sent. It had pleased him to keep an eye on such trifles as electric-light bulbs; Dolores watched them gradually dim, and was taken by surprise when they failed. (The one in the bowl of glass fruits was dead already.)

She was inefficient to begin with, and Mr. Gibson had encouraged his little woman's helplessness; now even when she felt most like a Spanish rose, Dolores' thoughts frequently turned not to Mr. Gibson's person, but to the masterly way he renewed washers . . .

"I'd see to everything," said Mr. Phillips, watching her face. "I'd count it a privilege."

"You didn't sound as though you'd count it a privilege!" retorted Dolores.

"That's because I don't know how to express myself. I don't know how," said Mr. Phillips humbly, "to talk lovey-dovey. You have to take it as read. But I'd look after you all right."

How badly Dolores needed someone to look after her! She couldn't help softening a little. Though she still shook her head, and still withdrew (leaving Mr. Phillips for the first time in possession of the sitting-room), she bade him good-night less unkindly than might have been expected.

. . . . . .

At the office, the Birmingham appointment seemed to be hanging fire. All October passed, the calendars were turned to November, and still neither Mr. Phillips nor anyone else was summoned for promotion. Mr. Phillips at least was perfectly indifferent.

In Knightsbridge, November was pleasureably marked by the arrival of the first wedding gifts.

"I wonder who does old Demetrios know in the Burlington Arcade?" mused Mr. Joyce.

The object of his contemplation was a splendid bronze-and-ivory statuette, the bronze here and there gilded, representing possibly Joan of Arc. As each tribute arrived Miranda unpacked it for display in the newly papered sitting-room, and already the exhibition was creditable, since the Grandjeans had sent a whole dinner - service. (Miranda set out all sixty-seven pieces, and Aunt Bee had to dust them every day. "When more come, we can stack up a little," said Miranda.)

The staff at Joyce's had clubbed to buy fish-knives, and Miss Harris and Miss Molyneux to offer a mah-jong set: these gifts perhaps sent early to make sure of invitations to the wedding. So far Mr. Joyce put his money on the Joan of Arc—or could she be a Valkyrie?—but he couldn't induce Harry to share his enthusiasm.

"Even knowing the shop, it must have cost a packet," persuaded Mr. Joyce.

But Harry Gibson, after one glance, wouldn't so much as look again. It became difficult to get him into the sitting-room at all, and after he had dropped a sauce-boat — by a mercy without breaking it, for as Miranda pointed out, the Grandjeans would have noticed at once—after this near accident a daily inspection wasn't insisted on.

"Won't he see 'em all every day of his life?" Mr. Joyce reminded his daughter—as usual taking Harry's part. "Why should he want to stare now, like in a shop-window?" "But things are coming in new all the time, Dadda!" protested Miranda. "A lovely set of wine-glasses—" "Better keep him away from them," advised Mr. Joyce. "Three of mine he's smashed already . . ."

> **When you get into a tight place and everything goes against you, till it seems as though you could not hold on a minute longer, never give up then, for that is just the place and time that the tide will turn.**
>
> *—Harriet Beecher Stowe*

Madame Grandjean's sauce-boat was lucky. Thrice within one week, as he peaceably drank port with Mr. Joyce in the study, Harry's fingers had gripped so abruptly on a fragile stem as to snap it clean in two. Undoubtedly his nerves were in bad shape: Mr. Joyce was sometimes quite anxious about him, and though he'd meant to keep his own gift to Harry a surprise, divulged it to cheer him up.

"You know what I'm buying you, Harry boy? A bag of golf-clubs! So you will get out more in the open air!—And one for me, too, of course," added Mr. Joyce.

"NASTY weather," remarked Mr. Punshon. "Nasty month, November. 'Turn out in all sorts, don't you?"

The observation was justified. For the third morning in succession Martha had come plodding through the rain to stuff herself in between the end of his work-bench and the shutter hung with boot-laces; and she was so damp about the shoulders, where her mackintosh leaked, that her jacket as it dried off made her smell like a wet dog.—Combined with the reek of Mr. Punshon's tobacco, and the wholesome aroma of leather, and a whiff of fish-and-chips, this made, in the narrow shop, for a very special atmosphere.

"In fact, you don't seem to spend much time at home," added Mr. Punshon thoughtfully, "these days."

Martha looked up from her drawing and as usual took a few moments to recover general awareness. The effort of concentration, besides raising her temperature, always put her in a slight trance; Mr. Punshon's words penetrated slowly; but when they had, they commanded her full, and uneasy, attention.

"Do you mind me here?" asked Martha uneasily.

Mr. Punshon hesitated. He was a man who liked his own company, Martha all day and every day was more than he'd bargained for; but her troubled stare, so uncharacteristic in a young Pachyderm, disarmed him.

"Not now you've laid off glaring at the customers I don't," said Mr. Punshon. "I just passed an idle remark."

Martha took a good look at him, as though he was something to draw, and decided he could be believed. It was important, because the freedom of his shop, and not on Saturday afternoons alone, had become very necessary to her. Mr. Punshon was correct; she was spending as little time at home as possible, to keep out of Dolores' way.

During the past weeks their relation had sadly deteriorated into one of mutual and permanent irritation.

The cause of Martha's irritation was simple: she wanted to get on with her work. Frustration on this point was indeed all that ever irritated her—no child more placid than Martha, even in the lean post-Gibson pre-Phillips days, drawing kippers and then consuming them. All she needed to re-tranquillise her now was the use of the kitchen table.

But for some reason the mere sight of her seemed to vex Dolores, no sooner had Martha got her elbows squared and her nose down than Dolores sent her off to take a walk, or run some errand, or to perform unnecessary dusting in the dining-room. More illogically still, when Martha tried to use the dining-room, Miss Diver sharply forbade it on the grounds that she'd make a mess. "Then there'd be something for me to dust," pointed out Martha; but was merely scolded afresh for arguing.

The cause of Miss Diver's irritation was more complex. It was also pathetic. The child Martha, who had guessed that Mr. Phillips wanted to be rid of her, never guessed how the same thought troubled Dolores, nor what dilemma it presented to the woman. Dolores was well aware that Mr. Phillips' offer of marriage held a proviso. He wouldn't take on any encumbrances . . .

"Martha does a lot for me in the house," said Dolores.

"A char once a week would do more," said Mr. Phillips, "and these days they're two a penny."

"When Martha came, she was just a little tot," recalled Miss Diver. "I'm sometimes quite surprised to find her so big and useful . . ."

Why did she bother to say such things at all, when she didn't mean to accept him?—She didn't mean to, but at the back of her mind, never taken out and looked at in the light of day, was the fear that she might be driven to it. Her hundred pounds in the Post Office was somehow dwindled to thirty, the lease of the little house had only a month or so more to run, after that she would have to pay rent: moreover a phrase let fall by Mr. Phillips had thoroughly frightened her.

"I'm not hurrying you," said Mr. Phillips, "but considering the state of my feelings, it's do I go or do I stay?" Dolores trembled—for where would she find such a Regular again? It had been a fluke getting Mr. Phillips in the first place; the prospect of another such search appalled her. This

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racing against the clock

often causes painful

INDIGESTION

Usually indigestion is caused by excess stomach acidity. For relief, you must neutralize this acidity. The scientifically balanced DeWitt's Antacid Powder formula quickly does this, and ensures prolonged relief by spreading a soothing protective coating over the troubled stomach lining. A teaspoonful in half a glass of water is all that's necessary. Get fast relief—get DeWitt's Antacid Powder from your chemist or storekeeper today.

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(The original of this letter can be seen at our Melbourne office).

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Continuing . . . . The Eye Of Love

from page 71

thought, too, Dolores kept as much as possible in the twilight; but it was undoubtedly influencing her subconscious mind.

As was also the thought of being looked after again.

Already, now that fires were started, Mr. Phillips besides emptying the garbage carried in the coal for her. He also made her a present of a sieve to riddle the cinders, an economy Dolores had never before practised, refusing to deduct the price from his weekly bill. "It's a present," insisted Mr. Phillips, "from me to you." "How kind!" said Dolores, sincerely . . .

IT was to turn his kindness back to Martha again, so that he should cease to think of her as an encumbrance, that she strove to say something nice about the child. (To blunt the horns of a dilemma not yet consciously accepted.) The attempt was all the more creditable in that Dolores was angry with Martha herself, she felt Martha well deserved to lose Mr. Phillips' liking in the first place; the child was as sulky with him as possible. (Why could Martha never twine herself about a heart?) Yet Dolores remained loyal—as though she'd learnt loyalty from Mr. Gibson. Her own

"I wonder who called while we were out."

single, brief impulse to turn Martha out was long forgotten. In her loneliness, what she remembered was that they were each other's only kin.

Unfortunately, the strain of all these conflicting emotions made Miss Diver more irritated by Martha than ever. The very sight of Martha irritated her. So Martha was harried out of the house.

Sundays were the worst, because on Sundays Mr. Punshon didn't open. Martha kept as much as possible out of doors, but even this had its dangers. For instance, the very Sunday after Mr. Punshon passed his remark, on one seat in a bus sat the kind Librarian and his fiancee, and on the seat behind sat Martha—all bound for the National Gallery.

Martha didn't want to go, and Miss Hallows, (the fiancee), didn't particularly want to take her; both were the victims of altruism. "Darling, there's the little girl I told you about!" exclaimed Mr. Agnew—spying Martha as she loitered after dinner along the Bayswater Road. He and Miss Hallows had been bound for Hyde Park; it wasn't a specially clement day, however, and the National Gallery, (a deux), would have suited Miss Hallows just as well; she simply didn't want a third.

She didn't either much take to Martha's looks, which was strange, since she was in general devoted to little girls.

But when one is engaged to the kindest man in the world, some things have to be put up with, and to her fiance's altruistic change of plan Miss Hallows did not demur.

Martha demurred as long as she could, but she had unfortunately cut the ground from beneath her feet by muttering first, (as the Librarian's hand descended on her shoulder), that she was going for a walk; it was no use pretending afterwards that she was expected at home. "You can be back for tea," said Mr. Agnew resolutely. "By jove, it's a chance not to be missed. — Shy," he explained, (in a lower voice, but no less resolutely), to Miss Hallows. "Shy as a bird!"

Like a bird of the fiercer species Martha made herself awkward in his grasp; but his hand was heavy; moreover they happened to be standing by a bus-stop; and the appropriate vehicle just then halting, the Librarian hoisted her on and hauled Miss Hallows after.

Twenty minutes later Martha had the wonderful experience of encountering for the first time several hundred treasures of international art.

They bored her.

There were too many of them, and they were too big, and a lot couldn't be made head or tail of because they were too black. Martha was bored instantly.

She didn't behave as badly as she'd done at the cinema, with Dolores and Mr. Phillips, though the circumstances were in many ways similar. She didn't actually hate the kind Librarian, and at least hadn't to sit still. But she was too bored to behave well. Boredom descended on her like a physical encumbrance, like something heavy and unwieldy she had to carry—as it might be a pile of wet blankets; and she inevitably dragged her feet.

Glumly Martha plodded on behind her benefactors, pausing as they paused, from masterpiece to masterpiece. Miss Hallows was too kind, and too much in love, to show any resentment of this hang-dog at their heels; she wisely took the line of ignoring Martha altogether; but Mr. Agnew, more committed, attempted many a kind device to stir appreciation.

He showed Martha how to stand back at the proper distance, or to one side if the masterpiece was glazed, also which were the best bits to look at, with admirable persistence; alas, with no result save on his own part an increasing fatigue. He didn't drag his feet like Martha, but his step became less and less buoyant.

"Darling, let's sit down," suggested Miss Hallows urgently. Her beloved could as a rule go through Religious Art like a knife through cheese; she was concerned.

"In a moment. —I've an idea," cried Mr. Agnew, pulling himself together. He hurried them on to the Venetians. "Doesn't that say anything to you?" he prompted—before an easy Canaletto.

Martha shook her head. She was by this time not only bored, but exhausted.

"But isn't it our own River Thames?"

"It doesn't look like it," said Martha gloomily.

"Not now, of course; two hundred years ago. But can't you imagine it?"

"No," said Martha.

Miss Hallows, watching her fiance's face, perceived a flicker of despair. She was very sorry for his disappointment, but she really felt despair long overdue.

"Darling," said Miss Hallows firmly—and she was obviously going to make an excellent wife—"just give her her bus fare, and let her go home."

. . . . .

Martha always looked back on this episode with a feeling of discomfort like indigestion. There had been only one picture she cared for at all, and that not one she was specially directed to: of a half-undressed woman between two men with all their clothes on. The woman had her arms out, one man was set higher than the other, and it all went into the shape of a pair of kitchen-scales.

This painful experience of Martha's took place on the Sunday before a Monday on which Miranda revisited, for the first time in months, Harry Gibson's office.

. . . . .

Miranda was now too busy with wedding-preparations to come so often even to the Kensington showroom, where she had made such friends; as of course Miss Molyneux and Miss Harris quite understood. ("Who we'd really enjoy seeing more of," remarked the latter, rather tactlessly, "is Mr. Joyce . . ." The liking was reciprocated. Mr. Joyce had formed a high opinion of La Harris, as for some reason he always referred to her, and often wished he had her at Bond Street.) Naturally Miranda didn't stay away altogether, but when she appeared one Monday about the middle of November—to the delight of the showroom, her parent with her—it was her first visit for a week.

It was her first appearance upstairs, in Harry's office, for several months, as she took the opportunity to remind him by peeping with pretty trepidation round the door.

"May I?" coaxed Miranda. "Dadda's been giving me lunch. I haven't come to distract you, Harry!"

In fact, Harry didn't mind her presence at all—or no more than he ever minded it—with Mr. Joyce to chaperon them. The roguish look in her eye merely offended without alarming him. For the old man himself his welcome was genuine, and he ceded the chair behind the desk with good grace.

"All I want," said Mr. Joyce, "is a look at the ledgers '29 to '31."

Harry Gibson, in the act of placing a second chair for Miranda, froze.

It was well for him that the ledgers had been seen already, by the Joyce accountants, so that his look couldn't be misinterpreted. He in fact made the point almost immediately.

"So I know they have," agreed Mr. Joyce. "Now I just

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Continuing . . . .

The Eye Of Love

from page 73

want a look myself. Where d'you keep 'em, son? In the safe?"

All the old Gibson ledgers were in the safe. Harry Gibson kept them there from habit. They were of no importance. There was nothing in the safe of importance, except a Spanish comb.

Harry had taken it out only that morning, just to hold in his hands a few moments; now as he fiddled clumsily with the lock, (for he had no option, he couldn't refuse to open up), he tried desperately to remember where he'd put it back. On the bottom shelf, he thought, and behind, not in front of, the cash-box; he was almost certain he remembered a deep, thrusting motion of his hand—the gesture of one burying a treasure. And he was right. As the door swung open only a corner of the handkerchief - swaddling was visible, and might have been a scrap of crumbled paper.

Harry pulled out the ledgers from the shelf above and with a springing step carried them to the desk.

"Will you take them or look at them here?" he asked cheerfully.

"Here," said Mr. Joyce. "I haven't come to rob you, son."

"Did I think you had?" protested Harry Gibson — quite hurt.

"Just now, you looked as though you had a pistol at your head," said Mr. Joyce. "And why not? No businessman likes to open up his safe, even to a partner."

It was spoken with much kindness, particularly in the use of the word partner; even at that moment Harry Gibson felt the force of the old man's sympathy. As he sat down, glad of the opportunity to steady himself, he managed an appreciative smile.—Indeed, he felt all right again almost immediately, all he needed was to turn his mind from the danger so narrowly escaped; the time to thank his stars would come later, when he was alone . . .

"Guess what I had for lunch!" began Miranda provocatively. "Vol-au-vent of chicken and peach melba! Wasn't I dreadfully un-British!"

"Miranda, be quiet," said Mr. Joyce.

He began to go steadily through the books. Harry Gibson would have liked to ask what he was looking for. But for the presence of Miranda, he would have.

She was actually behaving very well. Mr. Gibson noted with pleasure her Dadda's restraining influence. She held her tongue, she didn't attempt to sit on his, Mr. Gibson's, knee, and her oglings he could avoid. She fidgeted no more than any woman might fidget — poked into a letter file, disarranged the stationery, exclaimed that there was no red ink in the red inkwell. "For bad debts, Harry no longer needs it," murmured Mr. Joyce, still looking for whatever it was he sought. "Sit still, Miranda, or else go home!"

In the grateful hush that followed, broken only by the regular turning of a page, Harry Gibson sat relaxed. It didn't hurt him to see old Joyce going through the Gibson books; it even struck him to wish his own parent had been through them more often and as thoroughly, to trace the disastrous results of auction-room quixotry. "It was the pater Joyce's should have taught business to!" thought Harry Gibson—and involuntarily, wryly, grinned, as he recalled the fanatic light in the pater's eye, the St. Vitus jerk of the pater's catalogue, as any detritus of the Romanoffs came up for sale. The pater had been unteachable . . .

Miranda sat still for at least five minutes. At least five minutes passed before she began to poke about again. The safe still stood open, to put the books back.—Harry Gibson hadn't time, as Miranda suddenly pounced, to slam its door on her fingers.

"Oh, look what I've found!" cried Miranda Joyce.

The handkerchief fluttered away as she jumped up, holding the comb aloft in pretty glee. In a last ray of winter sunshine the carved butterfly-spread of tortoiseshell quivered as though with its own life, it looked like a great brown butterfly caught in her hand.

"Put that down!" shouted Harry Gibson.

"Oh, Harry, but why?" cried Miranda. "Isn't it for me?"

"Put it back!" shouted Harry Gibson.

"I know. It was to be a surprise!" cried Miranda.

"All right, so it was to be a surprise!" shouted Harry recklessly. "Put it back!"

She danced girlishly away from him, still holding the comb tantalisingly above her head. Mr. Gibson could have taken it from her by force, but the scene was already violent enough; he was also instinctively aware that some such physical violence was what Miranda wanted to provoke. Even under the eye of her father, thought Harry Gibson with horror, she was ready to jump into a semi-amorous struggle.—Luckily Mr. Joyce, a man with remarkable powers of concentration, had now found whatever it was he looked for.

"Thank you, Harry boy," said Mr. Joyce. "Miranda, what are you needling him about?"

His daughter at once looked penitent. The mild yet authoritative intervention produced such a drop in the emotional temperature, it was the best thing she could do. She nonetheless sketched a motion of slipping from Harry's grasp, as she darted to drop the comb under her father's nose. It happened to fall upon the still-open ledger. Harry Gibson wasn't a man much given to symbolism, but he saw the two halves of his life meet . . .

"Harry had a surprise for me, and I found it, and now he doesn't want me to see," pouted Miranda.

Mr. Joyce picked up the comb and looked at it. In his knowledgeable palm it weighed like a feather—but he examined it with increasing respect.

"Old," pronounced Mr. Joyce. "Fine workmanship. I'd say this was a very old piece indeed. Where did you get it, son?"

Harry Gibson swallowed.

"It just happened to come into my hands . . ."

"He's lying!" cried Miranda — turning to vivacity again. "Oh, what a liar my Harry is! He paid a fortune for it, and doesn't want me to know! Is it my wedding present, Harry? Oh, Harry, do you see me such a Spanish type?"

"Now I'll have to buy her a Spanish shawl," complained Mr. Joyce humorously. "Now we're going to live on Spanish-style chicken and rice." His eye was still appreciative. "You say it just came into your hands? Then I'm taking on a partner who can teach me something," said old man Joyce. "'Want to tell me how much you really paid for it?"

"With all my life," Harry Gibson might have answered.

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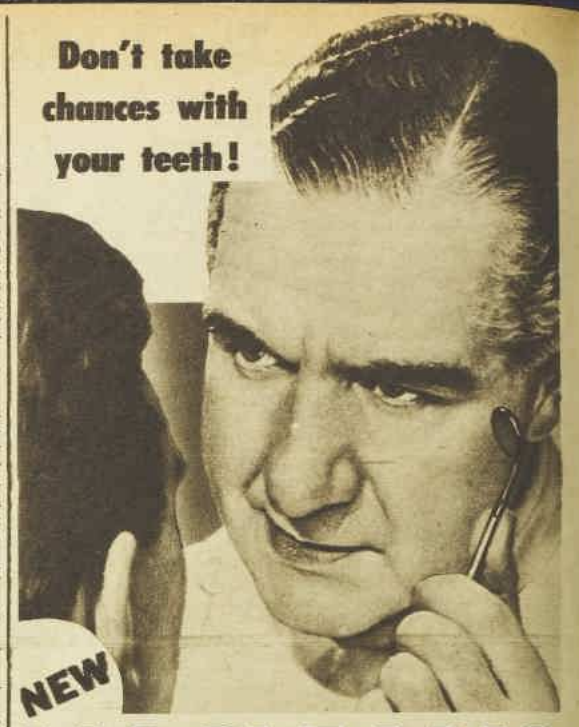
Don't take chances with your teeth!



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HOW TO COVER A CHAIR

WITH BACK AND SEAT PIECES IN PLACE, a tuck is pinned across the seat edge. After levelling the piece between the seat edge and the floor, slash the tuck to allow for insertion of piping when cover is machined.

CUTS ARE MADE around the arm support to allow the material to sit neatly and snugly around the arms. Trim the material off along the sides of the seat and fit along the edges, leaving a good half-inch for seaming.

MATERIAL over chair-back is fitted to the arm by cutting straight through from selvedge to the inside of the arm, fitting around the arm, and leaving a half-inch seam allowance all round. Smooth and pin to chair.

Slip-covers made to order by a professional are expensive. The amateur needlewoman of average ability can save this expense by making them at home.

This is not as difficult a job as it may appear, especially if the needlewoman begins by making slip-covers for chairs.

THE amateur should begin with a chair of the straighter type, like the fireside chair shown on this page. It was covered to look like new at a demonstration during the Gas and Fuel Corporation's recent "Women's Own Week" in Melbourne.

The demonstrator, Mrs. L. I. Bignell, of Mordialloc, Victoria, used 3½yds. of 31in. material and some piping cord. The necessary equipment is a sewing-machine, sharp pair of scissors, pins, ruler, and thread.

This is the method: Cut a length of the material sufficient to cover the chair-back (both back and front), allowing ½in. top and bottom for seams. Pin material into place on chair.

Drape remainder of material over front of chair and tuck it in about an inch where seat and back meet. Pin seat piece, allowing ½in. for seam, to back piece. Take in a tuck at front edge to allow for letting in piping cord.

Level off lower edges of seat piece, using ruler to measure it from floor. Cut off surplus, and reserve it for piping, side pieces, and for a frill or pleat if desired.

Slit front-edge tuck along centre between pins, to allow for insertion of piping cord later.

To make the material fit smoothly round arm supports, make diagonal cuts from each front and side of the seat piece up to the arm support. Make small nicks in towards centre of chair, at right angles to slashes.

To fit material round arm, cut straight in from selvedge to inside of arm, allowing for seams. Nick as for arm support.

Trim back pieces to follow line of chair-back, allowing for seams.

Fit a piece of material over each side of seat, allowing for seams. Level these pieces from floor. Pin side pieces to seat piece; trim to fit.

Make piping from inch-wide strips of material cut on cross and machined round fine piping cord.

Slip pinned cover off chair, turn to wrong side, and machine together, with piping along each seam. Do not use cord in piping sewn round corners of chair arms.

Leave piped openings down the side under the arms and at either side of the seat front. Sew in zips or press-studs.

Note: Before starting to cut out chair coverings, make sure the largest motif in pattern is placed in centre of chair-back (back and front) and in centre of seat. Where possible, avoid cutting through a large motif in pattern.

LEFT: Separate pieces are cut to fit both sides of the seat. Allow for seams, then trim. Level off along the bottom, measuring the distance from the floor. Pin to seat, trim the front and back pieces. Then trim the front and back of chairback.

ABOVE, the chair cover is shown pinned and ready to slip off for sewing after the piping has been inserted along each seam. If desired, a plain or pleated flounce can be sewn along chair bottom. For tailored effect, use only four pleats at corners.

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Each week, The Australian Women's Weekly publishes an attractive home plan. These plans can be obtained at the Weekly's Home Planning Centres in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide. The plans are also on sale in Geelong.

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CHUCKLERS' WEEKLY

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DINO DOES IT AGAIN

Top international stars signed for Italian film

● Dino de Laurentiis, bespectacled Italian movie-mogul husband of Italy's anatomic bomb Silvana Mangano, has hurried back to Rome from New York with the film scoop of the year.

From BILL STRUTTON, in London

THE coup which Dino pulled off in New York is an international film starring Marilyn Monroe, England's Alec Guinness, the romantic Gerard Philippe, of France, several distinguished actors from Germany, and a fistful of stars from Italy.

The film is to be called "Grand Tour." It will be made in the Cinecitta studios, on the outskirts of Rome, with locations in France, where the story is set.

"Grand Tour" is brilliantly designed for world box-office. It is a gay tale of a luxury coach trip through France with a party of tourists. They are a mixed bag—all nationalities, all kinds.

Heading the cast will be Miss Monroe, in the role of a young American schoolteacher. Coming from a somewhat prudish Missouri small town, she has saved up for years for the tour.

Another ingredient in the international cocktail will be the solemnly comic Alec Guinness, as an English schoolmaster taking a flock of youngsters on a "finishing trip" abroad.

Guinness comes into stiff conflict with the ultra-patriotic guide Gerard Philippe, who treats the party to sonorous, flag-waving lectures on the art and history of the places through which they pass. They nearly come to blows over just how saintly Joan of Arc really was.

To add to the fun, they both fall for the naive charms of Miss Marilyn Monroe, who puts her own innocent oar into the arguments, with Middle-Western prejudice, to further confuse the issue.

Other stars producer De Laurentiis has recruited are a celebrated French comedian, Bourvil, as the charabanc chauffeur, and a popular Italian star-comic, Alberto Sordi.

Dino de Laurentiis packed his briefcase with script and draft contracts and flew to New York to persuade Marilyn to star in "Grand Tour."

As soon as she had read the script she asked De Laurentiis to dine with her and her husband, playwright Arthur Miller, at their home.

Marilyn was wild about the story. Even the taciturn Miller was grinning behind his large spectacles. She accepted on the spot.

Rene Clement, one of the most distinguished directors in Europe, will go from Paris to direct.

This film will mark the definite emergence of the diminutive Dino de Laurentiis as one of the most important producers in Europe.

Already De Laurentiis has been responsible for setting up the lavishly beautiful "War and Peace," made in Rome and northern Italy for about five million dollars.

ITALIAN producer Dino de Laurentiis with his film-star wife, Silvana Mangano.

Another big project in the near future will be his "Bolivar," the screen story of the famous South American "liberator." The cost of this, experts reckon, will be somewhere near 10 million dollars.

De Laurentiis makes no secret of the fact that he hopes for Marlon Brando in the title role.

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Continuing . . . . The Eye Of Love

from page 74

"With all my life!" He naturally couldn't say it. Fortunately his silence could as naturally be taken for that of a lover justifiably chagrined at the surprising, by his beloved, of his surprise for her. Mr. Joyce dropped the question, which really interested him, of the comb's price, and looked at his daughter admonishingly.

"See how a pleasure is spoiled by too much nosying! Let Harry put it back where it belongs, until the proper time.—Harry, it should be in a box."

Still without speaking, Mr. Gibson stooped and picked up his handkerchief, and dropped it over the comb as it lay on the open ledger. He wouldn't touch it while he was watched.

"That's not enough protection," said Mr. Joyce decivisely. "Remind me after dinner tonight, and I'll give you a cigar-box."

Before they left Miranda apologised very prettily for making Harry cross, and promised never to mention the comb again—until the proper time. All she begged was that she might have it very, very early on the wedding day, for the florist to fix up with orange-blossom, to wear in her hair.

The results of this episode, in the event, were far-reaching beyond expectation upon the destinies of all concerned. Everything that now followed, followed from it. Dolores' bitterest tears followed, and Harry's bitterest anguish, and Miranda's moment of triumph, from this fortuitous bringing to light of the Spanish comb.

Harry Gibson sent it back next day. For the first time, he realised that what he'd borne away as a last gage of love was in fact an object of value; and he could imagine how Dolores might be pressed for money. (Where she herself had picked up the comb, he remembered her once telling him, was in the Caledonian Market; where famous bargains had been picked up before.)

After night-long, agonising reflection, in the morning he sent it back, by special messenger. (Also in Mr. Joyce's cigar-box. Nothing he could find in the way of cardboard offered equal protection.) So the last link was broken, he had nothing left to remember her by, his Spanish rose; and the opening of the package reduced Dolores to despair.

There wasn't a line of writing with it. Mr. Gibson, pen in hand for three hours, at the end of them had written nothing. What good would it do to either of them to write, "I love you, you are my only love"? Yet what else could he write? So he wrote nothing; and Dolores, opening the package, laid her head down and wept.

As the last dislodged pebble unlooses the avalanche—as the last additional straw beats the camel to its knees—so acted upon Dolores' heart and situation the return of her Spanish comb in a cigar-box.

It had been a symbol of her personality as a Spanish rose. It had been the symbol of the mutual love she and her King Hal bore to each other. When Dolores missed it on the tragic morning after his departure, she still rejoiced to guess it in her lover's keeping. Thus its return broke her heart.

All her tragedy being shot with absurdity, the cigar-box broke her heart, so to speak, extra. A cigar-box also is a symbol—of carelessly puffing prosperity. Mr. Gibson in his new good fortune, it seemed to Dolores, threw that new good fortune in her face. She was utterly mistaken—down to the detail that even Mr. Joyce no longer smoked cigars, having taken to a pipe like Harry; but she could not know, and her last, lingering, foolish spark of hope was quenched.

Once only she set the comb in her coiled hair again, and sat before the mirror perhaps half-an-hour. Her enormous dark eyes stared back at her dolorously; for the first time the meaning of her taken-name occurred to her, she realised vaguely that it meant something sad—an unlucky name perhaps to have chosen? Dolorous were the lines about her mouth, dolorous her hollowing cheeks.

King Hal's Spanish rose had withered indeed. All that remained of her was the flare of curved tortoiseshell, elegant, erect, and glossy, mocking the grey in the once-black hair. "Passee," thought Dolores. "I'm passee . . ." The tears started under her lids; after she had cried a little she looked worse.

She drew the tortoiseshell from her braids and shut it not in her dressing-table, but in the long wardrobe-drawer, among the potpourri, under Mr. Gibson's dressing-gown. At some future date, she dimly acknowledged, the drawer might have to be emptied; but not yet. The photograph by her bed she also left in place. (Not yet, not yet!)—She looked at it as long as she'd looked at her own reflection; though it was many years since Mr. Gibson, save to the eye of love, had much resembled that marital image, she had no doubt that it was a true and continuing likeness. Only she herself had withered; King Hal could not . . .

During the following days Mr. Phillips noted the change in her with satisfaction. He found her far less uppish, far less lah-di-dah. In fact, for a few days at least she went about as though she'd been beaten. Mr. Phillips had no idea what caused this welcome phenomenon, he hadn't been there when the packet arrived, and put it down to a general coming to her senses. Though subdued, she was evidently trying to please him; and when he tired of seeing her long face, and jocosely told her to cheer up, she smiled.

. . . . . .

On the Saturday of the same week Miranda took Miss Harris out to lunch.

Miranda hadn't believed the pretty myth of a surprise wedding-gift for one moment. She knew it to be her own invention. (It was also a credit, in the circumstances, to her wit.) She had successfully taken in both her father and Harry Gibson, but she hadn't taken in herself. She couldn't—not before Harry's last look of all, his look as she'd petitioned, so prettily, to wear the comb among her orange-blossom . . .

Miranda, in fact, rightly guessed the Spanish comb to have been the property of Harry's unknown Past.

He kept it in his safe.

He couldn't bear to see it handled, or even looked at.

His mother claimed to know how he spent every minute of the day, and this Miranda accepted, especially after making such friends with the showroom; she knew herself how he spent his evenings. She didn't imagine Harry still saw his Past; but she was certain that he still thought about her, and in a way most offensive to a fiancee's feelings. Miranda's jealousy and curiosity, that had never been quietened altogether, now gave her no peace.

It was all very well to say let sleeping dogs lie; that was a man's point of view.

Miranda didn't hire detectives. She hadn't the courage to, without her father's backing, and Dadda's earlier lack of sympathy with such a project would scarcely have diminished. On the contrary—Miranda was perfectly aware that at the first hint he would at once begin to defend Harry, cover up for Harry, even warn Harry what was afoot ("Like two school - boys!" thought Miranda angrily. "Harry could steal apples, Dadda would keep guard!") She knew better than to invoke so corrupted an ally; so she took Miss Harris out to lunch.

The latter had no thought of being disloyal. She was too good a sort. But her loyalties were now divided between Gibson and Joyce; moreover she realistically saw Mr. Gibson's marriage as a splendid way out of all his difficulties. She thought Miss Joyce very chic. Miss Harris wasn't bought by a West End lunch: she simply wanted to do her best for all parties, and for-

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Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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tunately this proved quite straightforward.

"Oh, no, Miss Joyce," declared Miss Harris, "there's never been any lady about the place before! Which is why, if I may say so, both Miss Molyneux and me so appreciate you taking an interest—especially you so knowing what is what."

Miranda accepted the compliment with a friendly smile.

"Of course I take an interest—in my fiance's business! But I see I didn't make myself clear. The person I was thinking of, the person Mrs. Gibson mentioned, was someone more like a secretary—an old employee of some sort—we'd like to surprise Mr. Gibson by inviting to the wedding . . ."

"If I may say so again," said Miss Harris, "Mr. Gibson is a very lucky man. I call that a very beautiful thought indeed, Miss Joyce. It just so happens I don't recall beyond a charlady or two, who really come and go like the wind, anyone at all answering to the description."

Miss Joyce reflected, while they finished their tripes a la mode de Caen.

"Perhaps somewhere among the old letters," she mused, "there might be an address?"

"Well, I suppose there might," said Miss Harris doubtfully. "It's not exactly in my department. In fact, I don't know that we keep any old letters at all . . ." She hesitated; as she said afterwards to Miss Molyneux, Miss Joyce was evidently quite set; and it really was a beautiful thought. "I tell you what,"

Continuing . . . . The Eye Of Love

said Miss Harris, "if it's really got to be a surprise——"

"Oh, but it must!" cried Miranda girlishly.

"——Friday evenings, half-past five to six, the charlady comes in to do the office, so Mr. Gibson leaves it open and I stay a little late to put the lock down afterwards. If you care to come in next Friday and look round——"

"What a wonderful idea!" cried Miranda. "Oh, but what would the charwoman think?"

"Pop in as she's leaving," said Miss Harris practically. "Which in my experience is nearer a quarter-to. Then I could leave you to put the lock down—couldn't I, Miss Joyce?"

Miranda ordered Crepes Suzette. Miss Harris consumed them cheerfully. She hadn't been bought. Was her suggestion quite straightforward? Well, perhaps not quite, admitted Miss Harris; but she felt certain it could do no harm. Privately, she thought Miss Joyce would be wasting her time. In any case, there could be nothing in Mr. Gibson's office that Joyce's hadn't seen already; the Joyce accountants, in Miss Harris' recollection, having made a remarkably thorough job.

. . . . .

Until Friday was longer than Miranda wanted to wait; but she had no choice. In the interval she behaved rather discreetly with Harry, and kept her word about never mentioning the comb to him

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again. She didn't mention it to anyone—obviously: or why should old Mrs. Gibson have been so surprised, at the latest alterations to the wedding-array?

"Can you imagine what Miranda has thought of now?" demanded old Mrs. Gibson of her son. "For instead of a veil?"

"No," said Harry.

They were at the breakfast-table. Since they dined so regularly in Knightsbridge, breakfast had become more than ever the time for any intimate conversation, and Mr. Gibson regretted it. It had

> **No present is worth having unless the giver would rather have kept it for himself.**
> —*E. V. Lucas*

been bad enough to start the day on reminiscences of Moscow: to start on his approaching nuptials was far worse. "No," said Harry Gibson, repressively . . .

"She wants to wear—but you would never guess!"

"Am I trying to?" asked Harry Gibson.

"A mantilla!" proclaimed his mother. "Now I ask you! A white mantilla! Which might look I admit very nice, very unusual—but with the beautiful Honiton, so Buy British, already ordered! 'What foolishness!' I said at once. 'Are you a Spanish girl?' I asked. 'Is my Harry a Spanish boy? Do you go to bull-fights?' Yet she is now quite set on a mantilla!"

Obviously Miranda had kept her word. What she would say on the wedding-morn, when no Spanish comb arrived to be twined with orange-blossom, Mr. Gibson refused to imagine. It was only by keeping the strictest hold on his imagination that he managed to retain any sanity at all.

. . . . .

"So what has Miranda thought of now?" demanded Mr. Joyce, that night in the study. "A mantilla!"

"I know," said Harry Gibson. "The mater told me."

"Also the bridesmaids are to wear mantillas! Those girls will look like dust-sheets on hangers."

"Their mothers will stop it," said Harry Gibson, perceiving a ray of hope.

"You forget who is paying," retorted Mr. Joyce. "I am the chappie who is paying. All dresses are the gift of the bride's father. So Miranda has her way. But this is all your work, Harry boy, buying Miranda that Spanish comb."

Harry Gibson splashed more port into his glass. It was a comparatively quiet night, only Rachel or it might be Denise in the drawing-room, no mothers: Mr. Joyce reached companionably for the decanter in turn.

"You still don't want to tell me how much you paid for it? Okay, okay!" said Mr. Joyce good-naturedly. "But don't go back to the same shop, son, unless they come cheaper by the half-dozen!"

—— How inevitably the spirit of the grotesque intervened! leaving not even the most sacred emblem unfingered! To Harry, Dolores' comb had always been something unique, he thought of it as the only one in the world, a rarity as singular as precious; was he now to go out and buy half-a-dozen, cheap, a job-lot?

"For the bridesmaids," explained Mr. Joyce, chuckling. "Your gift to the bridesmaids, Harry boy! To be the hooks on top of the hangers!"

. . . . .

In Alcock Road no less bridal-thoughts hovered. It struck Mr. Phillips as a good time, while his intended was so down in the mouth, to jockey things along a bit. Nothing had as yet happened about the Midlands post, but something might at any moment; and though, as has been said, he felt little doubt as to his ultimate success as a wooer, he felt also that it was time to jockey things along.

"See here," said Mr. Phillips, "I'm not to be kept hanging about for ever. I made a fair, I may say very fair proposition, and I want an answer. Make your mind up."

Even as the plea of an impatient suitor, the locution was rough. Dolores, remembering how she couldn't possibly manage without a Regular, swallowed her pride and hedged. She had in any case little pride left.

"I've only known you such a short time, Mr. Phillips . . ."

"The name's Arnold," said Mr. Phillips. "Call me Arn."

She subdued her tongue to it.

"Arn, then . . . I haven't known you more than a few months, have I?"

"Fare farther and fare worse," suggested Mr. Phillips jocosely. "'You know what I'm going to call you? Dot. The other's too daft."

"I haven't asked you—" began Dolores—and broke off helplessly. How could she stop him calling her Dot, if he wanted to? Unless she gave him notice, as she didn't dare? It was in any case less unendurable than hearing Dolores' perpetually on his lips . . .

"That's right," said Mr. Phillips, watching her. "I see I'd better make your mind up for you . . ."

. . . . .

"Word of six letters, first two f, l," ordered Mr. Phillips.

He was engaged not in solving a crossword, but in composing one. The mysterious, silent occupation of his early days as a lodger, upstairs in his bedroom, was at last disclosed; as a contriver of these ingenuities Mr. Phillips made half-a-guinea a time. They weren't eminently ingenious, Mr. Phillips not catering, as he frequently pointed out, for highbrows; the journals that employed him bore such reassuring names as "Home Hints" and "Snippets." Now he brought the dictionary down to the sitting-room and turned it over to Dolores, training her to assist him.

"Floral," offered Dolores.

"Too fancy," objected Mr. Phillips. "I keep telling you."

So the evenings passed as it were in a foretaste of domestic ease.

Mr. Phillips had made up Dolores' mind for her — or rather he had made his own mind up, and took hers as read. Indeed, Dolores never spoke out to disabuse him; she was afraid of the consequences.

When Mr. Phillips said they'd be married at a registrar's, cheaper and less fuss than in church, she said nothing at all; when he suggested that a month should see everything straight, by which he meant that a month should see Martha settled in an orphanage, Dolores said nothing to that, either. Her tongue was heavy in her head; she was too worn

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FILM FAN-FARE

Conducted by AINSLIE BAKER

★ *Radiant young Italian star Elsa Martinelli proudly holds her new-born daughter, Cristina. The baby's birth ended the feud between Elsa and her mother-in-law, Countess Mancinelli-Scotti, who objected when her son, Count Franco, wed Martinelli last year. Elsa, who began life in the slums of Rome, became Italy's best-known fashion model. Then she branched into the film world, and within a short while had refused marriage offers from six millionaires. Eventually the temperamental star settled down to domesticity with Count Franco, a wealthy tobacco-plantation owner. Her latest film is "Stowaway Girl," previously entitled "Manuela."*

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'THE YOUNG LIONS'

1 *ABOVE. Pushing towards Paris with the conquering German Army is former Austrian ski instructor Diestl, now a fervent Nazi.*

2 *ABOVE. On leave in Berlin, Diestl, in a lonely, drunken moment, begins a love affair with Gretchen, the loose-living wife of his captain, Hardenburg, for whom he later feels compassion and respect.*

3 *VICTIM of intolerance and racial prejudice in the U.S. Army, Private Ackerman reports back from being A.W.L. when he learns that his wife, Hope, is to have a baby.*

★ Three young men at war are "The Young Lions" in Fox's screen version of Irwin Shaw's World War II novel. They are the Nazi Diestl (Marlon Brando), the sensitive Jewish-American soldier Ackerman (Montgomery Clift), and the brash G.I. Whiteacre (Dean Martin). Diestl is a more sympathetic character than in the book.

Swedish star May Britt plays the German woman, Gretchen; Hope Lange plays Ackerman's young wife—also named Hope; and Barbara Rush is the American girl who once knew Diestl and now loves Whiteacre.

4 *RELUCTANT G.I. Whiteacre, in a cushy Army job, suddenly tells his girl, Margaret, a former ski pupil of Diestl, that he wants to be transferred to the front — and really get in the fight.*

5 *FULL REALISATION of the cause to which he has dedicated himself comes to Diestl when, in the closing stages of the war, he wanders aimlessly through a Nazi concentration camp.*

6 *WITH the G.I.'s who liberate the camp are Ackerman and Whiteacre. Ackerman, sickened by what he sees, is taken outside by Whiteacre. Together, they present a perfect target to Diestl.*

7 *INSTEAD of firing, Diestl, his Nazi beliefs shattered, steps into the open and falls to the shots of the Americans. As he lies dying, his expression is one of loneliness and deep humility.*

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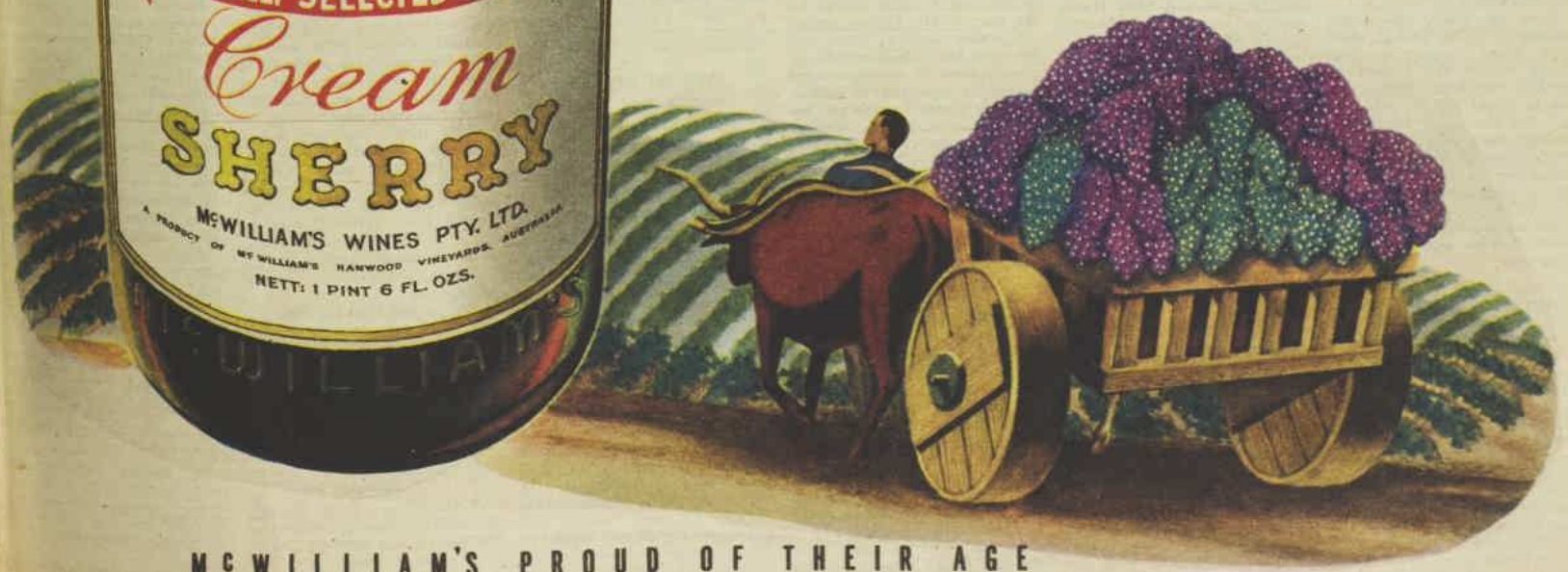

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[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard
For week beginning Apr. 1

Your Sign	Your Luck	Your Job	Your Home	Your Heart	Socially
ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 — APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in getting there first.	★ Trust your practical judgment and be alert to opportunity which could take you out of the rut. Work quietly to advance your aims. Discount any obstacles.	★ Don't let good news or a stroke of luck upset your commonsense. Resist any temptation to gamble or to indulge in expensive treats for members of the household.	★ If that wonderful date didn't quite come up to expectation or if he's slow to phone, maybe you did exaggerate his importance. Do not make the first move.	★ Should domestic odd jobs or business keep you more or less tied up during the day, there is satisfaction in the knowledge that you are pulling your weight.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 — MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, cream. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in being independent.	★ Don't overlook the chances for minor gains. Money well spent or thoughtfully saved contributes more than you suppose to the security build-up.	★ Push for arrangements which lead to more leisure for the creative side of homemaking. Keep down drudgery to the minimum and choose one special task for study.	★ Boys who are wrapped up in themselves to the exclusion of everything are not satisfactory escorts. If he is interested only in himself he's not worth while.	★ Dress up and go places. Those who are active club members may have material to prepare or report to make. Many will be working alone on some project.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 — JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, silver. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in social life.	★ If you let the grass grow under your feet you'll miss out on a prize, such as honor, extra authority, or higher pay. Keep interviews in the morning.	★ What interests you most is not the home but the people in it. How can you help them enjoy greater comfort? Your enthusiasm is the deciding factor.	★ You will have to be lively to keep up with him, but you can do it. Astonish him by your ability to change mood, activities, interests, and keep smiling.	★ News and discussions are on an exciting level, but do not problem them. With the financial position a trifle easier you will step out with more assurance.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 — JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, black. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Luck in asking favors.	★ Don't fuss over trifles and try to dodge arguments over money. Avoid extremes of recklessness in business matters. Close up the gaps between vague plans.	★ There may be changes in the family. A daughter may marry, a son may go away to further his career, and leave the home empty. Occupy yourself with new activities.	★ Keep your dignity and poise. This will add to your charm and romantic aura. A slight mystery concerning you should contribute a flavor to your personality.	★ Friends or elders can ease burdens or use their influence on your behalf, but don't lose sight of the goal when working on details. Ask questions as you go.
LEO The Lion JULY 23 — AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck on a busy corner.	★ Be the first in line for business, a new job, or a chance to earn extra money. Advertisements should be scanned carefully as they may lead you to fortune.	★ Conscientious study is worthy of respect. If the parent of a child struggling through the early steps of its musical education, endure the results with patience.	★ If you can't be proud of him, give him the brush-off. No boy who puts a girl at a disadvantage is worth bothering over. Break with those who don't behave.	★ Efforts to solve problems of long standing may now succeed. You may be able to heal a breach between friends hitherto prickly and hard to get on with.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, white. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in a little windfall.	★ Luck is with you, especially if you just "let it happen" without too much interference. You may not obtain what you are chasing, but something more desirable.	★ If you are occupied with a private venture of your own, hidden from the family, keep it to yourself until your enterprise is well launched.	★ The course of true love hardly ever runs smooth. His ex-girlfriend may try to cause trouble or an awkward situation may intrude on a social occasion.	★ Personal and private interests are favored. You may give yourself a treat or indulge in a small luxury dear to your heart. Conserve your energy, enjoy work.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 — OCTOBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, blue. Lucky days, Tuesday, Wednesday. Luck in partnerships.	★ Sentimentality can prove disastrous. Keep your feet on the ground. This is a week for solid accomplishment along practical lines; avoid complications.	★ Consult your husband if older children need help, particularly those who have recently started to work. This gives them confidence that their parents are sympathetic.	★ If you meet someone pretty special on a very special occasion it may set you dreaming, but it takes time for friendship to turn into love. Don't be a hermit.	★ Fit your plans to those of other people—you'll run into more goodwill that way. There might be an exciting, unexpected gift on its way to you.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 — NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, red. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in a crowded programme.	★ Big talk may mean nothing. Do not rely on vague promises, castles in the air. Begin any new venture on a modest scale. You can always expand it later.	★ It is hard to steer a course between discipline and lenience. You are inclined to let the family run riot one minute, yet scold them for their untidiness the next.	★ This is where you must make a heroic effort to attract his attention and hold it against any competition. The more subtle you are the greater the effect.	★ Collect yourself or you'll be constantly running late. Nervous wear and tear will spoil your pleasure, so cut down on too many items of minor importance.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 — DECEMBER 20	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in the unexpected.	★ The time is right if you are eager to begin an ambitious enterprise, but after this week you will be obliged to stay put. Test your ideas for flaws.	★ For some, an addition to the family with mother and child holding the centre of the stage. For others, preparations for a children's party.	★ Don't fall into his arms, the poor fellow wants to think he is winning over your casual indifference. Allow him to continue in this blissful ignorance.	★ At present you've a winning charm, a manner that builds confidence; don't fritter these away just "playing around." Put them to work for a good cause.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 — JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in the family circle.	★ Be discreet, keeping details of your plans or private affairs to yourself. Do not boast of what you intend to do until it is an accomplished fact.	★ Before you say farewell to this chapter of your domestic life, think back and profit from all the lessons it has taught. Soon you will have other problems.	★ Show off your talents. If you can cook, he'll think you're wonderful. You might need a helping hand with the food, but it's one road to a boy's heart.	★ Use imagination to expand your plans, but keep them within the bounds of practical possibilities. Co-operation of friends will smooth the path.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, black. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in a short journey.	★ Work fast this week; co-operate, as any changes open new doors to you. Good timing and judgment make even the little details click as you get going.	★ You must strike a balance between the outside world and your home. Exclude the world and you become dull, but put it first and your family will suffer.	★ If you should be parted from your beloved for a few days, reunions are happy occasions. Ring in some of your crowd and turn it into an evening to remember.	★ Novelty is the watchword this week. Scrap the old fixed round of activities and try new hobbies, new scenes, new worlds of endeavor. Capitalise on your luck.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in a crowded building.	★ Keep plans and schedules flexible. If one thing refuses to go smoothly, put it aside temporarily and divert your attention to other work. You can return later.	★ Still the practical householder, you are determined to get value for your money. Within your income you have domestic happiness, beyond it domestic misery.	★ Are you thinking ahead towards the winter season with its new interests and activities? Boys usually live in the present, so make a few suggestions.	★ There are wonderful possibilities for new interests in your spare time. In your own neighborhood you have been overlooking some potentially good friends.

Continuing . . . .

The Eye Of Love

from page 79

out — her sleep broken and unrefreshing, each day a long miserable toil—to think at all, with any real coherence . . .

Sometimes he was quite kind.

"You'll be able to go to see her, don't forget," said Mr. Phillips.

"See who?" asked Dolores vaguely.

"Martha. They've days when the kids can be taken out."

Dolores' consenting silence was on this point almost rational. When her mind was working best, and remembering her own fruitless attempts to find work, it sometimes occurred to her that Martha would have to be sent to an orphanage in any case—supposing Mr. Phillips in some way escaped. When the lease of the little house ran out, without a house how could she even look for lodgers again? Dolores felt incapable of fending even for herself, unless someone looked after her . . .

Once or twice, when the thought of being looked after again came uppermost, she nearly opened this subject of the lease to Mr. Phillips, so that he could tell her what to do. But she didn't because it was too much effort. She had no idea that in time she might be accused of chicanery; having no idea how confounded Mr. Phillips would be, and how justifiably angered, by the discovery that his wife didn't own a house.

. . . . .

Miranda took no chances, that next Friday evening, but waited until she saw Harry Gibson leave. (She knew where he was going. On Fridays, because he left early, he always took his mother to a cinema before dinner. It was all right.) Miranda waited from just after five, behind a chestnut-tree at the corner of Almaviva Place —not a very dignified station, but the nearest cover, and she was too well furred to suffer much discomfort from the cold. (Her hands were in fur-lined gloves; only her feet gradually numbed.) No one remarked her, in that quiet cul-de-sac. A stray pigeon or two waddled up as though looking for crumbs, but that was all her distraction.

Mr. Gibson came out at twenty-five to six, and took a taxi off the rank. To occupy the next ten minutes, and restore her circulation, Miranda walked briskly down Kensington High Street, as far as an artist's supply-shop, and briskly back.

Her calculations proved exact; within, she crossed first the charwoman bundling downstairs, then Miss Harris on the flight above. Miss Harris, like the charwoman, was already hatted. "Don't forget to put the lock down, don't get me sacked!" breathed Miss Harris —a gay accomplice. Miranda nodded gaily in return.

It gave her, immediately, such pleasure to have penetrated into Harry's sanctum, behind Harry's back, that for the first few minutes she almost played. Miranda's girlishness was perfectly genuine; alas that only to the eye of love could it have seemed engaging. As she sat herself in Harry's chair behind the desk — opened Harry's blotter, laid a finger to Harry's telephone — how endearing the spectacle might have been, to a lover! But even her Dadda would have told her not to meddle, for however he indulged his daughter, old Joyce saw her objectively; and every action which performed by Miss Diver would have driven Harry Gibson to rapture, had he seen Miranda performing them would have driven him to fury.

She didn't play the childish game more than a few minutes. She wasn't there to play, she was there to hunt for some clue that would lead her to Harry's past.

As Miss Harris could have foretold, she wasted a great deal of time. The safe was inviolable, the drawers of the desk were so casually unlocked as to quench curiosity. Miranda went through them nonetheless; and learned only that Harry for some reason hoarded a quantity of Gibson-and-Son-headed notepaper.

A FILE of invoices headed Joyce of Bond Street and Kensington testified to an increasing if modest prosperity; another, of old letters, to certain extra-mural follies on the part of Mr. Gibson senior. (It wasn't auctions alone had been old Mr. Gibson's undoing: upon splendidly monogrammed notepaper equerries to certain princely names thanked him for his visit and enclosed a receipt.) Miranda observed that there were no autographs worth having, put the file back where she found it, and returned to the desk.

The uppermost sheet in the blotter showed only a repeated scrawl, too evidently Mr. Gibson's signature to be of interest; and none of the underlay sheets had been used at all. By the telephone lay a list of numbers, obviously those Mr. Gibson most frequently used; but as obviously all connected with the business, for each had a name alongside, and each name Miranda recognised; and when she checked them in the directory, all were correct, not one was a cunning alibi. She put the telephone directories back, too, resentfully.

It was hard to admit that she had drawn blank.

It was so hard to admit that as a last, foolish resort Miranda looked about for a mirror, intending to read Mr. Gibson's signature through the glass, to make certain, (what indeed she knew to be certain), it was that and nothing more. There was a mirror hooked behind the door, beside a second hook from which depended a tweed jacket — Harry's office jacket, thought Miranda; she didn't remember seeing him in it. Until that moment, concentrating on the desk and the files, she hadn't consciously noticed it. Nor did it now seem probable to her as a hiding-place for anything Harry wished to conceal. Miranda took it down and went through the pockets without any particular hope, simply because it was there; and so found a receipt for a quarter's gas at an address in Paddington.

> **We act as though comfort and luxury were the chief requirements of life, when all that we need to make us really happy is something to be enthusiastic about.**
> **— *Charles Kingsley***

Mr. Gibson had forgotten it.

At a certain moment, as he bade his beloved farewell, it had been a sensible comfort to him. Then he forgot all about it. He had worn the jacket since, without finding it. It was in the inside breast-pocket.

Only his own name appeared, as the official occupier: Miranda learnt nothing but an address. But it was enough, she dropped the lock behind her and ran downstairs, well satisfied with the results of her excursion.

Dinner was usually a little late on Fridays, on account of Harry taking his mater to the cinema; it was also, usually, steak-and-kidney pie — as less susceptible than roast beef to the hazards of over-cooking.

"Jolly good grub all the same," commended Mr. Joyce.

"First chop," agreed Harry Gibson.

"Am I never to cook goulash again?" complained Auntie Bee.

"So much the boys enjoy their pie, don't they earn it?" cried old Mrs. Gibson.

Miranda said nothing. She was exceptionally quiet all evening — busy with her thoughts.

. . . . .

In Miranda's elegantly appointed bedroom stood a particularly elegant little writing-desk furnished with particularly exquisite notepaper; and of this, over the weekend, she wasted a great deal.

The time was over when Miranda wished merely to know the facts about Harry's Past, just in case Harry needed help. She now urgently required some personal encounter from which she, Miranda, would come off best.

"Dear Miss——" (wrote Miranda)

"As an old friend of Harry's, and I am sure truly interested in his welfare, may I say how much I should like to pay you a visit? It would be so nice to have a friendly chat. Please telephone me if you agree, as I sincerely hope you will, and believe me,

"In all sincerity,

"Miranda Joyce."

Then she tore it up. Though she had her own telephone by the bed, it was only an extension: suppose Dadda took the call!

"Dear Miss——," (beg Miranda again)

"As a woman of the wor I have no hesitation in sayi how much I should like make your acquaintance. M I call, or would you pref lunch at the Ritz? I hope fi a line from you very soon.

"Sincerely,

"Miranda Joyce."

She tore that up, too, as to stodgy, and wrote very fast:

"Dear Miss——,

"Oughtn't we to meet? Aft all this IS the 20th centur Drop me a line!

"Yours,

"Miranda Joyce. (Harry fiancee.)"

Many more such drafts di Miranda pen — some forma some informal, some sympa thetic, some almost menacin but all ending in her pape basket. None of them di None of them, Miranda felt properly projected her person ality. Quite apart from the awkwardness of addressing an envelope to Miss Blank, the difficulty again and again baffled her—and was a car dinal one: insufficiently im pressed Miss Blank might soul Certainly handwriting alone was known to tell much, and Miranda took pride in her cur licue script; but could Miss Blank read handwriting?

Could she read from Miranda's elaborate capitals, for instance, how free from pre judice Miranda was? From her long-tailed y's, how attrac tive and well-dressed?—Could even a practising expert, to put it plainly, deduce Miranda's new skunk coat from the look of an f? Miranda fancied not and equally mistrusted her own literary skill . . .

By Sunday night she had made up her mind to the only certain course; and early on Monday morning, unheralded, set out for Paddington.

To be concluded

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New Film Releases

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average

★★ PEYTON PLACE

Fox drama, with Lana Turner, Hope Lange, Diane Varsi, Russ Tamblyn. In De Luxe color, CinemaScope. Century, Sydney.

CONGRATULATIONS are due to producer Jerry Wald and director Mark Robson for their pleasing screen treatment of Grace Metalious' controversial story of life in a small American town.

Their sensitivity and delicacy has transformed the book's cruder moments without sacrifice of strength.

Essentially, this lengthy film (it runs more than two and a half hours) is concerned with the effect of the bigotry and small-mindedness of the town on its young people.

Chief of these are played with uniform excellence by newcomers Diane Varsi, Hope Lange, and Russ Tamblyn.

Diane and young Tamblyn are responsible for one of the most true and touching scenes —when, awkward boy and gentle girl, they speak for the first time on the adolescent problems of sex.

Admirable support comes from Lloyd Nolan, Leon Ames, Arthur Kennedy, Terry Moore, and Lee Philips.

Memorable among the scenes of small-town life is the farewelling of Peyton Place draftees one winter morning.

A product of Hollywood's old synthetic star-building system, Lana Turner shows up poorly against the sincerity of the young people.

In a word: PLEASING.

★★ A FAREWELL TO ARMS

Fox drama, with Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones, Vittorio de Sica. In De Luxe color, CinemaScope. Regent, Sydney.

PRODUCER David O. Selznick undoubtedly hoped to make a screen classic of Ernest Hemingway's famous World War I love story of an English nurse and an American ambulance driver attached to an Italian Red Cross Unit.

But, although huge amounts of money have been spent and infinite care taken in the selection of locales and in devotion to detail, the result falls considerably short of Selznick's mark.

The intimacy of the love story has been lost in the grandeur of alpine scenery, stark war sequences in the snow, and the horror of bombardment and retreat.

Jennifer Jones is surprisingly tender and charming as the nurse, and Hudson is an impassioned lover.

The vastly experienced De Sica emerges almost as the picture's star with his portrait of a wine-and-women-loving doctor, then later as a man who has seen too much of war.

The famous birth scene has been considerably cut.

In a word: PATCHY.

★★ DOCTOR AT LARGE

Rank Organisation comedy, with Dirk Bogarde, Donald Sinden, Muriel Pavlow, James Robertson Justice. In Eastman Color, VistaVision. State, Sydney.

THIRD of the "Doctor" series, this one finds Bogarde, as Dr. Sparrow, back at St. Swithin's Hospital.

Defeated in getting a staff appointment by his bespectacled rival Michael Medwin, unashamed boot-licker to the great surgeon James Robertson Justice, Bogarde goes job-hunting.

One appointment lands him as assistant of a seedy, cheese-paring G.P. with a man-hungry wife, and another in a luxury Harley Street suite, where he's expected to cope with Indian potentates, neurotic society women, and senile peers of the realm.

Muriel Pavlow provides the palest of romantic interests.

Sinden, with cad-moustache and many lecherous glances, breezes through the role of girl-chasing Benskin, the eternal undergraduate, who is finally forced to buy a fake medical degree in Ireland.

In a film abounding in brilliant minor character studies, it seems ungrateful to complain of the episodic treatment that makes their appearance possible.

In a word: TONIC.

★★ RAINTREE COUNTY

M.G.M. drama, with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, Eva Marie Saint. In Technicolor, CinemaScope. Liberty, Sydney.

A HUGE (three-hour) piece of Americana set in the Civil War period, this is the almost ideal entertainment for those who like big, picturesque, and straightforward treatment of a popular novel.

Elizabeth Taylor is a lovely, tragic heroine — a Southern belle doomed to insanity — who tricks a Yankee boy into marriage, parting him from his schooldays sweetheart.

These roles are appealingly played by Montgomery Clift and Eva Marie Saint.

Australian Rod Taylor makes the most of his opportunities in the role of Clift's rival for Eva Marie.

All these players, it must be said, appear somewhat mature in the early sequences.

In the hands of Lee Marvin the supporting role of the County's extrovert becomes one of its most human figures.

In a word: PICTURESQUE.

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HP152

Continuing . . . .

Brief Enchantment

from page 25

that he seldom admitted to himself and never revealed. But he had done his best to live up to what he appeared to be, as people commonly do, and had so successfully dissimulated that whenever he was abstracted or lost in contemplation his family and friends said George was not himself.

When the war started, George, at the end of his second year at university, had tried the air-cadets, but this had been a failure and eventually he ended up as a gunner in a B-24 in the Pacific. His aeroplane crashed near an island called Funafuti and George was sent back to civilian life.

After a year at home he got a chance to go to Europe as a special correspondent for a string of coast newspapers and took it over his family's anxious objections. He let them believe he was merely impatient to return to the fray, but the truth was he found the wartime home front intolerable and wanted to escape from it.

He experienced his second air crash as a passenger in a Lancaster, of which Tony Bush was the pilot. Tony saved his life in the best melodramatic tradition, taking considerable risks in re-entering the sinking aeroplane to haul George out and get him to a raft. George sustained fractures of both legs and, according to the doctors, as Tony cheerfully told him later, he should have been dead.

His legs mended, but George did not seem to mend satisfactorily with them. He rested in silence, idly thinking, and made no effort to get back in touch with the world about him. He suspected Tony had arranged for him to go down to Harms more as an unofficial mental patient than as a guest, but this left him undisturbed. He was glad to be there.

But the appearance of Nancy brought a sudden change. In a sense he came back to life with a shock, as if he had burst above the surface of the sea after almost too long a time of holding his breath in the darkness deep beneath.

"Hullo, children. Good-bye, outboard motor."

Sometimes walking, if the distance wasn't far, sometimes in the Bushes' pony trap, they wandered the narrow lanes, between high hedges banked with the flowers of spring, picnicked in heather on red cliffs that rose from the foaming breakers of the Channel, stopped for a lunch of pastries or a drink in a pub.

He had never known such a spring. He thought it was as beautiful in rain and mist as in sunlight. The cream-washed, thatched cottages and the landscape in soft focus gave him the same unguarded, ingenuous exaltation that pictures in a story-book brought to a child. It was easy to believe it was a time of enchantment.

He accepted Nancy as the agent of this enchantment without a why or wherefore as naturally as he now accepted green-streaked dawn for a time of eager awakening, without thought, only with feeling.

. . . . . .

She had been there several days before he fully realised who she was. She said one afternoon when they were walking in the meadow above the house, George keeping a hand on her shoulder to help himself along, "Do you know, you're very different from what I would have supposed."

He asked in surprise, "Supposed from what?"

"Tony's often spoken of you."

He let his hand drop from her shoulder and said with a doubtful grin, "I hadn't remembered you were Tony's girlfriend." He was obscurely troubled. He tried to remember what Tony had said of this girl he was going to marry, but Tony seemed long ago and unsubstantial. He said, "Is Tony coming down?"

"He meant to, but his squadron is suddenly being moved to the Continent. He's most unhappy. Or, at any rate, as unhappy as Tony can be."

He replaced his hand on her shoulder. They walked on. She was a slender girl, her hair was neatly brushed and shining, her eyes were long and darkly colored, her lips and the line of her cheek were modelled with a moving purity; she was very lovely, he thought, but there were many beautiful girls.

And yet her presence was like a magic circle. When she smiled at him, he had the feeling that no one before her had ever quite recognised him. Their recognition filled and warmed the circle, and nothing outside it existed.

She said: "Tony is such a happy person. One couldn't imagine unhappiness as his destiny. But then, he does speak of hidden fires."

The dim shape of Tony grew brighter. George stopped and faced her, his hands on her shoulders. "If you talk about him he'll be here," he said, smiling down at her.

She looked at him with parted lips. She said, "I know. But perhaps he should. We'd best be realistic."

"We're the only real reality. You and I," he murmured.

"But the other kind of reality, outside us, it's still there."

"It's unconcerned with us. It's a million miles away."

He drew her to him and held her.

She said, "Sometimes I'm frightened, because it has gone so far away. What will happen when it comes back?"

"We won't have it back."

"It will rush in and turn us to ashes."

"It can't touch what we have now."

"That must really be immortality, to be happy for a time." She turned up her face and kissed him. "One actually does have hidden fires, of happiness as well as unhappiness. Like an uncut gem. Strike it the right way, and what was dull blazes with light."

The flowered edges of the field were bright with sun, and the many-gabled roof of the house below them gleamed like silver.

"Light," George said; "yes, it's like light."

They walked on in silence, bright with peace and well-being, remote in happiness. They walked to the end of the field and turned back.

Nancy said, "I've never seen so many primroses. There's a family tradition that Robert Herrick wrote 'Gather ye rosebuds while ye may' here at Harms. He used to visit this place; his vicarage was just up near Ashburton. In fact, there's another family story that he took refuge here for a few days during the Civil War . . . 'Old Time is still a-flying'." Suddenly she shivered. "Did you know Harms Barton has a ghost story?"

Tony had said something. He couldn't quite remember.

"Wait, I'll find the right flower. Here's one." She ran

To page 90

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Ready to Wear: Dress, sizes 32 and 34in. bust 79/11; 36 and 38in. bust 82/6. Dress and jacket, sizes 32 and 34in. bust £7/9/6; 36 and 38in. bust £7/16/3. Postage and registration 5/9 extra.

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● *NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 92. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

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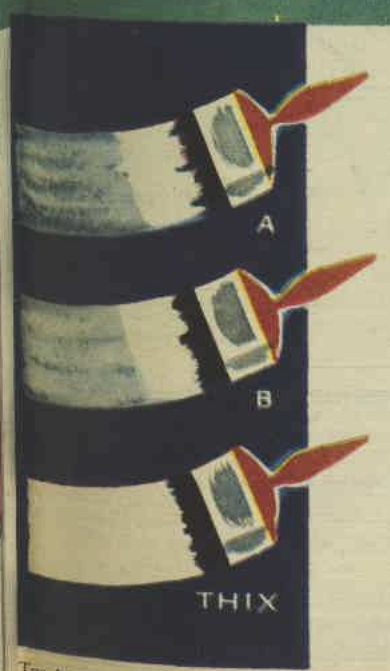

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(BLOCK CAPITALS) ..... WW 4

Continuing . . . .

Brief Enchantment

from page 87

to it and picked it and gave it to him.

"Isn't it sweet? Doesn't it have an impudent expression?. It's called heartsease, but an old name for it is love-in-idleness. Ages ago one of the ladies of the manor — no one is ever able to decide which one — made a rendezvous with her lover, and when he came he brought her a nosegay of love-in-idleness, and the instant she accepted it she vanished. It's always been regarded as a just and awful punishment. The room where it happened is our haunted room."

"The upper gatehouse room," George said. "I remember. Tony told it."

"Yes. Tony loves the story."

"I expect the room's been given a wide berth since then."

"Supposedly. But I used to play up there when I was little. I imagine the children always have. It's easy to escape into there from the nursery, and it's a wonderful place to hide, full of massive old furniture and the most menacing skeleton of a canopy bed. I hope the Bushes haven't changed it. You must see it."

"I'll bring you love-in-idleness. In bunches."

"I think it might be rather wonderful if the charm could work, at just the right moment, of course."

"I don't know. Do you think it would take both of us?"

They laughed, and George held her hands lightly in his.

She said, "If it shouldn't, don't ever let me go."

> **Everything is funny as long as it is happening to somebody else.**
>
> ***—Will Rogers***

It didn't occur to them to disguise their love, and there came a rainy evening when Jane and the colonel descended on them in the sitting-room with an obvious intention to endure a highly disagreeable quarter of an hour in the interests of duty.

Jane began the proceedings by saying, "I do think we must all have a chat." She looked pointedly at the colonel, who turned red.

"Happens all the time," the colonel grunted.

"He means young people do get carried away," Jane said. "It is quite understandable. The war and all that." There was a long pause. Jane said brightly, "But it can be so dreadful in anything, if one doesn't keep up appearances. Things simply can't be left to themselves, you know. They simply go smash." Again she looked to the colonel for help.

"Happens all the time," the colonel barked.

Jane said, still more brightly, "Of course, we all do our best always to look on the bright side. But gossips will, that is to say, gossip. And one is left looking a fool."

"Happens all the time," the colonel said obediently, sitting at attention.

"Now I'm sure we're all ever so much better off for such a frank little talk," Jane said. "But I did want to tell you—Tony has wired that he has leave and will be here tomorrow." She looked from George to Nancy with genuine pain and sadness, and said, "Well."

The colonel sprang up with great relief and went out of the room with her.

Nancy said, "Oh, dear, we must be the talk of the place."

George said, "Tony——"

Nancy looked at him, wide-eyed. "Yes, Tony. He really can be hurt, you know."

"We'll have to tell him the truth."

"It will be one thing to us and something else to him."

"That we love each other."

"That I've been disloyal and you've been treacherous."

George looked down at his hands. He said, "Yes."

"It's rather a terrible price to make Tony pay for our happiness."

"I hadn't thought of it that way."

"And what will it do to us to make him pay it?"

"There's nothing else we can do."

"I know. Nothing." She rose from her place by the fire and leaned over his chair and hugged him for a moment and took his hands and drew him to his feet. She said suddenly, "How long have I been here, darling? I mean, here at Harms Barton."

"Why, a week or so. Maybe two."

"I looked it up on a calendar today. It will be five weeks tomorrow."

They both laughed, but their laughter died as suddenly as it had begun, and she buried herself in his arms and hid her face against him.

She said in a whisper, "We've felt that the world has gradually receded all round us and that we alone were real, just you and I; and perhaps it has. But perhaps—perhaps it has been the other way."

He said in a troubled voice, "I don't understand."

"George, have you ever felt something — something — as if we were not really here at all?"

A chill gripped his heart. He said nothing.

She said, "As if we know we can't stay? As if when we hear the clock tick we will—— But it's true, because, of course, we couldn't stay just the way we've been; nothing ever can. We can go on together, as people do, but we'll be different —after Tony comes tomorrow we'll be back in reality. Reality won't even let us remember what we mean to each other now, not after a while. We shall only be able to remember the cost to Tony—of changing us back. And that's all so wrong, when we don't want to inflict the cost and we don't want to be brought back."

He stroked her hair.

She whispered, "If only we could stop for ever, just here. We have been so happy. I love you so much."

Presently they went out, and they wandered hand in hand through the garden. She searched for love-in-idleness, striking matches, and could find only one.

She said, "We should say goodbye to ourselves, the ourselves we've been here."

He said restlessly, "Maybe Tony won't change anything. Maybe sometimes we can come back again, anyway, to being just as we are now. If we believe in it enough."

"When I was little I was told that unless I said goodbye nicely I should never be invited back."

They returned to the house and she led him up the steep flights of stairs slowly, while George managed a step at a time, to the upper gatehouse room. Nancy found an end of candle in the corridor and brought it in with them.

The furniture looked gigantic and alive in the licking shadows. They went to the window and Nancy turned and faced him. George gravely presented her with the flower. She took it with a little smile. They stood a few moments without speaking, and then George picked up the candle and they left the room.

He never spoke of this later to anyone. When, the next morning, Nancy could not be found, he told the truth — that he had last seen her when they had said goodnight on the stairs. To speak of the upper room then would have seemed absurd and profane, like introducing levity into what was quickly recognised as tragedy.

The only explanation that could be advanced was that Nancy had gone down to the beach for an early morning swim, as she sometimes did, and had been carried out by the tide. It had been low tide, and dangerous for swimming, an hour after sunrise. Eventually this explanation became official, and therefore inviolable truth.

George remembered very little of that period. Yes, of course, she had died and was gone, and the world would remain empty without her until the end of time, and yet——

He began to beguile himself with delusion that he recognised for delusion and yet nevertheless deliberately pursued the reach of time. What else could it have meant, the unearthly light of their happiness that they had both perceived so poignantly, if not the transforming presentiment of timelessness?

If that could be so, possibly there had, in fact, been magic in the upper room, possibly the charm had worked, possibly they had moved together to the outermost edges of time, until, in response to her longing, she had at last stepped across a mysterious line to remain forever outside the borders of its

To page 92

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Here's Surf's Big

EASY CROSSWORD CONTEST!

There are two brand-new cars and five magnificent washing machines to be won. A packet of Surf will help contestants because many of the answers are right there on the packet.

Surf is fast becoming a top favourite in Australian kitchens and laundries. Remember that there's nothing to touch Surf for getting clothes really clean. In fact you haven't washed your cleanest wash until you've washed with Surf, the modern powder detergent. Surf washes glassware and dishes gleaming bright, too!

SIMPLE RULES OF THE SURF CROSSWORD CONTEST

1. Contestants should solve the crossword and complete this sentence:—Surf is best in my washing machine because . . . . . " (using not more than 16 additional words — entries may be sent in on a plain sheet of paper).
2. Entries must be received not later than 30th April, 1958.
3. All prizewinners will be notified by mail and lists will be published in leading morning metropolitan papers on 21st May, 1958.
4. Each entry must be accompanied by Surf Packet top.

N.B. Packet tops are not required from contestants in any State where their inclusion would contravene the law of that State.

CLUES * *Solution for these clues to be found on the Surf packet.*

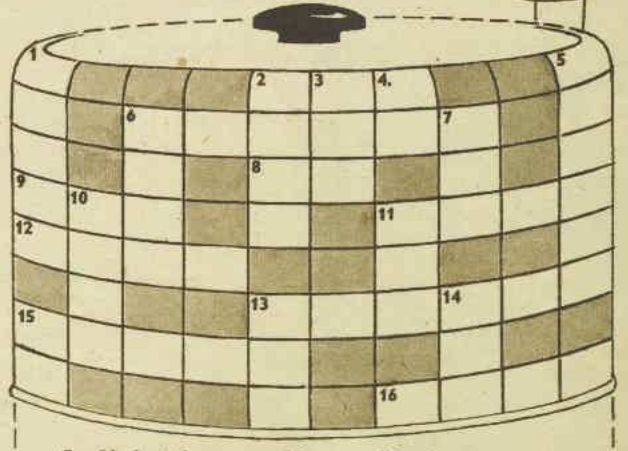
DOWN

1. *Surf gets clothes_____!*
* 2. *No smears, no ring around the_____.*
3. *Conceit.*
4. *Exclamation.*
* 5. *The new_____detergent!*
* 6. *Surf for_____results.*
7. *Boat.*
10. *Dirt.*
*11. *Surf is safe for_____fine fabrics.*
13. *After One.*
14. *Man's name, abbreviated.*
15. *Seaman.*

ACROSS

* 2. *Use Surf and_____the dirt fall out.*
6. *Shining.*
8. *With Surf_____scum can form.*
9. *Donkey.*
11. *Old.*
*12. *Short letter.*
13. *Tall,_____, tallest!*
*15. *_____whites to boil.*
16. *Best in Copper or Washing Machine.*

SELECTION OF WINNING ENTRIES: Judges' will select entries that have the correct or the most nearly correct solution to the crossword and which show the most sincerity and aptness of thought in completing the sentence. Neatness will also be taken into consideration. Judges decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.



Surf is best in my washing machine because.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

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1. *With Surf in your Washing Machine you actually see the dirt fall out.*
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3. *With Surf only one rinse is necessary.*
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5. *Surf gives you the world's cleanest wash.*

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SOUTH AUST., Box 224C, G.P.O., Adelaide
WEST AUST., Box 1000, P.O., North Fremantle
TASMANIA, Box 95D, G.P.O., Hobart

Surf GIVES YOU THE WORLD'S CLEANEST WASH

SF.55.WW.145g

Continuing . . . .

Brief Enchantment

from page 90

illusory empire. If that c
be so, possibly then, after
Nancy waited there for
still.

When he returned to H
Barton after ten years, it
not so much to rid himse
troubled memories, as
thought, as it was to rid him
of far more troubling hop

Jane and the colonel
kind, but after they had sp
of Nancy to prove that
subject was not taboo
had nothing to talk about,
he felt a stranger. The
ing persisted until, on Sun
in the empty house, he wen
the upper room.

In daylight the room
grey and dead, like a b
neglected attic. The furni
looked smaller. Damp spo
the walls. It was the light
was wrong, he thought, an
turned back to the window
close the curtains and sa
flower lying in the dust on
floor. It had been fr
picked. He knelt and tou
it, then held it in his han

He had no idea how
afterwards it was when he
downstairs. He heard Jane
ing him from the little sit
room off the library and sta
in there, but at the doorw
sudden dizziness made him

The room seemed to wa
and for a moment the r
carved panelling, the elab
plaster ceiling, the dark f
ture, and the gleaming l
paned windows looked as
as painted scenery. He c
his eyes and put his
against the door, and whe
opened his eyes the illusion
passed, but there remained
overpowering sense of s
thing different, of inexplic
excitement, of impending
lation.

He heard the radio, in
sive Churchillian tones: "
it became clear last week
things had worked out p
well——"

Jane said in a half voice
it, "Oh, but you and N
haven't met. Miss Hart.
Morgan. Now do sit
quickly and listen."

He saw Nancy then for
first time. She was sitting
deep chair beside the ban
windows.

The joy of recognition c
like a shock. He crossed
room to her and took her h
and looked down into her
unable to speak. Suddenly
though an echo faded, he fo
himself puzzled and distra
and covered with confusion

He said in bewilderm
"Shouldn't we have met
fore?"

She studied him with a f
ing perplexity and then sm
a little gravely. "Perhaps
have."

"Yes," he replied. "Ma
We have now, anyway."

They laughed together.

Jane said to the colone
mystification, "He must h
suddenly gone out. I thou
I heard him on the stairs."

"Well, well," the colonel
"He's still very unsettled,
know."

"I found this at the foo
the staircase, where he
have dropped it," Jane sa
a troubled voice. She sh
him a flower, dried and
ered beyond recognition.

"Bit of grass," the co
said.

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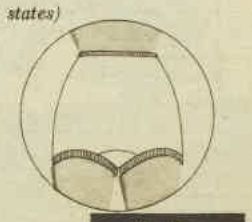

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LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, dives into one of the weird green spirals which have been appearing around the country, swallowing up people, and vanishing again as suddenly as they appear. Sucked into a green "thing," they find themselves tipped out at the other end into a strange machine and from there are dropped into a peculiar world with green earth and sky. Even the insects are green in this all-green place. Mandrake realises that wherever they are they are not on Earth and they set out to find some sign of life. NOW READ ON:

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4823748

YOUR FAMILY CAR COLUMN

Why Miss TV swings along in VW

Introducing, this week — Bernadette Russell, talented Melbourne TV songstress.

When I collected my £500 prize for winning a 'Miss TV Quest' I also collected at least 500 suggestions on how to spend it.

They ranged from holidaying in Suva to buying uranium shares. Somewhere around suggestion No. 245 I was advised to invest in a Volkswagen. Now, almost two years later, I'm still thanking the day I invested in a Volkswagen.

Three day driver

I had my licence for only three days when I took delivery of my pert green VW. Naturally I was a little nervous at the thought of my first solo drive. But as I slipped behind the wheel, all my nervousness disappeared. The sweet note of the purring engine . . . the gears that almost select themselves . . . the steering that responds to a touch of the finger — all added up to a wonderful feeling of confidence and security.

Straight to Surfer's

I don't think I fully appreciated my VW until a girl friend and I drove 2,600 miles to Surfer's Paradise and back. Nothing — not a single thing — went wrong. So, whenever we saw a stranded car, and we saw more than a few — we were grateful that it was a Volkswagen we were driving.

Service in Southport

At Southport in Queensland I took my blue VW Service booklet out of the glovebox and handed it over to the local VW Service Agent. As always, the unique booklet (with its vouchers showing lubrication and maintenance to be carried out) was a passport to cheerful, competent service.

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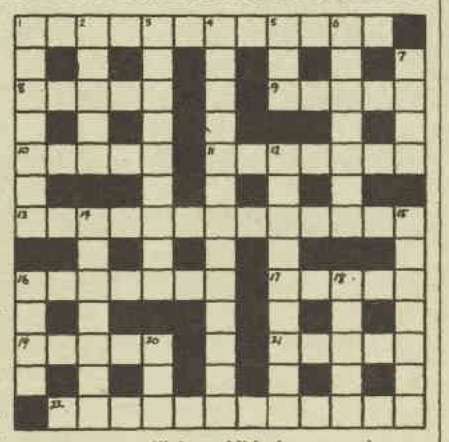
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. I cannot love N., because it follows tradition (12).
8. It belongs to the vegetable kingdom yet it is mostly an insect (5).
9. One of the nine ladies (5).
10. Father has it broken in the centre to make a titled Turk (5).
11. Aesop ran over this singer and hid her (7).
13. Ban with bell, book, and candle an emu and a comic Texan (13).
16. A superior Cuban cigar as the insignia of royalty (7).
17. Vehicle at 3.17 grains (5).
19. A reigning beauty who is beautiful even in France (5).
21. More than one with prisms applies to a prim, affected manner of speaking (5).
22. Alienation caused mostly by foreign chaps (12).

DOWN

1. From head to foot, though it looks rather from headcovering to a sweet dish (3-1-3).
2. Approaches (5).
3. Let men arm (Anagr. 9).
4. The main ambition of the alchemists (13).
5. Long-ago negotiations contained such a number (3).
6. Its capital is Montgomery (7).
7. Made for a single artist yet four persons play it (4).
12. Rule of conduct breaking the lip in a male member of a royal family (9).
14. Wheedle the broken legs with pebbles (7).
15. Tear net (Anagr. 7).
16. Raw material for making women (4).
18. Startle us in mass of eggs (5).
20. Listener in genuine armor (3).

Solution of last week's crossword.

Instant protection WITH ODO-RO-NO PUSH-UP STICK DEODORANT

Strokes odour away . . . in seconds.

- *No foil to unwrap*
- *No clumsy glass jars*
- *Just pick up — stroke on*
- *Your fingers never touch the stick*

Underarms start dry, stay dry when you use Odo-ro-no Stick daily . . . wipes out perspiration odour instantly, safely! Wonderfully easy to use, to apply . . . no danger of breaking or spilling — Odo-ro-no can be carried in your hand bag. Odo-ro-no Stick feels cool as you smooth it on, actually soothes and refreshes sensitive underarms. Ask for Instant Odo-ro-no Stick today. You'll love it, he'll love it . . . it's a perfect deodorant for every member of your family.

Instant **ODO-RO-NO** PUSH-UP STICK DEODORANT ONLY 6/3

Make **ODO-RO-NO** *your nicest daily habit.*

Odo-ro-no — the safest, surest deodorant of all is also available in economical spray or cream form.

M168

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WHY IT ACTS SO FAST

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WHY IT IS SAFER

Speed of action is the first major advantage of Disprin. The second is that the pain-relieving agent in Disprin has been made effectively non-acid. There are no irritating acid particles in the liquid solution of Disprin. This is the reason why Disprin is safer.

Take Disprin for headaches, colds, feverishness and rheumatic pain.

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TO RELIEVE PAIN DISPRIN NEUTRAL SOLUBLE ASPIRIN

D2/56

DISPRIN Regd. *dissolves* pain quickly and safely

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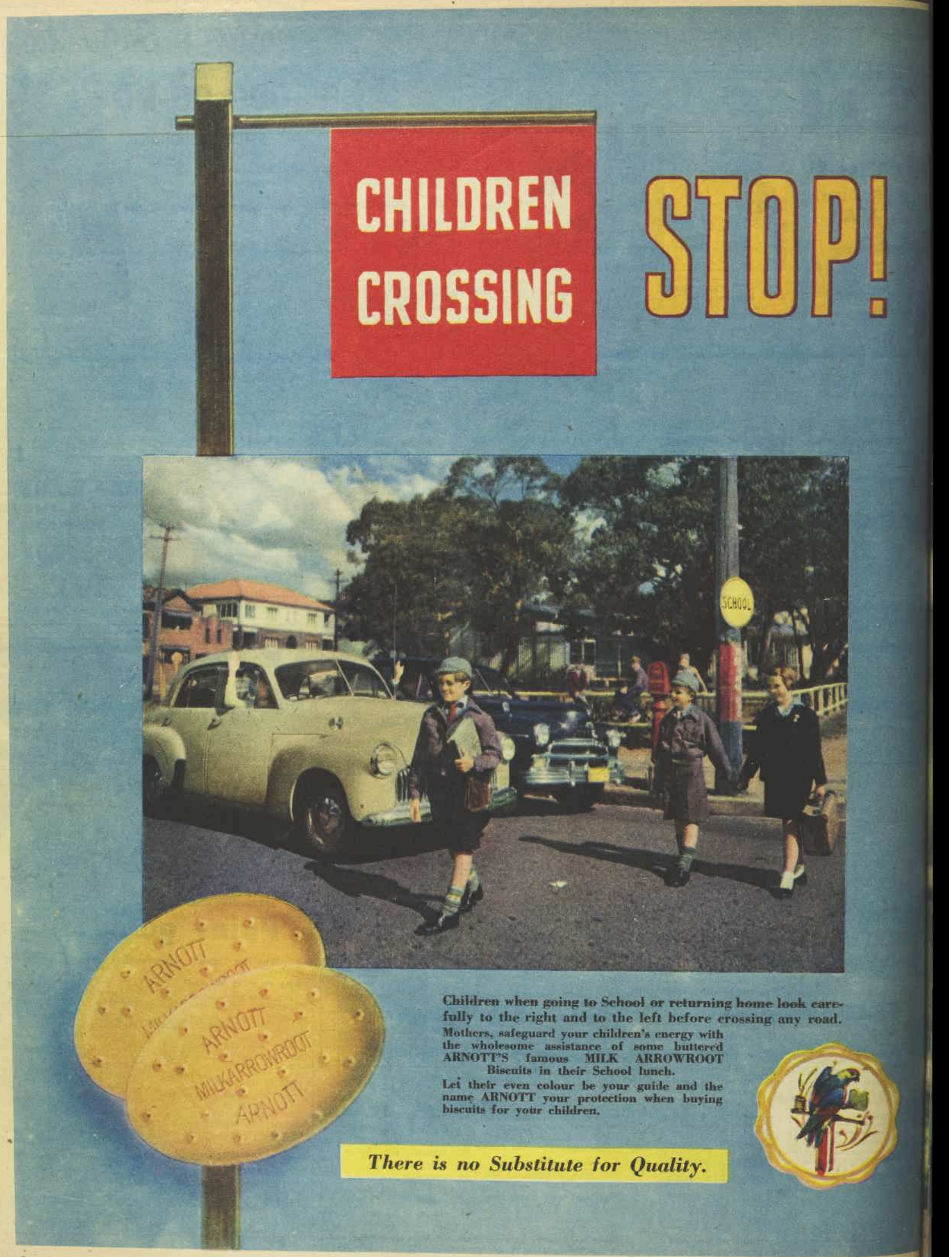

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